

CURRENT LITERATURE



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A Review of the World

High Death-Rate of Bosses
in this Campaign.



CAMPAIGN unique in our history draws to its close strewn with the wrecks of many a machine and the mangled remains of many a boss. The preferential primary has shown us what it can do in its Herculean infancy, and there is almost as much discussion of its merits and demerits as there is of the many candidates for the presidential nomination. Barnes and Murphy, in New York state, still hold the steering wheel of their uninjured motor-cars; but in Pennsylvania Penrose and Guffey, in Illinois Lorimer and Sullivan, flounder in the ditch with their legs waving in the air in frantic protest. In Maryland and Massachusetts and elsewhere similar results are seen. The members of the "old guard" have found that a new game is being played. How long it will take them to master it remains to be seen; but their temporary defeat is rather startling. In elation over this result, the prediction is made that the preferential primary will, before another presidential campaign, become general throughout the country, and that the political conventions held this year will be the last we shall ever see for the nomination of presidential candidates. They will become as obsolete, it is said, as torchlight processions.

Outcry Against the Presidential
Primary.



UT the outcry against the new rules of the political game is loud and raucous. The first count in the indictment is the muddle which the new system has caused in several states. In Massachusetts, Roosevelt delegates were elected to the Republican convention by 7,980 plurality at the same time Taft received 4,235 plurality for presidential candidate! In Maryland the result was reversed. Maryland, therefore, will send Taft delegates to Chicago pledged to vote for Roosevelt, and Massachusetts will send Roosevelt delegates charged with the duty of voting for Taft! The Baltimore *American* (Taft Republican) speaks of the law in that state as "utterly depraved" and says the radicals "will not be satisfied until the nation is plunged into a sea of political vagaries" and men who try to follow out "the mazes of political obligations laid upon them" will have no time for business. But the Baltimore *Sun*, a conservative Democratic paper, asserts that the new method has given "a mighty good account of itself" even on its first trial, and that where there is reason for criticism, it is due to the mutilation of the laws, as passed, by the machine politicians. Yet even in their mutilated form, it thinks they are far superior to those whose places they have taken.



THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN CITIZEN?
—Kemble in *Harper's Weekly*

Vast Expenditures of Money
in the Campaign.

ANOTHER count in the indictment against the direct primary system is the expenditure of money that has been witnessed. The expenditure by Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, in the primary contest in that state two years ago of \$107,000 caused a scandal that has resulted in a law limiting congressional candidates to an expenditure of \$10,000. Yet in New York City alone, in the recent primary contest, the Roosevelt forces spent a little less than \$60,000, according to the sworn returns. In Baltimore and Pennsylvania also the use of large sums in the Republican contest is charged. In Pittsburgh alone, \$98,635 was expended by the Taft and Roosevelt forces and the sum expended in the state is estimated at \$2,000,000! "Utter confusion, business disturbance, vast expenditures," says the *Indianapolis News*,—"such is the price we have to pay for a decision that is often doubtful." "These new primary laws," remarks the *Rochester Post Express*, "are an open invitation to venality and furnish the purchasable citizen two market days for his vote instead of one as heretofore." The *Philadelphia Ledger* calls the new primaries "the rich man's hope" and thinks that "the republic appears to be standing on rather shaky

foundations if this sort of direct and popular rule shall receive universal approval."

Suicide of Political
Parties.

ATHIRD count in the indictment is that the system of direct nominations, as we have been witnessing it, amounts to "party suicide." Says the *New York Times*: "It is as if an army before engaging the enemy should divide in two portions and fight a terrific battle, one-half against the other. One does not need to be a military man to imagine how that would work in actual warfare. The preference primary has a like effect in politics." "Nomination by hullabaloo," one paper calls it. The *Boston Transcript* speaks of the Massachusetts law as "a half-baked monstrosity," and the *Washington Post* declares that none of the substitutes proposed for it is any more free from pitfalls than the present statute is. The result in Oregon, it asserts, has "been repudiated by common consent" and "all forms of the modernized system are as open to successful challenge as the Massachusetts misnomer." The claim made by the *Portland Oregonian* is that in that state "Democrats and Socialists register freely as Republicans in order to influence and control Republican action." It gives figures to prove this.

IN 1908, the Democratic primaries in Oregon showed a total registration of 28,788 voters, but Bryan got 38,049 votes. The same year the Republican registration was 80,923, while Taft's vote was 62,530. This year the Democratic registration remains about the same as four years ago, while the Republican registration goes up to 93,070, the inference drawn by the *Oregonian* being that the Democrats register as Republicans by the thousands, in order to help choose the Republican nominees, and then vote the Democratic ticket on election day. The same thing, it is charged, has been done in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. In one district in Pennsylvania, where there are 1,700 enrolled Democrats, not a single one of them voted in the Democratic primaries a few weeks ago, tho hundreds of them appeared at the Republican primaries "with Roosevelt ballots in their hands." In Massachusetts, the state Roosevelt committee

advertized the fact extensively that "you don't have to be enrolled in any party to vote at this primary." Mr. Taft's manager charges that in New York state alone, where only enrolled members of a party can vote at the primaries, have Democrats been prevented from helping to choose the Republican delegates. The New York *Sun* calls the presidential primary "an intolerable nuisance to the country," and the Philadelphia *Telegraph* calls it a "political fungus" that "should be destroyed before it has done further harm." But *Harper's Weekly* thinks it is too soon to discard the plan, the Portland *Oregonian* thinks it "has come to stay," the Chicago *Record-Herald* insists that all we want is "simple honesty" in drawing up the law, and regards the primary system of nominations as particularly valuable "because it gives stiff, unyielding 'regulars' a chance to clean house, or set it in order, without what they regard as the heroic remedy of 'bolting.'"

The Mad Race for the Presidential Nomination.

HERE are eight aspirants for the presidential nomination," observes the New York *Times*, "madly racing over the country haranguing their fellow-citizens night and day, abusing each other or intriguing against each other, and appealing for votes, to all intents and purposes begging for votes, in favor of delegates who will in turn vote for them in the National Convention." This condition of things it attributes to the presidential primaries, and it hopes that our first presidential campaign under this plan may be our last. The mad rush is nearly over as we write, and the result is still decidedly uncertain on both sides. Eight candidates will have instructed delegates in the Democratic convention: Clark, Wilson, Harmon, Underwood, Baldwin, Foss, Marshall and Burke. It is reasonably certain that no one of them will have a plurality on the first ballot. What will happen after the first ballot no one can tell until after the Republican convention has been held. Four candidates on the Republican side will have instructed delegates at the Chicago convention. At this writing Taft and Roosevelt each claims a sufficient number of delegates to insure his nomination on the first ballot. There is the greatest discrepancy between their claims and the



"HE WRENCHES MY SOUL"

—Minor in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

probability is that neither one knows just how he stands. The friends of La Follette and Cummins continue to look hopeful, declaring that the bitter fight between the leading candidates makes the choice of a third man necessary. In the background stands Justice Hughes. Not a word has come from him to justify the mention of his name. Nevertheless it is mentioned persistently.

Bringing in the Race Issue.

THE close contest before the people has brought to the surface certain latent issues on both sides. In Ohio, for instance, an effort has been made to bring in the race issue. The dismissal from service nearly four years ago of the negro regiment stationed in Brownsville, Texas, is revived by the introduction of Mingo Sanders, one of the non-commissioned officers of that regiment, now an employee of the navy department, who has been used to arouse hostility to Mr. Roosevelt on the part of Ohio negroes. Roosevelt was President and Taft was secretary of war at the time of the Brownsville incident; but it was then said that Mr. Taft played a perfunctory part in the action, being absent while the trouble was



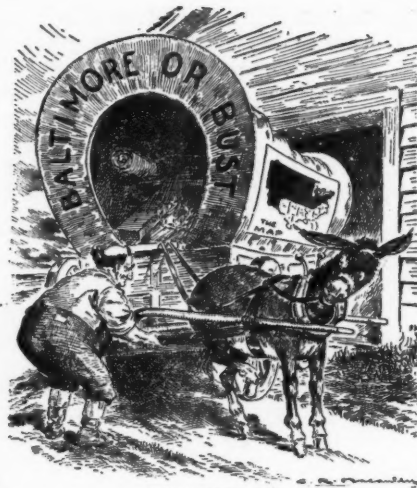
"I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS!"

—Minor in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

brewing. Mr. Roosevelt, however, has been able to read from an official report Mr. Taft's recommendation for dismissal of the regiment, and he has openly resented the attempt on the part of Taft supporters to make the affair an issue at the Republican primaries. The Taft managers, on the other hand, have openly charged that negro votes were purchased in the Maryland contest by the Roosevelt men—a charge denounced as a "lie" by Mr. Roosevelt's manager. How far this race-feeling has figured in the campaign can not be definitely told. It has been one of the subterranean forces at work in close states.

Taft and the Roman Catholics.

ANOTHER of the subterranean forces always invoked in a prolonged contest is religious sentiment, especially that concerning the Roman Catholic Church. As the race issue has been invoked against Roosevelt, so the anti-Catholic feeling has been invoked against Taft. In *McClure's* for May appeared a much-advertized article on "The Forces Behind Taft," by George Kibbe Turner and Arthur W. Dunn. One of the alleged "forces" is Roman Catholic favor.



HITCHING UP

—Macauley in *New York World*

One of Mr. Taft's most familiar activities, the writers assert, has been his "religious campaigning." He has been attentive to the Y. M. C. A. and to the Jewish body, but "more than all he has solicited the friendship of the Roman Catholic Church." Here are two of the specifications on which this assertion is based:

"He was the first President of the United States to celebrate the Puritan feast-day of Thanksgiving in a Catholic church. In his first year as President he established this innovation, which he has followed ever since; and the Pan-American Thanksgiving service in St. Patrick's Church has become one of the features of the Presidential year during his administration. Another similar innovation, introduced by him as President, was the military mass held in Washington the Sunday before last Memorial Day on the grounds of the Washington Monument behind the White House. This was the first occasion of the kind to be held in the government grounds, and to be attended by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy."

President Taft, we are also told in *McClure's*, has revoked an order issued by the Indian Commissioner, forbidding the wearing of religious garb by Catholic (or other) teachers in the government Indian schools. Ever since his career in the Philippines, it is said, Mr. Taft has had warm personal relations with a large number of high prelates, Cardinal Gibbons being frequently a guest at the White House. In his appointments, as President, he has



LEAP YEAR

—Cesare in New York Sun

"shown much liberality toward Catholics," the appointment of Justice White as chief justice of the Supreme Court being especially appreciated.

Mr. Taft's Attitude Toward
Religious Bodies.

THESE statements, and others of a similar sort made in Tom Watson's *Jeffersonian* and in other journals, have been deemed of importance enough by Mr. Taft himself to warrant a special signed statement issued by him last month. As to the religious garb in Indian schools, he says that the commissioner's order was issued after consulting with the secretary of the interior, but without awaiting the latter's conclusion. The order was revoked pending the secretary's decision, which will "soon be handed down." It affected thirty or forty nuns and reversed a condition that has existed for years. The charge that Major Butt, who lost his life on the Titanic, was sent by the President on a secret mission to the Vatican—"this mission of treason" the *Jeffersonian* calls it—is denied positively. Major Butt, says Mr. Taft, went abroad "solely for his health," and the only letter he had from the President was a letter of introduction to the Pope, which "contained nothing but a statement of who Major Butt was and an expression of the hope that he might have the honor of being received." The stories that the President sent a wireless dispatch of welcome to the newly appointed Apostolic Delegate is



"I GUESS YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT"

—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

denied, as also the statement that the President had interested himself in any way in questions of social precedence among the American cardinals. Says Mr. Taft: "It has been my official place, first as the governor general of the Philippines, second as secretary of war, and third as President, to encourage every church, as far as possible, where this does not involve invidious distinctions and does not depart from the rule which separates our State from official relation to all churches. I have unduly favored no church, but have treated them all with absolute impartiality."

Liquor Men's Opposition to
Wilson.

ANOTHER more or less subterranean—or should we say subaqueous?—force in the campaign is the liquor question. It has apparently cut quite a figure on the Democratic side, in the campaign against Woodrow Wilson. In the Illinois primaries, it was said "a steady stream of opposition" to Wilson came from the brewers and liquor dealers. A special dispatch to the *New York Times*, from Washington, appeared last month which stated that money was being freely advanced in behalf of

Champ Clark's candidacy and that "the principal source of the Clark campaign fund" is said to be the liquor interests of the country, who are much concerned about the bill providing against interstate shipments of liquor, and who believe that Clark's influence is holding up the bill. In the Texas campaign the *Dallas News* charged that "the opposition to Dr. Wilson is compounded chiefly of these three elements: spoils, whisky and privilege." *Collier's* several weeks ago, in trying to establish the charge of "conspiracy" against Wilson by the other Democratic candidates, affirmed in evidence that an agent of the St. Louis brewers who helped to get the Missouri delegation for Clark was discovered soon afterward in Louisiana working in the interest of Harmon. It will be remembered that even Mr. Bryan lost his grip on Nebraska a couple of years ago by coming out emphatically in behalf of local option. Governor Wilson has not only written to the anti-saloon league declaring for local option, but he has gone farther. In a letter last July to E. W. Grogan, of Texas, he is reported to have said: "I have no reason to doubt, from what I know of the circumstances, that State-wide prohibition is both practicable and desirable in Texas." As Bryan begins to be talked of again for a presidential candidate, this opposition of the liquor dealers is also invoked to stop such talk.



"WHERE IN TARNATION HAVE YOU BEEN?"

—Rogers in *New York Herald*

Roosevelt and the Morgan Interests.

TILL another of the subterranean forces that is alleged to be actively determining results is the closely allied power of the steel trust and the harvester trust. "To-day the money of the steel trust is financing Roosevelt's campaign in the West," is the positive statement of La Follette's organ, the *Wisconsin State Journal*. It goes on to say:

"Do you suppose that the moguls of the trusts are investing their tens of thousands in Theodore Roosevelt and not knowing what they're getting? They're investing in a sell-out of true progressive principles—that's what! They're investing in a President who let them 'water' their concerns and make you pay for it, and who handed over to them their competitor, Tennessee Coal & Iron, about the only competitor whose competition had any restraining effect on your high cost of living—that's what! And Roosevelt is taking their money, as he did Harriman's."

This question of Mr. Roosevelt's relations to the steel trust and the harvester trust has been the occasion of some bitter passages between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. In response to a congressional resolution, the administration sent to a committee of the House correspondence which showed that in August, 1907, suit against the International Harvester Company was threatened by the attorney general for violating the anti-trust law. George W. Perkins (now one of Mr. Roosevelt's financial supporters) appealed to President Roosevelt saying that if any violation were pointed out the company would promptly rectify its conduct. Thereupon the President directed Attorney General Bonaparte to delay filing the suit, and requested him and the commissioner of corporations to confer with Perkins and investigate further. Commissioner Smith reported later that he was satisfied that the facts were as stated by Perkins, and that he believed the suit was on "a purely technical question," and that Perkins had declared that the Morgan interests back of the company were "going to fight" if, after all they had done to uphold the policy of the administration, they should be attacked on a purely technical matter. The suit was not brought. All sorts of criminations and recriminations have been flying about since the publication of this correspondence.



LTHO

British Fury at "Taft's Plot Against Canada."

British outbreaks

against "the Taft plot to steal Canada," as the *London Mail* terms it, are but echoes of the President's war with his predecessor, the din is not

less deafening in the Dominion and in England. The leader of the opposition in the Commons at Westminster, Mr. Bonar Law, read the fatal passage from Mr. Taft's confidential letter to a House in uproar over it. Conservative organs like the *London Post* give the words the benefit of their blackest type. "The amount of Canadian products that we would take," the President wrote to Mr. Roosevelt, "could produce a current of business between western Canada and the United States that would make Canada only an adjunct of the United States. It would transfer all Canada's important business to Chicago and New York. I see that this is an argument against reciprocity used in Canada, and I think it is a good one." The retort from the Canadian side was promptly made by acting Prime Minister Foster, who called the President's words "a remarkable vindication of the course adopted in Canada" last September when reciprocity was voted down. "The veiled meaning in the President's phrase, 'the parting of the ways,'" added Mr. Foster, referring to one of Mr. Taft's speeches when the reciprocity bill was pending, "has been illuminated beyond all doubt." There can be after this no cavil, according to the Canadian statesman, as to the purpose underlying our reciprocity proposals or the reasons for them. The majority of Canadians either knew or suspected this last September. "Now the empire and the wide world know it. Certainly by this latest full revelation, President Taft has added to the obligations which the Canadians are under to him." Reciprocity was dead before. Now, says Mr. Foster, it is forever buried. "The imputation and attack upon our nationhood will never be forgotten by Canadians."

Canadian Press Comment on Taft's "Indiscretion."



TAFT seems to the conservative *Toronto Mail* a past master in the art of ruin. "After ruining the Laurier government," it says, "it may seem callous of Mr. Taft to confess that his pact with it was to make Canada

only an adjunct of the United States; but he is now concerned for himself, for he fears that the pact will be his own undoing as it was the undoing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier." Nor can the liberal *Toronto Globe*, always disposed to friendliness with this country, put a better face upon the matter. "The talk," it observes, "about Canada under better trade relations being an adjunct of the United States is vain and foolish even from a friendly American President seeking reelection. Every true Canadian repudiates it and every American who knows at first hand Canadian sentiment laughs at it." Mr. Taft's letter, which the President wrote to Mr. Roosevelt ten days before he "inveigled" Mr. Fielding, Canadian finance minister under Laurier, into signing the reciprocity agreement, should, the *Toronto News* says, be read beside the President's statement last spring about the lightness of the imperial bond. "Can any doubt remain as to the ulterior purpose behind the overtures from Washington?" asks this Canadian paper. "Is it not clear that the chief author of the compact believed it would operate powerfully to withdraw Canada from the British Empire, at least commercially, and to render the Dominion a mere outlying dependency of the great republic?" The defence made by Mr. Taft's friends is that he meant a commercial not a political adjunct.



THE RAIL-SPLITTER

—Macauley in *New York World*

Canada Sees the Cloven
Hoof of Taft.

IMPRESSIONS among some American dailies that Mr. Taft is not a subtle politician are controverted by editorial comments of Canadian dailies which, like the Montreal *Star*, compare the President with Machiavelli and Talleyrand. "This damning confession," it observes, "President Taft wrote in secret, sealed with the sacred word 'confidential,' and sent off to the man who made him President and who is now heartily disgusted with his work. He dare not have made those words public at the time." Publication of that one paragraph about Canada as an adjunct of the United States would, this paper thinks, have kept even Sir Wilfrid Laurier from tolerating the bare idea of reciprocity. "This is a sample of the secret arguments used in the United States to gain support for a policy which was publicly advocated on far different grounds. But the cloven hoof did show. There was that tell-tale phrase about 'the parting of the ways' and that other tactful after-dinner remark about the bond that united the Dominion with the mother country being light and almost imperceptible. There was enough to warn us and we took the warning." Comment to this effect could be cited from dailies published all over the Dominion. The general verdict of the Canadian dailies is that President Taft wished to bring the British portion of the North American continent within the political boundaries of the United States. His reciprocity plan was the entering wedge. Theodore Roosevelt, according to some of these Canadian organs, warmly approved of "the plot." Being more astute than the President, he receded in time. None can doubt, the Montreal *Star* thinks, that Mr. Roosevelt has his own plan for absorbing Canada; but, being even cleverer than Taft, he will not show the cloven hoof so openly.

British Excitement Over
Taft's "Cloven Hoof."

IDE by side with the spread of the fury against Taft in Canada there went on in London a campaign against Ambassador Bryce. He was accused by the leader of the opposition in the Commons of having gone to Ottawa last December especially to urge the acceptance of some fresh Taft proposals of a nature unspecified. The imperial-

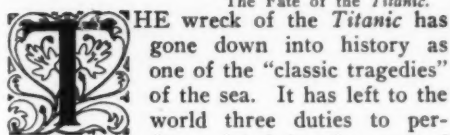
ist papers, of which the London *Post* and *Mail* are typical, insisted that Mr. Bryce worked for reciprocity between the Dominion and the Union. He forgot that he is in Washington to represent British interests. He tried to promote American interests. Mr. Bryce himself could not be reached by the London papers which wanted his side of what one conservative organ calls "the scandal." The British ambassador to the United States sailed last month from San Francisco for Australia. This holiday of his had begun before Mr. Taft made his revelation. The story intimating that Mr. Bryce would cease to represent his country in Washington was officially denied in the Commons by Sir Edward Grey.

"What Wrong Has England
Done Taft?"

FOR once the firm friends of Mr. Taft in the British press, including the London *Chronicle*, the London *News* and *The Westminster Gazette*, find themselves at a loss in commenting upon his latest performance. There is a general feeling that the President thought only of his contest with Mr. Roosevelt. In making a point for himself here he lost what one daily calls "a sense of world proportion." The London *News* wonders if the progress of the presidential campaign over here will elicit further piquant revelations. The opposition press denounce Mr. Taft as an embodiment of bad faith in terms of which this extract from the London *Mail* gives an adequate idea:

"Men will ask themselves what wrong the British Empire had done to the United States that the American Government should deliberately set to work to plot the absorption of that splendid Dominion of which our nation is so proud. At the best it was an unfriendly act. Mr. Taft's letter proves how serious was the danger and how warm should be our congratulations to the Canadian people on the insight and determination which enabled them to escape it.

"Canada has now emphasized afresh her determination to abide in the Imperial connection. She has given their quietus to those politicians in the United States who would have 'swallowed her whole.' Mr. Taft's plot has failed, and is likely to recoil upon his own head by causing his defeat in the contest for Presidency. He has been 'hoist with his own petard,' and he cannot expect the people of this country to regret it."

The Fate of the *Titanic*.

HE wreck of the *Titanic* has gone down into history as one of the "classic tragedies" of the sea. It has left to the world three duties to perform: (1) fixing the personal responsibility, if there was any, for the frightful loss of life and property; (2) making such provisions as were shown to be necessary for safeguarding human life in the future; (3) honoring the heroic dead and providing for those left helpless and destitute because of the calamity. Two official investigations, one by a committee of the United States Senate and the other by a British commission under the auspices of the Board of Trade, have been at work eliciting facts and drawing conclusions. As the details have come out in the testimony before these two bodies and from the accounts of survivors, public feeling has wavered between a surging pride in the way in which death was confronted by most of those on the *Titanic* and a surging indignation as the conviction has forced itself upon all minds that the loss of life was a needless sacrifice that might have been entirely averted.

A Fatal Delusion.

HE one fundamental mistake from which all other mistakes followed was the delusion indulged in alike by the owners of the ship, its navigators and its passengers that the *Titanic* was practically unsinkable. For that reason she carried only one-third of the lifeboats necessary to accommodate all on board. Because of that same delusion, presumably, the laws of the British Board of Trade required no larger number of lifeboats. From this same fatal confidence in the ship probably came the captain's otherwise unaccountable course in driving his ship on at 21 knots an hour at night, through an ice-field of which he had received five different warnings from other ships. Finally the same delusion accounts for the reluctance of passengers to get into the first few lifeboats that were launched, letting them go away only half filled. The testimony shows clearly how pervasive that delusion was. Even when the wireless signal of distress was being sent out into the night, the captain and the two wireless operators were joking and laughing about it. The passengers, with pathetic nonchalance,



THE TUNE THE BAND PLAYED

It dates back almost as far as "Old Hundred," and has been sung to sixty different hymns.

began snowballing one another with the loose ice that had been spilled on deck at the time of the collision. The second officer has testified that even when launching the first few boats he did not believe there was any serious danger. One or two of the officers and a number of passengers went back to bed unafraid. One of the last messages Phillips, the wireless operator, sent out was a reassurance to his parents that the ship was unsinkable. And the same reassuring message came, apparently in all sincerity, from the White Star offices in New York for eighteen hours after the *Titanic* had made her plunge to the bottom.

Faulty Construction of the *Titanic*.

BUT explanation is not justification. The White Star line officials had no adequate reason to believe the *Titanic* unsinkable. There was no adequate excuse for the failure to supply a sufficient number of lifeboats, even tho the Board of Trade did not require it and tho many other lines have been guilty of the same failure. The editor of the *Scientific American*, Mr. J. B. Walker, has pointed out that the *Titanic*, in comparison with a ship like the *Mauretania*, was deficient in safety designs in her construction. The latter has longitudinal bulkheads; the *Titanic* had none. The coal bunkers on the *Titanic* were lateral, and her boilers ran clear across the ship. On the *Mauretania* the boilers and bunkers are placed longitudinally,—a design Mr. Walker pronounces "immeasurably superior" to the other arrangement. He believes that the *Mauretania* would have survived the blow received by the *Titanic*, since the ripping open of the outer shell

would have left the ship still protected from the sea by the inner longitudinal walls of the coal-bunkers. The *Great Eastern*, built fifty years ago, on one of her voyages to New York struck a submerged rock and ripped a hole in her outer shell eighty feet long. But she was built with a double hull, with a space of three feet between the walls, and she was towed safely into port. In those days, says Mr. Walker, engineers worked with a "free hand," the obvious intimation being that they no longer have a free hand in the construction of ships.

News-
paper Denunciation
of Ismay.

FOR the first week or two after the loss of the *Titanic* the journals ordinarily dubbed "yellow" could not say anything severe enough about the White Star line and especially about J. Bruce Ismay, the managing direc-

tor of the line. Mr. Ismay's escape from the *Titanic*, on one of the lifeboats, when 1,635 persons, about 1,000 of them being passengers and many of these women, perished, was generally regarded as demanding explanation. Mr. Ismay's explanation before the Senate Committee was that he entered one of the last boats launched and that he called out several times to ask if there were any other women on deck, and there was no response. Consequently, the boat not being full, he entered it and handled one of the oars. This story was corroborated by others, but it did not silence the adverse criticism of his course in the newspapers. He knew, says the *New York Press*, that there was not enough provision in the lifeboats for everybody, and it was his duty, if there were no women at hand, to go himself, if necessary, and find them. The Hearst papers continued to denounce

Ismay as a "liar" and a "murderer" and a "coward" utterly indifferent to everything but the profits of his company. This theory that the accident was due to greed and avarice has been the one promptly embraced by a considerable number of the more radical papers. Says the *North American*, of Philadelphia: "Human rights came into conflict with vested property rights on the deck of the *Titanic* during those hours of darkness and final partings. And the price was paid that will ever be paid until the will of roused nations forbids forever special privilege from using the bodies of men and women as counters in its private profit game. For that and no other is the silent message that seems to come to us from those 1490 men and women who lie murdered in the ocean." In similar vein is the comment of the *San Francisco Bulletin*: "Back of the captain stood Ismay."



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IN THE FIRST GLIMMERING OF THE DAWN

This picture was made on the *Carpathia* as the first lifeboat drew near. This is one of the boats that had hardly half a load of passengers.



THE LAST OF THE TITANIC

This is not, of course, a photograph, but a drawing made for the *London Graphic*, which gives a vivid idea of the last scene in the greatest tragedy of the sea. One pair of marine glasses in the hands of the lookout might have averted the calamity.

Rallying to Ismay's Defence.

THE denunciation of Ismay created protests both in England and in this country. The American Merchant Marine Association issued a public statement which went to the extreme in the other direction. Mr. Ismay, the statement declares, behaved "with propriety and gallantry" throughout the trying ordeal, and the Association "cannot too strongly condemn the aspersions" cast upon him. Moreover, we are told, in building the *Titanic* "everything was done that shipbuilding and engineering science could suggest to make her safe." The "guilty and responsible agents," the Association goes on to say, are "the statesmen of the United States now making the most noise in this investigation" and those who guide the policy of the British Board of Trade, because of their failure to enact proper laws for the safety of ships. Just how the absence of a legal requirement to carry more lifeboats exonerates the owners of the boat,

such an authority on sea matters as Admiral A. T. Mahan is unable to see.

Admiral Mahan's Views.

IT IS a very usual mistake, says Admiral Mahan, to absolve those immediately responsible for such an event by laying the burden upon those only secondarily so. Even if the public demanded luxury at the expense of safety, "how does a public demand relieve a body of directors?" The main issue "is to fix responsibility not on a body but on the individual or individuals." The requirements of the Board of Trade "were known to be grossly inadequate," and therefore the moral, if not legal, responsibility remains. "Where does it fall? Not simply on the board of directors as a body, but upon each member who has acquiesced in the lifeboat conditions. Mr. Ismay was a member, did he acquiesce?" And Admiral Mahan says: "I hold that, under the condition, so long as there was a soul that

could be saved, the obligation lay upon Mr. Ismay that that one person, and not he, should have been in the boat." The fact that he called out and no one responded did not absolve him from further effort. There were 1,500 persons on board when he left. To find any one person would have been a vain hope, of course; but to find *somebody* would not have been vain. "He is in no sense responsible for the collision; but, when the collision had occurred, he confronted a wholly new condition, for which he was responsible, and not the captain; viz.: a sinking vessel without adequate provision for saving life. Did no obligation to particularity of conduct rest upon him under such a condition?"

Ismay's Misfortune or
Fault?

A CONTRARY view is taken by another American Admiral,—F. E. Chadwick. Mr. Ismay, he reminds us, was not an officer of the ship and did not have an officer's authority. Have we any reason to suppose that the lifeboat would have been held indefinitely waiting for him to go in search of other passengers, especially as it has been shown that many passengers were unwilling to enter the boats? The concrete matter, says Admiral Chadwick, is this: "Did Mr. Ismay's going in the boat prevent

any one else's doing so? Would his staying aboard to the very last have tended to the saving of an additional life? If not, I do not think we have a right to demand that he should have committed suicide." A distinguished British Admiral, Sir Cyprian Bridge, takes the same view as Admiral Chadwick. He says: "Ismay could not have been expected to scour the vessel to see if any more were left. He did more than his duty by assuring himself that nobody was left in the part of the ship he was in." The disposition of the less radical American papers seems to be to view the propriety of a man's conduct under the circumstances that confronted Mr. Ismay as doubtful and to give him the benefit of the doubt. The *Chicago Evening Post* detects the "mob vote" in much of the unrestrained denunciation of Ismay. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* says:

"It is hardly more than fair to say that the evidence given at the Senate hearing . . . went far to absolve Mr. Bruce Ismay of the imputation of having saved himself to the exclusion of women and children or other passengers. . . . But it cannot be ignored that the man who in the management of the line had sent the great steamer to sea with lifeboats for about one-third of the ship's company, bore a responsibility that might well have been atoned by joining the gallant men



ONE OF THE COLLAPSIBLES

The other collapsible was capsized as the *Titanic* went down, and the *Carpathia* found it with thirty men clinging to it, and one man, the wireless operator, dead from exposure and fatigue.

who went down with the ship. It is in that deficiency before the steamer left port that Mr. Ismay's deepest responsibility lies."

The Death of Captain Smith.

THAT a terrible measure of responsibility rested upon Captain Smith for neither altering his course nor slowing up the engines after the repeated warnings of ice ahead, seems to be one of the conclusions from which no one dissents, tho some try to palliate his guilt by the (assumed) fact that Ismay's presence was in some way responsible for the speed of the vessel. But of course the Captain would have been responsible for the navigation of the ship and the protection of the lives on board even if all the White Star line officials had been aboard trying to give him orders. But if the responsibility for the calamity rested primarily upon him, his conduct afterwards, especially his heroic death, has dulled the edge of censure and extorted words of admiration. One of the collapsible boats on the ship could not for some reason be launched, but when the ship went down this boat floated, bottom-side up. On this boat thirty men, including the second officer, the two wireless operators and Colonel Gracie, found refuge by swimming. Captain Smith stayed on the ship till it sank. He also managed then to reach this collapsible boat, when it was already becoming overweighted. The account of what followed is thus given in the *New York Times*:

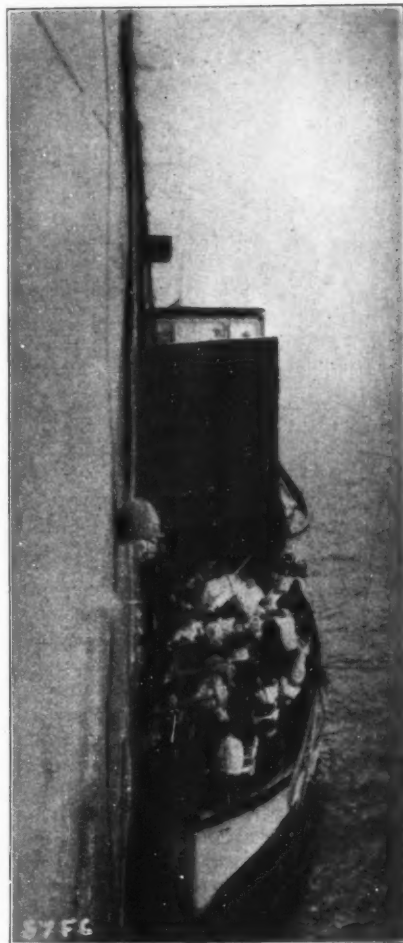
"Those who had already made the boat saw Capt. Smith swimming toward them with a child held high out of water. With a life-belt to support him the Captain was swimming easily and strongly. He reached the boat, from which hands were stretched out to receive him, and passed the child on board. Several hands gripped his arms, but he broke away from those who would have raised him out on the boat.

"Where is Murdock?" he demanded.

"Some one told him that the first officer had gone down. Captain Smith shoved himself away from the boat. His fingers worked desperately at the fastenings of his lifebelt, and finally he cast it from him.

"I will go down with the ship," he cried.

"He sank immediately, and altho those on the collapsible boat watched for him to come up that they might drag him aboard, he never appeared."



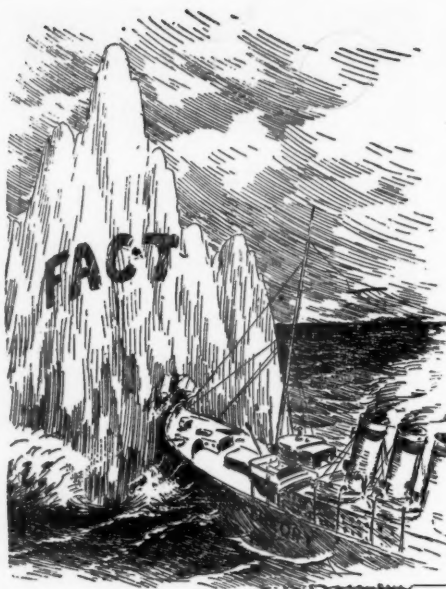
THE RESCUE

The lifeboat was made fast and its occupants mounted the ship's ladder to the welcome deck of the *Carpathia*, after five or six hours in the open sea with the icebergs haunting the gloom in every direction.

In the Struggle for Life.



SO REPLETE is the full story of the wreck with incidents of noble heroism that it almost seems as if the calamity, terrible as it was, was worth to humanity at large all that it cost. Women and men, stokers and millionaires, crew and passengers, faced the grim enemy with unshaken fortitude and self-control. There were exceptions of course. In a company of 2,300 men and women of all sorts there must be some who show the yellow streak at such a time. There is a painful story of one boat half-filled which was not allowed by the pas-



THE ETERNAL COLLISION

—Macauley in *New York World*

sengers to go back to rescue those struggling for life in the water. There is the tale of one young fellow of 22 from the steerage who retained his place in the boat by wearing a woman's shawl. There was once or twice necessity for the firing of pistols into the air to stop a rush for the boats. There were men who whimpered in their seats while the women rowed to safety. But such cases were gloriously few. "No ship's crew," says the *New York World*, "will ever give a better account of itself in a great crisis than did the *Titanic's* after she had ripped herself open and was doomed to destruction." Of the crew of 940 on the ship, 210 were saved. A number of these, perhaps one-fourth, went into the boats to man the oars. Probably a score of the rest were stewardesses who received the benefit of the rule "women and children first." Many others were men picked up out of the sea after the ship went down. Of the 1,400 passengers, 495 were saved, of whom 202 were first cabin, 115 second cabin and 178 steerage passengers. That is, 35 per cent. of the passengers and 22 per cent. of the crew survived. In details like these may be found the fountain of that inspiration which has prompted so many poets to fine verse in memory of the lost.

The Stuff of Which
Manhood is Made.

FROM an age that has been decried as material and sordid," says the *New York Sun* in comment on the disaster, "heroism has not departed. When the call comes, men and women are as brave and willing to die for others and for principle as in the days of old." The *Jacksonville Times-Union* calls attention to the fact that out of nine multimillionaires mentioned among the passengers, but two were saved. One of these, J. B. Thayer, stayed on the ship till it went down and was picked up afterward. The other one was J. Bruce Ismay. The remaining seven—six Americans and one Canadian—were among the lost. They were John Jacob Astor, Benjamin Guggenheim, George D. Widener, Isidor Straus, Washington Roebling, Clarence Moore and Charles M. Hays. "Multimillionaire and deck-hand," remarks the *Times-Union*, "for the moment standing on terms of perfect equality in the presence of death, met their fate like demigods. The world is getting better. The men and women who live in it are climbing above their ancestors—not dropping beneath them. The day of sham chivalry has passed. The day of real chivalry is with us now." The *New York Evening Post* feels reassured about our civilization. It says:

"We had been told so much about decadence and the fiber being eaten by luxury out of the old sterling qualities, that we could be pardoned a momentary apprehension lest those put to the supreme test might not meet it manfully. The result is such as to put all doubters to the blush. We see that the stuff of which manhood is made remains what it always has been."

Fortitude of the Women.

THERE is, in fact, what may be called a shout of triumph from one end of the land to the other and echoing back from the shores of Great Britain over the way in which those on the *Titanic* bore the fearful ordeal. "It is apparently a story of heroism as well as sacrifice," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*; "the world reads with tear-bedimmed eyes how the men aboard the great liner bravely abandoned all thought of their own safety in order to put the women and children in way of rescue. No finer tribute to the manliness of man could be imagined."

"The behavior of the men was magnificent," says the wife of the novelist, Jacques Futrelle, who was one of the lost; "they stood back without murmuring and urged the women and children into lifeboats." But the fortitude of the women seems also to have been admirable. Speaking of his work in filling the lifeboats, the deck officer says: "The women and children couldn't have stood quieter if they'd been in church." Mrs. Oscar Straus, with one foot in the lifeboat, withdrew, declaring that she would stay by her husband's side in death as in life. Many other women had to be almost forced into the boats or wheedled into them. Miss Evans, finding the boat which she was entering overcrowded, voluntarily stepped out rather than allow a married woman to do so. The Countess of Rothes showed such self-command that she was placed in command of the lifeboat by the sailors who were manning it. A number of the women took their turn at the oars and fought courageously for life. "All that is important now," says the *Indianapolis News*, "is that when the disaster came it was met with the old dauntlessness."



NE can not read without wonder of the ship's band that played until the very moment when the ship was submerged. The tune they were playing was the one called in some hymn books "Autumn," in others "Madrid," in still others "Sardius" or "Jaynes." It is a tune that dates back to 1551, and to it at least 80 hymns, according to Robert Westley Peach, have been sung, the most common being: "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," "Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing," "Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus," "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," and "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." The two wireless operators, almost boys, stuck to their post to the last. Even after the Captain ordered them to abandon their cabin and look out for themselves, they held on for ten minutes. When the ship went down they were with it. Both managed to get on the capsized collapsible, and one of them, Harold Bride, was saved. The other, Phillips, was dead of exhaustion when the *Carpathia* arrived. Archie Butt, President Taft's special aid-de-camp, bore himself like a real soldier, aiding the

Stories of Heroism.



UNSINKABLE

—Coffman in *New York Evening Journal*

ship's officers, reassuring the women, and once or twice knocking down a man or two to stop a rush for the boats. "Thank God for Archie Butt!" was the cry of one of the surviving women. The editor of *Punch* gives metrical expression to England's pride in the behavior of the men who met their death:

"Tears for the dead who shall not come again
Homeward to any shore on any tide!
Tears for the dead! But through that bitter
rain,
Breaks like an April sun the smile of pride.

What courage yielded place to others' need,
Patient of discipline's supreme decree,
Well may we guess who know that gallant
breed,
Schooled in the ancient chivalry of the sea."

Reckless Indifference to
Icebergs.



HAT the *Titanic* was pursuing the regular course chosen by international agreement for westward-bound ships at that time of the year, is made certain by the hydrographic office of the navy, at Washington. Had she sailed a few days later she would have taken a more southerly route. The invasion of the icebergs was unusually early this year. For nine years there has not been a vessel reported lost because of ice-



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"THANK GOD FOR ARCHIE BUTT!"

He met death on the *Titanic* according to the best traditions of the American army, rescuing the women, assisting the children, compelling order among the men.

bergs, the *Albatros*, 1903, having been the last before the *Titanic*. It is not unusual for captains to drive their ships full speed through the ice region, and many predictions have been made of just what has happened. William T. Stead, editor of the *English Review of Reviews*, who went down with the *Titanic*, wrote not long ago a forecast of just such an accident. Charles Terry Delaney, an officer of one of the ocean liners, published an article two years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, telling of the chances taken in running ships at full speed in the proximity of icebergs, and narrating several hairbreadth escapes. He said then: "Until some fine vessel with her precious cargo is sent to the bottom through collision, these things, I believe, will not be rectified. It is only by good luck that this has not happened already. But luck will change some day. Who will pay the piper then? Not the worn-out man on the bridge, I hope." It is true that icebergs in the track of ocean liners were, this season, unprecedentedly numerous.

A Pair of Glasses Might
Have Saved the Ship.



NE thing revealed in the examination by the Senate committee of the *Titanic's* lookout was the failure to supply the lookouts with marine glasses. Here is part of the inquiry:

"Did you have glasses?"

"No, Sir."

"Isn't it customary for the lookouts to use glasses in their work?"

"Yes, Sir; but they didn't give us any on the *Titanic*. We asked for them at Southampton, but they said there were none for us."

"Who did you ask for glasses?"

"Mr. Lightoller, the Second Officer."

"You expected glasses?"

"We had a pair from Belfast to Southampton, but none from Southampton to the place of the accident."

"What became of the glasses you had from Belfast to Southampton?"

"We do not know."

"If you had had glasses could you have seen the iceberg sooner?"

"We could have seen it a bit sooner."

"How much sooner?"

"Enough sooner to get out of the way of it."

As it was, the lookouts signaled the position of the iceberg a few moments too late. An additional expenditure of \$50 for glasses might have saved from twelve to fifteen million dollars and 1,600 lives! On such small details hang events of mighty import. One other detail assumes large importance in the rescue of the *Titanic's* passengers. The *Carpathia's* wireless operator was undressing to retire for the night when the C. Q. D. call came. It was by mere accident that he put the receiver to his ear once more and caught the call. The *Californian* was much nearer than the *Carpathia*, less than 20 miles away, but her operator had retired for the night and did not catch the message. The *Parisian* was less than 50 miles away, but her operator also had retired. The *Amerika* and *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm* were about the same distance away, but their operators had their instruments adjusted for a long-distance wave-length, in order to get press news from the Cape Cod station, and they did not get the call. At least a dozen ships must have been within a radius of fifty miles, several of which might have reached the *Titanic* before she went down, if they had only known.

The Strange Questions of
Senator Smith.



UT of the sinking of the *Titanic* has grown a sharp international dispute involving the United States, England and Germany. The dispute is chiefly a newspaper dispute, and our Senate inquiry is the occasion for it. That we should have instituted any inquiry at all gave offense to a number of British newspapers. That offense was sharpened by the character of the cross-examination carried on by the chairman of the committee, Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan. Some of his questions, as reported by our press, came near turning the tragedy into a comedy for the time being. His question of one of the *Titanic* officers, "Do you know what an iceberg is composed of?" probably had back of it a desire to bring out the fact that rocks as well as ice may be present in a berg; but it was drafted in a way to subject the Senator to boundless ridicule. His question, when the temperature was given as 48 degrees, as to whether that meant above or below zero, had all the air of trifling or of gross ignorance, tho it was doubtless due to a characteristic of the over-legalistic mind that deems precision of statement the end of all existence. His question whether the *Titanic* "struck bow on or head on" is beyond us to explain except as a temporary aberration of the tongue. His query as to why the passengers did not take refuge, when the *Titanic* began to sink, in the bulkhead compartments, also defies explanation except on the ground of crass stupidity, as does also the query: "Does foggy weather make any difference in seeing an iceberg?"

"The Preposterous Smith."



AN INQUIRY of this kind, representing the highest legislative body of the nation, following such a shocking calamity, has made Americans themselves squirm. "There isn't a wharf-rat in Buffalo," said the *Buffalo Times*, "that doesn't know more about nautical affairs than Senator Smith did when he started this investigation. The Senator's marine ignorance was abnormal, abysmal, incredible." The *New York Times* had an entire editorial on "The Preposterous Smith," and the *Boston Herald* utilized the occasion as follows:

"It is both a token and a cause of our maritime decay that the great Senate committee on commerce, of which William P. Frye, of Maine, was long the head, is now wholly dominated by, and almost entirely composed of, legislators from far inland or shipless states devoid of knowledge of or interest in real deep-sea navigation. . . . If it is a question of agricultural improvement the business is entrusted to granger Senators. If it is a question of the deepening of the Mississippi, then 'Valley Senators' sit in most of the high places on the committee. If it is a question of irrigation, a safe majority is sure to be monopolized by legislators from the arid belt. But when the question is one involving some practical information about ships and the sea, the seacoast Senators are shunted to one side in favor of 'safe' investigators from the remote interior."

British Anger Over Our
Inquiry.



UT if Senator Smith excited ridicule on this side, he excited indignation, almost consternation, on the other side of the sea. He was called in British dailies not only an ignoramus but a braggart and a bully. Despair of American institutions seemed to set in in some editorial offices. The whole difficulty, concluded the *Saturday Review*—which reaches a similar conclusion regularly once a week—arises from the fact that our government is a democracy, and it draws a comparison between our Senate and the House of Lords very unfavorable to the Senate. The spectacle seems to have extinguished, for the time being, the hope of more than one conservative daily like the *London Mail* that the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race will ever comprehend one another. As the public indignation, fed by newspaper stories to the effect that the Senate was violating the rights of British subjects, waxed hotter and hotter, the Commons and Lords went into the fray. The House of Lords held a full-dress debate on the theme of the United States committee, in the course of which Lord Morley assured every one that the rights of Britons in Washington had been fully respected. The leader of the opposition, the Marquis of Lansdowne, also declared his approval of the inquiry. In the Commons, the under-secretary of state, Acland, asserted, in reply to interrogations, that our Senate committee was within its rights in holding the inquiry and in requiring the attendance of witnesses. But

if the fact of the inquiry thus received official defense, the manner of it continued to elicit comment in a contemptuous note.

England Deprecates the
Search for a Scapegoat.

THE object of such an investigation as Senator Smith conducted should not be "to find a victim and present his head upon a charger," complains the *London Times*. The inquiry conducted in England by Lord Mersey, it adds, will not degenerate into "a roving inquisition," into "imperfect recollections" after the fashion of Senator Smith. "We shall not have a member of the court talking about water-tight compartments as if they were bankers' safes in which people lock themselves to keep the water from their feet while they suffocate." The trouble with Senator Smith, as this commentator sees it, springs from his desire to find somebody responsible and to punish that person rather than from a purpose to find out the weak spots of a system and to apply fitting remedies. The fact that the United States Senate can act through such a committee as investigated the *Titanic* disaster suggests further to the *London Times* that there might arise here a "difficult question of international law"—whether an American domestic arrangement can override the ordinary relations between a sovereign state and its subjects. The inquiry accorded not at all with the British idea of what judicial procedure ought to be.

Another British Sneer
at Senator Smith.

NO FEELING of disrespect either to the American people or to the United States Senate animates the conservative *London Standard*, so it avows, as it refers to "the singular proceedings" before Senator William Alden Smith's committee. Its impressions of that gentleman are definite:

"It is only too obvious that Senator Smith of Michigan is rather less qualified for the task he has assumed than any average individual who could be picked up in an average American street-car. . . . His ignorance of the sea and shipping is so astounding that we might be tempted to regard some of his observations as bad jokes, if it were conceivable that any one could jest in such circumstances. . . . His courtesy is equal to his knowledge: the unhappy survivors of the

catastrophe have been subjected to a process of browbeating, baiting, and bullying which must be trying enough to men whose nerves can hardly have recovered from the terrible ordeal through which they have passed."

Englishmen are willing to recognize that by the loss of the *Titanic* the United States suffered heavily and that the resolution to inquire into its causes was natural, concedes the *London Post*, organ of the British aristocracy. But it had expected that the inquiry here would be carried out "soberly and judicially." Instead:

"Our compatriots are treated as if they were criminals and cowards. It is insinuated without a tittle of evidence that an officer was drunk on duty, and witnesses are led through a long string of absurd and irrelevant questions which no one trained in the conduct and the sifting of evidence would think of asking. A schoolboy would blush at Mr. Smith's ignorance. While Mr. Smith puts his farcical questions, and flashlights are flared that the photographers may get pictures of the witnesses, while outside the American press retails the latest lie, the latest slander, about British seamen, honest Americans will feel with shame that not merely the White Star Line but American civilization is on its trial, and that the country is coming worse out of the ordeal than the company."

British Defense of
Senator Smith

HERE and there one finds an English daily speaking up for the American inquiry into the disaster. Senator Smith seems to the *Yorkshire Post* to have shown a sense of humor when assailed, to have "admitted his shortcomings meekly," and to have wished to get things done. That is the idea of the *London Chronicle*, a radical sheet. "No one," it observes, "could accuse Senator Smith of the highest dignity," but there are points that must be kept in mind. "We are given an example of energetic action. That example is not lost on the more staid people concerned. A mass of fact and opinion is being brought out and all the more effectively for being brought out without the slightest delay. It is really away from the point to say that Senator Smith is not an expert. Experts told us that the *Titanic* was unsinkable." To the *London Outlook* it seems that the British misunderstand the purpose and scope of the Senate inquiry. "The circumstances of its appointment are so unexampled and the

the ways of the sea. But what has that to do with the fact that an English owner was aboard an English ship, commanded by an English captain, and that a marine glass was refused to a British lookout who testifies that the collision was the result of the lack of it? Are Americans responsible for that, and is it an exclusively American idea that the facts point to a personal responsibility? . . . Do our British cousins imagine that malice or racial prejudice are responsible for conditions caused by Englishmen, and sworn to by Englishmen? Ought they not to be as considerate of our feelings as we of theirs? And has the country which has lost such citizens in such a manner no right to investigate the matter?"

German Comment on the
Titanic Enrages England.

SIDE by side with the resentment against Senator Smith's inquiry, as indicated in the British press, appeared an equally bitter resentment against what the London *Outlook* calls "the mean, selfish, jealous and advertising journalism of the German newspapers that take ungenerous advantage of a rival's misfortune." The attitude of the German press is explained by this British organ as a species of "touting for German shipping." The German lines, it adds, are open to exactly the same kind of criticism as are any others, an assertion which the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* hotly denies. Nothing could exceed the malevolence of the German dailies in denouncing the British for letting the *Titanic* sink, complains the London *Post*. There is reason to suspect that in secret, according to the Lon-

don *Mail*, the Germans regard the disaster as a special dispensation of Providence in their favor. Even the iniquities of Senator Smith tend to become of minor importance as the Berlin papers reply to the retorts of London dailies in the tremendous polemics of the month. Such epithets as "cowards" and "hypocrites" were freely bandied.

What German Dailies Say
of the *Titanic*.

DON'T disturb me. You are a Fool." This is the title of one of the leading articles on the disaster, in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, organ of the substantial business interests. The quoted sentence is alleged to have been received by the Marconi operator on board the steamer *Frankfurt* from the operator on board the *Titanic*. The German operator, explains the Berlin daily, had requested further information after catching the first indistinct message from the doomed ship. The *Frankfurt*, it adds, was the ship that could have brought help first, but "she was a German ship." In the meantime, the *Vossische Zeitung* continues, the English wireless operator had got into communication with the *Carpathia* and, it adds, "the *Carpathia* was further from the scene of the catastrophe than was the *Frankfurt*, but she was an English ship. From the moment when the message arrived from the *Carpathia*, the operator on board the *Titanic* considered that he could give the *Frankfurt* a con-



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THE SENATE INQUIRY

The gentleman at the end of the table, with his hand to his cheek, is J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line.

temptuous dismissal. His British arrogance cost the lives of sixteen hundred persons who were entrusted to English responsibility. This fact is registered with feelings of the deepest bitterness; but we harbor no trace of indignation."

The Conduct of
J. Bruce Ismay.

THE case of Ismay also inspires in German dailies expressions of sentiment that intensify the rage of British dailies. The resentment at American criticism of Ismay is nothing to the rage occasioned by German criticism of the same gentleman. What the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says is typical: "Ismay's place as a man and as a responsible director of the White Star Line was on the planks of the imperiled ship. He

esteemed life more than he esteemed honor and duty, and as long as this life, which he was so anxious to save, lasts, he will bear on his forehead the mark of Cain, the mark of the contempt of all men of honor." In reply to this the London dailies come to the defense of Mr. Ismay on the ground that he looked to the safety of the women and children before he looked to his own. This is pronounced by the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* "all fawning and time serving." "The captain," it notes, too, "aimed with criminal ruthlessness at making a record voyage," an idea endorsed by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which also denounces Mr. Ismay. Ismay, according to the Socialist *Vorwärts*, is far more guilty than the captain, who went down with the ship, as would Ismay "had he been brave."

The Parade of Woman
Suffragists.

FIFTH AVENUE, New York, has witnessed many wonderful parades in its time—military parades, political parades, religious parades, civic parades; but the woman suffrage parade last month was probably as great a surprise to it as anything it has ever witnessed. The number of paraders was not large, as New York parades go. Some "military man"—name not mentioned—is said by the *Times* to have made a careful estimate, and his figures are: women on foot, 6,094; women on horseback, 54; men on foot, 838; men in the twenty-six bands, 1,040; total in line, 8,026. Some of the newspaper estimates run as high as 20,000. But the chief surprise of the occasion was the outpouring of interested spectators. The line of march was something over two miles, and for the whole distance the street was packed on each side and every window seemed to be filled. The estimate of half a million spectators is probably not too large. Their treatment of the parade was also a surprise. The men received some good-natured chaffing, which they seemed to enjoy; but the women were regarded in almost total silence. There was very little cheering or hand-clapping, and the jeering, so far as we could hear, was totally absent. Says the *Times* report (and the *Times* is very "anti"): "It was a crowd far larger


than that which greeted the homecoming of Theodore Roosevelt and the homecoming of Cardinal Farley. It was a crowd that took every inch of the sidewalk from Washington Square to Carnegie Hall, that filled all the steps and crowded all the windows along the line of march. It was a crowd that stood through the two hours of the parade without a thought of weariness." Gallantry aside, one is forced to say that the paraders were well worth looking at. Many were young and attractive, nearly all were becomingly gowned, all stepped out like women unafraid and the innumerable banners bore legends that were to the point. The woman suffragist of the cartoons may have been there; but she was very inconspicuous.

Parading versus Window
Smashing.

ONE amusing feature of the newspaper comment on the woman suffrage parade is the earnest assurance to the women that marching is so much better than the smashing of windows! Thus the New York *Globe*: "Compared with the window-smashing campaigns in London this parade is a controversial triumph, and for that reason, if for no other, entitles the suffragists of New York to the heartfelt congratulations of all law-abiding persons." The New York *World* commented with pleasure upon the absence of "militant methods" and the agreeable fact that none of the paraders


carried a hammer. It remarks, however, that "it is no longer the pink tea and kid glove propaganda of a few years ago, but a unified movement, the numerical strength and solidarity of which give it the status of a regular political party." The *New York Tribune* notes the "significant absence of laughter" over the demonstration, and admits that the suffragists have won "a degree of respect" by the parade. Still it "must not be taken too seriously," for, the *Tribune* reminds us, "if all the women who are totally indifferent to suffrage could be induced to march there *would* be a parade!" Despite this injunction, the *Times* treats the matter very seriously indeed. "The situation," it says, in a long editorial, "is dangerous." If the women try hard enough to get the ballot, it warns us, "they will get it and play havoc with it for themselves and society, if the men are not firm and wise enough, and, it may as well be said, masculine enough to prevent them."

"The Sisterhood of
the Sex."

 FEW more demonstrations such as the woman suffrage parade, remarks the *Chicago Evening Post*, "and the walls of the Empire State will begin to crumble." The *Springfield Republican* sees in the parade an indication that the movement "is growing in a sane and substantial way." The *Baltimore American* makes note of the effect of this "splendid demonstration" in attracting attention to the democratic character the movement has assumed in bringing into line, upon equal footing, "multitudes of wage-earners and women of wealth and fashion." It adds: "The sisterhood of the sex never was so strongly set forth as in the movement that is having as one of its effects the closing up of social chasms made by the methods of men. New York and the nation alike are feeling the power of the suffrage movement." The *Newark News* regards the parade as "a challenge to the serious thought of the nation." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* thinks it was "impressive and wholly undeserving of criticism," and notes with a sigh of relief that no windows were broken and no policeman was assaulted. Perhaps it had been reading the report of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's speech in Philadelphia a few weeks ago. "If we are played with," Mrs. Shaw is

reported to have said, "made fun of, just tolerated, greeted with supercilious smiles by members of the Congressional committees, there is nothing for us to do but to resort to militant methods. We hope we will not be driven to measures as severe as those used in England, but, if it does come, the daughters of old English sires will be ready to suffer here as women are suffering in England."

The World-Progress of
"Votes for Women."

 RS. SHAW'S warning seems to be needless in at least six states, which are already in the throes of a campaign preparatory to a vote on the question of equal franchise for women. In Kansas, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon and Wisconsin constitutional amendments granting woman suffrage are to be voted on this fall. This fact is, in the eyes of the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Despatch*, "second in importance only to the presidential election itself," and the event will constitute "a momentous chapter in the history of woman suffrage in America." Even as the case now stands, presidential candidates have to reckon with the votes of more than 800,000 women this year in six states which have 37 votes in the electoral college. Four years ago there were four states with but 14 electoral votes. "It is quite within the realm of probability," says the *New York Sun*, "that the women of Ohio will be able to vote at the next presidential election." In that state, the woman suffrage amendment may be voted upon in July. "The cause of the marching women," as the *Chicago Record-Herald* observes, "is certainly marching." It sees in the introduction a few weeks ago, by the king of Sweden, of a government bill enfranchizing women and making them eligible for election to the riksdag, proof that "the modern woman is carrying everything before her." But the real sensation of the movement is not furnished by Sweden or the United States or England. It was furnished by China, several weeks ago, as noted in the following almost incredible dispatch:

"Equal suffrage was granted to the women of China yesterday by the Parliament at Nanking. The law will become effective immediately. Women voters will be subject to the same restrictions as men."



THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND

What can you do with a woman, somebody asked, who is willing to wear a thirty-nine-cent hat? The Suffraget of the cartoons may have been in the crowd, but if so, she was very inconspicuous.

Madero Makes a Desperate
Attack on Orozco.

THE possibility of American intervention in Mexico seems to have galvanized Madero into strenuous efforts. Last month he insisted that his commanders in the field make a combined attack upon the forces of the revolution. General Pascual Orozco's advance guard seems, in consequence, to have been driven back in defeat to the central base of the insurgents in the North. Despite Orozco's claims of victory, despatches indicate that Madero ends the month in better shape than our government thought possible when the spring campaign opened. Those Mexican states which run up to the Texas border are reported restive as a result of the intervention "scare." Placards in these regions warn all that "the United States is determined to seize Mexico if she can," adding that "we will die to the last man before our beloved country shall fall a prey to the northern invader." Mexicans are accordingly bidden to "rise up," whether they favor Madero or Orozco or Zapata or Gomez. Madero is still secluded in the presidential palace. Zapata is implacably campaigning in the South. Orozco is marching some hundred miles or more from Chihuahua. Gomez, represented in

one despatch as provisional president of the insurgent republic, is described in another as a fugitive. In Washington, meanwhile, the Department of State strives to soothe the susceptibilities of European diplomatists who urge intervention by the United States before another month.

How Mexican Papers
View Intervention.

MEXICAN dailies in touch with Madero call upon all elements in the land to unite in face of the dreaded intervention. "The government impotent to quell the revolution," declares the Mexico City *Tiempo*, a somewhat conservative sheet, "the revolution spreading in every direction—are not these facts a sufficient pretext for the abyss of intervention to open wide its black gullet?" Intervention, it concedes, was a phantom summoned from the deep by Diaz to keep himself in power. "It was a phantom to a just revolution, organized for the overthrow of a tyrant. But when revolution becomes chronic, when one can see no end to the gloomy night in which war has shrouded the land, when no definite guarantees can be given—then for the government, however great may be the optimism which it professes, and for the revolution, whatever the favor with which it is viewed, interven-



THE MEXICAN SITUATION

—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*

tion ceases to be a phantom and becomes a terrible reality." Intervention, adds this daily, representing solidly substantial interests, would be a humiliation to Mexican national pride, a demonstration that the people of the republic are incapable of ruling themselves. Intervention, it predicts, is coming. Only the end of the revolution can stop it—and the revolution continues!

Why Uncle Sam "Covets"
Mexican Soil.

CREED is at the bottom of the alleged determination of this country to intervene in Mexico, declares the *Tiempo*. "The ambition of the United States is the cause. There are still



IS INTERVENTION WORTH THIS PRICE?

—Barnett in *Los Angeles Tribune*

states for the possession of which they are hungry. Chihuahua fascinates them. There is still a territory with the control of which the dreams of Anglo-Saxon commercialism are made brighter. Lower California seduces them." In the same sense, that somewhat anti-American paper, *Gil Blas* (Mexico City), indulges in sarcastic comment. "Geographically," it observes, "Providence has placed us as sentinels at the point of greatest danger for the Latin race. If we surrender our post, which is the key to the continent, even after we have been slaughtered, as some fear, what will become of the Latin republics?" It is the idlest dream, this anti-American organ admits, to think Mexicans can keep the invader out of the land, that is, by fighting. "An immediate peace, honorable negotiations between the revolution and the government, can yet perform the miracle of saving us." If some pact be not speedily concluded by Madero with Zapata and Orozco, the doom of Mexico will be sealed. Washington, it says, eagerly seeks the pretext to invade and despoil.

Washington Accused of Provocative
Tactics in Mexico.

DIPLOMATIC correspondence between Mexico and Washington has just assumed, says the *Imparcial*, a leading organ of Madero's capital, a provocative tone, little calculated to relieve the strain. The cause is a note from our acting secretary of state. That note was a warning and, according to the daily just mentioned, an insult. "The Mexican government," replied minister of foreign relations Pedro Lascorain, "is fully conscious of its duties and has given no cause for doubt of its resolve to enforce the generally accepted principles of international law. For this reason the Mexican government can not recognize the right of the American government to give the warning contained in the note." When Secretary of State Knox returned to Washington from his recent Central American tour, the whole correspondence was taken up by himself. He has placed the situation in so serious a light, we read in the *Imparcial*, that Madero forced on a battle between his forces and those of Orozco. The situation on both sides had for more than a week been precarious. Orozco's sole source of revenue was a tax on cattle sent into

this country from the region he controls. He had exhausted a smart sum originally obtained by confiscating the estate of one of Madero's innumerable relatives.

Madero and Orozco Have
a Disagreement.

MADERO seems to have embarrassed Orozco by proclaiming coal contraband of war. The railroad running through the rebel country was forbidden to handle the commodity. The object of Madero was to paralyze industry, especially mining, in the land of insurgence. Orozco countered with a proclamation describing the horrors of American intervention. American property ought to be respected, he argued, in order that Washington might have no excuse for taking sides. Madero next put a twenty million dollar appropriation through the chamber of deputies. That gives him ready money for his army. The operation of the next few weeks so discouraged Madero, however, that negotiations of some sort between himself and Orozco were undertaken by emissaries from the capital. At last accounts Orozco was naming a price for submission so high that Madero concluded to try another series of battles. The deter-



PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTISM

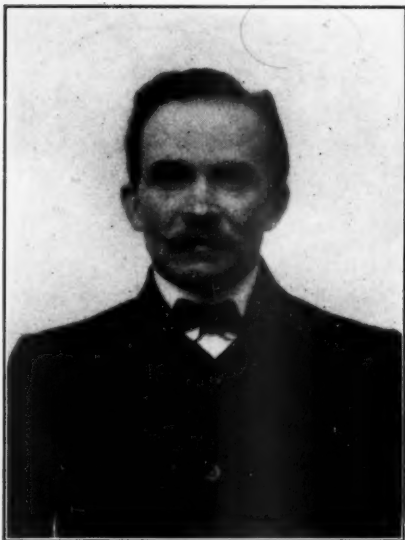
"'Come across,' General, or we'll quit fighting."
—Patrick in Fort Worth Record

mination was strengthened by recent intimations from Washington. The encounters have been numerous and sanguinary, but despatches from the scene of war are too contradictory and confusing to justify inferences. The *Imparcial* insists that Orozco is "going down to defeat," but it has been saying that ever since he emerged as a leader of revolt.



"SCOOT, THE COP'S COMIN'!"

—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer



"I HAVE ACHIEVED IMMORTAL FAME"

These words were part of a will written by the original of this picture, the bandit Bonnot, while bullets flew into the room about his head during the artillery siege in which he lost his life.

Dramatic End of the
French Motor Brigand.

BONNOT was taken. He was taken alive. In a half hour he was dead. It was all part of the greatest thrill Paris has had since the Commune. Thus the *Temps* introduces the epic. Paris wept with joy, we read, to be delivered. The citizens did what they have not thought of doing since the great revolution. They embraced in the streets and they wept. They repeated the bulletins of the day. "Bonnot is surrounded." "Bonnot is besieged." "They have opened fire on Bonnot." "They dynamite Bonnot." There was a supreme ecstasy to come. "Bonnot is taken!" (We still follow the French daily.) Then the agony: Bonnot had refused to live, refused to be tried, to be convicted, to be guillotined. Bullets were hailing upon the garage in which he had been trapped when Bonnot, with a fountain pen and a sheet of wrapping paper, made his will. "I am a celebrated character," he began. "France is trumpeting my fame to the four quarters of the globe. The renown bestowed upon my humble person would fill with jealousy all who, seeking fame, fail to achieve it." He wrote some

words of exculpation of alleged accomplices. "Must I regret what I have done?" he put in next. "Possibly. If I must continue, I do so in spite of my regret. I must live out my life. All men have the right to live. Your idiotic and criminal society presumes to forbid my doing so. So much the worse for it." His fountain pen gave out. With a pencil Bonnot added that he had never known a mother's love. Society was at fault. There is happiness for the favored few only. The flying bullets caught him. He fell to the floor. In ran the police. Bonnot was a prisoner. At the hospital he breathed his last. Thus perished the chief of the renowned French motor car bandits. His end preceded by only a few weeks the taking off of his great lieutenant, Garnier. Paris had entered, without quite realizing the fact, a new age of Louis XIII., when the capital was a field of battle among brigands.

The Beginning of the Fray
by the Paris Police.

BONNOT had been incautious enough to select a refuge that could be easily stormed. There was no likelihood of damage to neighboring property when the artillery came into play. Thus reflected that astute police official, M. Guichard, arriving at Choisy-le-Roi in his automobile. He had been suspicious of that garage for some hours. He had brought a platoon. "We must see who is within," he told himself. It was early morning. Posting his men at coigns of vantage, M. Guichard strode to the door of the garage and pushed it in. What he beheld was a motorcycle. A man emerged from a closet. "Dubois!" It was, indeed, the keeper of the garage. "Come forth!" commanded Guichard. Dubois reached for his hip pocket. The inspector behind Guichard fired his revolver first. Dubois pulled his own trigger next. Guichard and his aid backed out. The door slammed. The window of the upper story was then raised. There was a cry from the police at their coigns of vantage. They recognized Bonnot. He drew down the window. The police made a general assault. The windows in the neighborhood were soon filled with human heads, which, taking note of flying bullets, disappeared as quickly. Bonnot was firing from behind a closet door. He hit two officers of the law.

Bonnot Blown into Submission
by Dynamite.

ARILLERY, miners and sappers and the fusillades from the infantry merely drew the deadly fire of the brigands within. A heroic lieutenant strove three times to rush the garage. He held a thick mattress in front of him. Each time the bullets from within forced him back. Guichard had ordered dynamite. How use it? A bright idea! (We follow the *Lanterne*.) A patriot in the crowd offered his moving van. Another contributed two bales of straw. The van was loaded. Willing hands pushed it backwards from a side street towards the garage. Bonnot fired and fired. No one was hit. The heroic lieutenant, the order to cease firing having been given, advanced on all fours in the shelter of the van filled with the straw. There was a hush in the crowd. They saw the dynamite cartridge placed against the garage wall. The hero withdrew. The electric wire was pushed. The cartridge did not explode. Another trial was equally vain. At last the detonation came. No result. The cartridge was too far from the wall. A second attempt failed. At last success crowned the expedient. There was a terrific explosion. The wall

of the garage fell in. Municipal guards, sappers, infantrymen presented arms, ready to fire.

The Career of the
Great Bonnot.

BONNOT would seem to have been born some thirty-six years ago in one of the French departments.

His parents are said in the *Temps* to have been respectable working people. While yet a stripling he embraced anarchy. He led one or two strikes at Geneva. His various lodgings in French cities yielded syndicalist literature so regularly that the police suspect him of connection with recent labor risings. Bonnot made Lyons his main place of residence, and at Lyons he conceived three years ago the series of automobile exploits which have given him a permanent place in the history of melodramatic crime. The sensational exploits of the band he led began with the murder of an Italian named Mandino, an alleged traitor to "the cause." Bonnot is understood to have been a man of extensive attainments from an anarchist point of view. He is said to have contributed liberally to revolutionary movements in Spain, in Italy and in Switzerland. The long will he left contains an avowal, among other



TAKING A MOTOR BANDIT THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS

Gouzy, led by the policeman and surrounded by the yelling mob, beguiled a detective into a trap. Pretending to be an informer, he escorted a distinguished detective to the haunts of Bonnot, who at once murdered the victim of this treachery.

things, of faith in the principles of communist anarchism. Bonnot's title to fame in criminal annals, says the *Temps*, rests upon his discovery of the automobile as a means of daylight robbery in public places, a form of crime spreading all over the world.

Bonnot as the Pioneer
of a New Anarchy.

ACCOMPLICES, of whom Bonnot had many, are said in the French dailies to include the distinguished Alfred Fromentin, in whose garage the dead bandit took refuge. Alfred Fromentin is noted in anarchist circles, we read in the London *Times*, because he has contributed so liberally of his wealth to the diffusion of revolutionary ideas. Some years ago Fromentin interested himself in the modern school of Francisco Ferrer when that agitator was working in Barcelona. After the execution of Ferrer, Fromentin published a pamphlet vindicating the memory of the Spaniard. At Choisy-le-Roi, Fromentin is a considerable landlord, owning villas bearing such names as "Louise Michel" and "Elisée Reclus." He was the leader of a sort of revolutionary colony called "the red nest." Fromentin is alleged to be "a sentimentalist" with ideas like Tolstoy's. His friends deny that he participated in any of the activities of

Bonnot. The dead bandit merely "took an interest" in anarchy. It seems that he contributed articles to the Paris *Anarchie*, revealing therein intimacy with the writings of Proudhon, Bakunin and Ferrer. He was, we read further, "a delightful talker," profoundly versed in the physical sciences, especially mineralogy.

* * *

The War on the French
Motor Car Bandits.



GARNIER, the redoubtable ring-leader of those automobile highwaymen who for the past eight months have made modern France as unsafe as medieval London, was also run to earth and taken last month. Bonnot had been caught, as related, in a garage, Garnier was tracked to a house hidden by foliage. The capture of Bonnot entailed the use of dynamite and artillery. Garnier, who had the notorious Vallet with him, succumbed to melinite. He withstood a siege of several hours in the small villa at Nogent, suburb of the capital. So desperate grew the fighting that many received severe wounds. When the police, supporting the bandit's shattered head and his two legs, dragged the captive out, there was, the despatches tell us, a concerted rush of the mob. The police and guards closed about the bandits, keeping the infuriated people at bay with the butts of their rifles. Women screamed: "Give us the bandit! Tear him to pieces!" But Garnier was beyond the reach of retribution of any sort. He had made a fatal slip, for once, in trying to negotiate stolen securities at a bank. He had stolen them as long ago as last March. The method employed by the French criminal was Gallic in its melodramatic originality. A new motor car, to follow the account in the London *Spectator*, was being driven for delivery to its owner along the road between Paris and Fontainebleau. It was stopped near Montgeron, where the road passes through the forest of Senart. The whole plot had been carefully elaborated in advance by Garnier and his followers. A man in the road held up a handkerchief to stop the car, which was already going slowly, as the road was out of order at this place. As the automobile stopped, three other men sprang out of the forest. They shot the chauffeur.



APACHE

This is a stage rehearsal and not a photograph from actual crime. It illustrates the highway method of the Paris Apache or hoodlum in garroting a victim.



THE SIEGE OF THE BANDIT'S CITADEL

Bonnot took refuge in a garage owned by a "millionaire anarchist" and rented to a member of the bandit circle. Bonnot returned shot with shot until, wounded, he succumbed.

Garnier's Imaginative Genius in Crime.

AS THE chauffeur fell dead from his seat, his companion at his side, badly wounded, rolled off to the road beside him. Garnier and his accomplices then ran the automobile back to Paris, where others of his followers joined him. Thence, to follow the London paper's account, the car was run twenty miles to Chantilly. Here the main purpose of the conspiracy was to be effected. The sheer ingenuity of the plan prevented any hitch in its execution. When the bandits arrived at a branch of the banking corporation, a respectable young woman—the same, perhaps, who was caught the other day—was waiting outside the bank door to give them a signal. She let them know by means of her nod that the way was clear. Garnier and three of his men entered the bank. They lost no time in killing two clerks. In a trice, having leaped across the railed guard of the teller's desk, the bandits seized bank notes to the value of a hundred thousand dollars. They got some negotiable securities as well. Rushing back to the car, the bandits drove off. The crowd that began to surround the bank was kept off with revolvers. The men in the automobile fired in all directions. This, be it noted, was but a characteristic exploit. The deeds of the band, were they set down, would read like those of d'Artagnan.

A New Social Peril in the Paris Apache.

SYNDICALISM, or rather the spirit of it, is held responsible by the *Paris Croix*, a leading clerical daily, for the performance of the robbers. The ranks of the bandits, it fears, will be recruited from the syndicalists. The seizure of motor cars and the robbery of banks may not be contemplated by the leaders of syndicalism, concedes the French paper, but syndicalism teaches violence, the expropriation of the owner by the laborer. From that to expropriation of the owner of the motor car is but a step. Garnier, according to one account of his career, was, like the daring Bonnot, a former follower of Francisco Ferrer in the sense that he was for a time a pupil at one of the modern schools. This is denied somewhat hotly in the *Paris Action*, which accuses the clericals of trying to discredit the "lay state" by holding secularism responsible for all the crimes of all the bandits. The typical clerical point of view is exploited by the London *Saturday Review*, a clerical Anglican organ, thus:

"Bonnot, Garnier, and their associates are the product of the subversive teaching of leaders such as Albert Fromentin and Francisco Ferrer, the hero of British and American Liberalism, and of those Masonic lodges upon the continent of Europe who regard him as a martyr to the cause of liberty."

Yuan Shi Kai Starts China
as a Republic at Last.



MEMBERS of revolution are still smouldering menacingly beneath the fabric of personal government in China associated with the name of Yuan Shi Kai. More surprises are inevitable. In these words does the astute Peking correspondent of the London *Telegraph* pass judgment upon the opening of the advisory council, practically the provisional Senate, in the former capital of the Manchus. The Manchus have at last packed up their baggage and departed from the forbidden city. Yuan Shi Kai has been left for the time being in peaceful possession of the government. His first step was the delivery of an inaugural address in circumstances of rigid simplicity. The most important matter now, said Yuan, who spoke in the colloquial dialect and not in literary jargon, is finance. He confessed the existence of a deficit. Bad trade makes it impossible for China to pay her foreign creditors. Yuan added that he is negotiating with the powers for leave to increase the customs and to do away with likin. There was a significant silence, say the despatches, when Yuan told the advisory council that, owing to the inefficiency of natives, he would have to rely upon the talent of foreigners in important posts. This detail, the Paris *Temps* understands, has already made trouble. Native statesmen look askance upon the appointment of Europeans to high office and Yuan has put many foreign devils into the financial department. There is every prospect of a spirited controversy between Yuan and the new council, in which he has many foes. The Manchus are suspected of perpetual intrigue. Some correspondents even prophesy sensational developments in no long time. The republic itself may disappear as swiftly as it emerged.

Behind the Veil of
China's Finance.



MOVEMENT is afoot, started by great financial syndicates backed by the British foreign office apparently, to bring about the disruption of China. That charge is made definitely in the London *Mail*. No sooner had the revolution begun than tax-paying lapsed. The financial crisis that ensued brought financial cliques upon the scene.

The upshot is a scheme to float a Chinese loan of staggering magnitude—possibly a billion dollars. Old debts and a new one make up this total. "The brains that are formulating these loan proposals are in Berlin and New York, but the bulk of the money will be obtained in England and France." The six powers behind the syndicate are Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Russia and Japan. "How can Russia and Japan lend money?" The process, we read, is a simple one. They borrow at a comparatively low rate in England and France and lend to China at a higher rate. On the operations as a whole the bankers get the profits and the six governments get the responsibility. The loans are not really private. The powers undertake to see that interest and sinking fund are paid. If China comes to grief, they will have to intervene. The logical result of intervention is partition. The Young China party suspects these things.

Is the World on the Eve
of a New Chinese Crisis?



YOUNG China is by no means misled by the appearance of a republic. The youths and maidens reared in western lands teach their countrymen the significance of world politics as practiced for the benefit of high finance. Missionaries of revolution travel through the eighteen provinces, sowing the seeds of a new uprising. The explosion may come at any moment. It will be tremendous. Such are the impressions gleaned by a student of the Chinese problem who sets forth his views in the Paris *Humanité*. The Socialist organ, like other Socialist organs abroad, including the Berlin *Vorwärts*, has shown prescience regarding China in the past. The masses begin to fear, we read further, that the republic is part of some new device of the foreign devil. The crisis is delayed through the incapacity of the Manchu princes. They have departed. Not one member of the several royal cliques has produced a statesman, a man of action, a patriot, a personality. To that circumstance alone is the republic indebted for its existence. What China needs is a Kossuth, a Cavour, a Washington. The western world has been misled into supposing that the republic is the goal of patriotic aspiration. As Yuan has sown, concludes the foreign daily, he will reap—and he has sown the teeth of dragons.



THE BOY SCOUT IN CHINA

The inauguration of Yuan Shi Kai as President of the Republic brought many youths to the scene of the solemnities to exemplify in their deportment the progress of Young China. The boy scouts were among the most conspicuous of these evidences of the new Asiatic spirit.



Italy's Defiant Attack on the Dardanelles.

POWERFUL Italian squadron appeared suddenly off the entrance to the Dardanelles a few weeks ago and opened fire with the heaviest guns. The forts replied with vigor.

There was a three-hour bombardment which told heavily upon the barracks ashore. An Italian warship is alleged by the Turks to have sustained injuries so serious that it left the line of fire. This is denied by the ministerial *Tribuna* of Rome. The Italian fleet bombarded some of the islands in the archipelago, destroying connection with Lemnos, Tenedos and Rhodes. The population fled to the mountains. The Turkish gunners gave so good an account of themselves, one report runs, that Italy suffered the loss of the cruiser nearest shore. This, again, is denied in Rome. The withdrawal of the Italian fleet was followed by the closing of the straits upon orders from Constantinople. At last accounts they were sown with mines, which might be equivalent to closing. The inconvenience to shipping caused by the temporary closing of the Dardanelles is revealed by the detail that fifty million dollars in cargo valuation suffered a blockade on the way to Danubian ports alone. There was an un-

precedentedly acrimonious outbreak in the London *Times* against Italy when news of the event reached London. The episode, says the London *Telegraph*, "runs counter to a fairly precise assurance on the part of the royal government at Rome that naval demonstrations should be confined to the Tripolitaine coast and to Cyrenaica and should leave the Aegean and still more the Dardanelles severely alone." So spirited were the British press protests that Sir Edward Grey had to call Italy gently but firmly to account.

Is the Turco-Italian War to Spread?

THE dangerous feature of the Italian stroke in the Dardanelles, we are reminded by the London *Telegraph*, is the effect it must have on the European situation. "The equilibrium among the powers is so delicately poised at the present time that any marked change of policy or any unexpected movement on the part of any single nation is full of potential or actual perils." There is some doubt as to the attitude of both Austria and Germany, says this well-informed daily. There is still more doubt as to the encouragement Italy is supposed to have received from Russia. France and Great Britain would naturally view with

suspicion any alteration of naval power in the Mediterranean, while the reopening of the near eastern question always communicates a distinct shock to diplomatic nerves among all the powers. It is likely, this authority says, that the government of Rome got leave from Vienna and Berlin before opening fire off the entrance to the Dardanelles. "But the greatest uncertainty exists as to the present intentions of Russia." She is suspected of having struck a bargain with Italy whereby the Czar's warships will run into the Aegean.

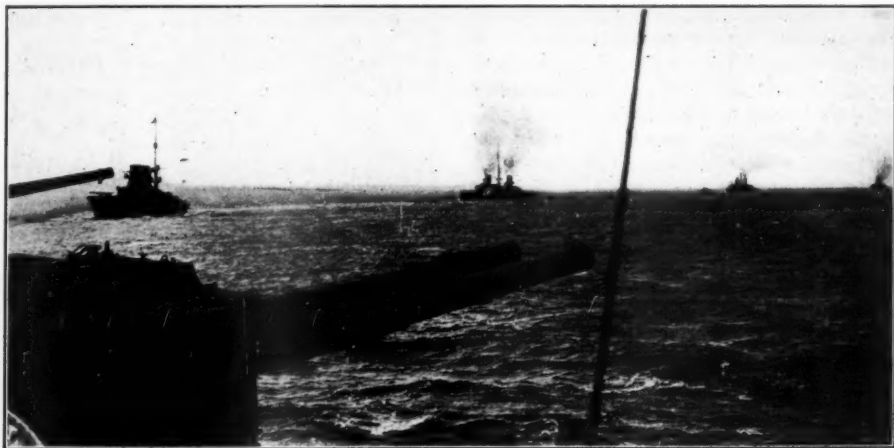
What Italy Intends to
Do Next.

ITALY has no intention of attempting to force the Dardanelles for the present, according to the well-informed Rome correspondent of the *Paris Temps*. She has another plan of action in the Aegean. In Athens it is declared that all the Turkish islands in the Aegean will be occupied by the Italians, altho, according to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, it is not expected that Italy will take any further measures at present in the vexed sea. The Vienna daily also says that Russia and Great Britain are trying to "localize" the war, a statement worthy of credence because the Vienna organ is close to the Ballplatz. But a great daily equally well inspired, the *Paris Temps*, gives Russia and Great Britain what is thought a strong

hint. "In armed conflicts," it says, "the rule of force is inevitable and it is this rule which at present dominates us. The powers which suffer from the present state of affairs in the Dardanelles ought to have foreseen the future."

The Future of the War Between
Turkey and Italy.

WHAT have the Italians determined to do next? "We can not suppose that action will end here," says the *London Times*, "for it is puerile to ring the bell at the door of the Dardanelles and then run away." Italy can force the Dardanelles, appear before Constantinople and land an army to beat the Turks. "It is questionable whether the Italian navy will be in any hurry to try to force the Dardanelles, and it is still more questionable whether a country so dependent for its security upon its navy would risk the almost certain losses of such an operation." The Turkish gunners may not be altogether efficient. The batteries may be exposed. The battleships might overcome the forts. With a fleet to spare, the thing might be done. "But the Narrows are a nasty place; the line of batteries, high and low, is almost continuous. It would be difficult to sweep for mines under a close and severe fire." Italy would endure severe loss in her attack. An alternative would be to bring an army to the Aegean, to land it and defeat the Turks.



THE ITALIAN SQUADRON OFF THE DARDANELLES

Panic prevailed in some European capitals when the news of the bombardment of the Turkish forts indicated an intention upon the part of the Roman government to extend the theater of the war with Turkey. Should the effort to mediate (now supposed to be energetic) have no result, the war would proceed in Europe as well as in Africa.

Persons *in the* Foreground

THE RIVAL RINGMASTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN CIRCUS



WE DO not mean to say an unkind word about anyone—"you can not trap me into saying a disagreeable word about any human being,"—with such sweet and angelic utterances the manager of President Taft's campaign began his work a few short months ago. Mr. Roosevelt's campaign manager was not quite so sugary in his demeanor. He knew he had a hard fight ahead and that somebody had to be hit; but he also was careful to explain that this was to be a campaign on great issues, not by any manner of means a campaign into which personalities would be allowed to enter!

How the high gods must have laughed! For a few weeks Mr. Roosevelt did not even mention Mr. Taft in his speeches. They were all about such abstract things as preferential primaries, recall of judicial decisions, initiative and referendum and the like,—things which Mr. Dooley refused to grow excited over because he couldn't pronounce their names. Whenever reference was made by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Taft's record, the term "the present administration" or something equally parliamentary was used. As for Taft, he made no references except complimentary ones to his opponent. And, of course, Senator Joseph M. Dixon and Congressman William B. McKinley, the managers, followed the same cue.

Just who started the personal row will probably remain a subject of dispute for an indefinite period. Dixon claims that Taft began it by calling his opponents "neurotics," and Dixon promptly responded with the word "paranoiacs." Even then Mr. Dooley and his friends refused to enter fully into the spirit of the thing. These words were still above their heads. By last month, however, the vocabulary of the

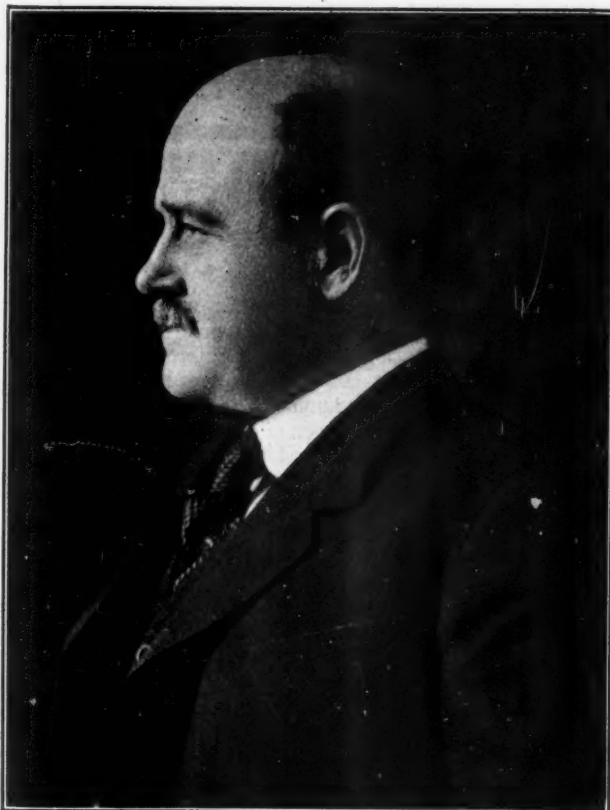
contestants had come down to the level of the lowest. "Liar," "robber" and "thief" are terms nobody has to look up in a dictionary. Senator La Follette predicted early in the year that if Mr. Roosevelt entered into the contest, all political issues would drop out of sight and the contest would become a personal one. Every day's development since has helped to verify his prediction.

The managers of the two campaigns are probably as surprized as anybody is over the truculence to which they have finally resorted. They are not personal enemies. They belong to the same political party. They are not men with a reputation for "slugging." Senator Dixon, in spite of his good fighting jaw, comes of a long line of Quaker ancestry. He had a reputation for hard work and pertinacity, but not for combativeness. The late speaker Cannon once paid tribute to his skill in securing appropriations in the following words: "The Bitter Root Valley has had more legislation since Dixon came to Congress than any other individual section of the country has had. It is fast becoming the legislative center of the Republic." Everyone knows that it is not combativeness that secures appropriations in Congress, but, on the contrary, skill in averting opposition.

McKinley is one of the friendliest men on earth. "Some rich men collect paintings," it is said in Washington, "and some collect books and bric-a-brac and tapestries. Billy McKinley just collects friends." He is renowned for his dinner parties and his various kinds of breakfast. When he starts to go to a ball game he is not content just to go there and see the game. He has to make a sort of picnic out of the occasion each time. He drives his motor-car around the streets until he picks up half a dozen friends and then goes on to the ball grounds. He once took a large party of

Congressmen, including Speaker Cannon and Vice-President Sherman, on a tour to Cuba, Porto Rico, Venezuela and Panama, paying all the bills himself. The characteristic story that is told of him by Washington correspondents is about his kindness to a dog. One version of the story—there are several versions—runs as follows: "Not having children of his own, Mr. McKinley bestows his affections on his nieces. They have a spaniel named Tama. The dog loafs at McKinley's office when McKinley is at home. One August day, Tama, made restless and miserable by the heat, looked up into McKinley's face and seemed to say something. 'That dog,' remarked McKinley to his clerks and stenographers, 'wants his hair cut.' It was a busy afternoon with telephone calls coming in from Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield and Danville, but McKinley took Tama into an alley near by and there he was found by a messenger working patiently on the dog with a pair of office scissors with which he was wont to cut coupons from his many bonds."

Dixon hails from Missoula, Montana, tho he came originally from North Carolina. His people were pioneer foundrymen and mill-builders in the southern state. One of his ancestors, tho a Quaker, took an active part in assisting the first revolt ever started in America against the British government—the one against Governor Tryon, in North Carolina, five years before the beginning of the Revolution. The Senator's father, tho living in a slave state, was an ardent anti-slavery man long before the Civil War broke out. Joseph M. was born two years after Appomattox, and when twenty-four years of age, finding but few chances in the still prostrate South, he went to Missoula, Montana, to practice law. In ten years' time—1901—he was

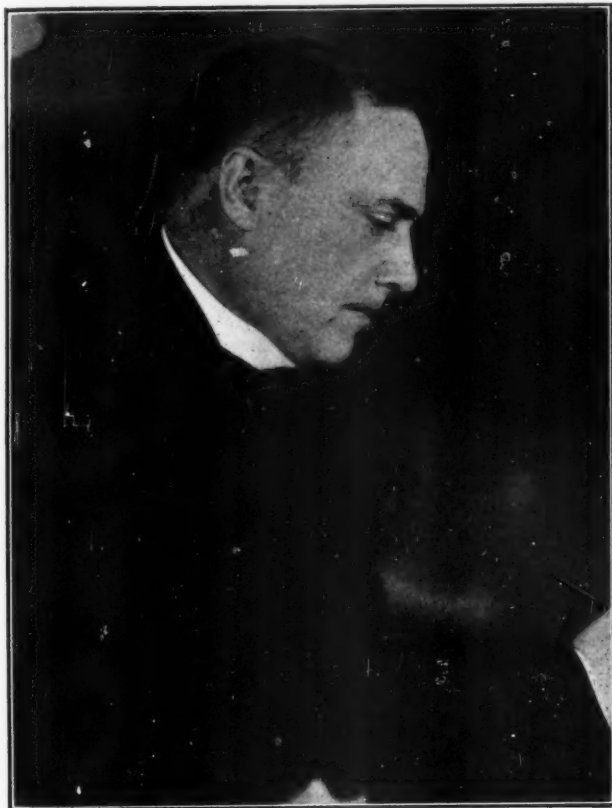


"JUST COLLECTS FRIENDS"

William Brown McKinley, manager of President Taft's canvass, is an eminently amicable and friendly person; but the exigencies of politics are unrelenting, and he has been hurling his share of fierce invective during the last few weeks with energy and skill.

elected to the legislature. Then he served two terms in Congress, and in 1907 he was made United States Senator, succeeding W. A. Clark, the multimillionaire. He has been active in bringing some big reclamation projects to pass in Montana and he is an expert in Indian affairs of the Northwest. He is a rather rugged type of man, a hustler, and swift in arriving at conclusions. Roosevelt learned to like and trust him even before he became a Senator and relied greatly upon his advice in all matters pertaining to the Indians.

McKinley comes from Champaign, Ill., from the congressional district adjoining Cannon's. He was a very successful business man before he became a politician. When he was twenty-six he built the waterworks for his own town and the ad-



OF QUAKER ANCESTRY BUT FIGHTING BLOOD

Senator Joseph M. Dixon, Mr. Roosevelt's manager, took charge of what looked like a rout a few weeks ago and turned it into a formidable charge which all the Taft cohorts have been unable to check.

joining town of Urbana, followed it up with an electric lighting plant, and followed that up with trolley lines. He has made his own way in the world. His father was a Presbyterian preacher, and his father was a Presbyterian preacher, so there was no money in the family. After a year or two at the University of Illinois, he went into a drugstore as a clerk at two dollars a week, and from that into his uncle's bank at \$40.00 a month. He made money on the outside and saved it and began buying farms offered at sacrifice prices, borrowing most of the money to do so.

Now he is called by one biographer "the trolley king of the world." He is said to be an important factor in about seventy-five corporations, most of them public utility corporations. He is short and pudgy, bald-headed and gray-eyed and moves as if he

was in no particular hurry, like a man who knows others will wait for him if he doesn't happen to get there on time. He can't make a "speech," but he can stand up and talk to his constituents in a way to win their confidence. He admires everybody. Cannon he considers a great leader, and he tried to get him the presidential nomination four years ago. George Kibbe Turner, in *McClure's*, calls him "merely an amiable expurgated edition of Cannon." He also admires Taft tremendously, finding him to be "a great man intellectually, and an honest man, simply honest, transparently honest." Roosevelt also he has a very high opinion of, or did have a few weeks ago, at the opening of the campaign. He said then of Roosevelt: "He is the smartest man in the world. There are specialists who know more than he does about certain subjects, but he knows more things than anybody else on earth." Finally, with his gift for making friends, giving dinner parties and shearing distressed dogs, he is

"the kindest man to newspaper correspondents who has yet reached Washington."

Such are the two men who will see this month the results of their strenuous efforts as managers in a campaign that has been unprecedented in the times of men now living. There have been fierce factional fights in the Republican party before. The ill-will between Conkling and Blaine was as great as that between Taft and Roosevelt. Probably it was greater; but it was not spilled out before the public in the way which we have been witnessing this year, for the simple reason that the nomination was not decided then in presidential primaries. That is the one new thing in politics which has brought all the bitterness out into the open and, no doubt, has greatly intensified the expression of it.

THE WISENESS OF COLONEL GOETHALS



THREE men had charge, successively, of the construction of the Panama Canal before George Washington Goethals was placed in charge. Any one of the three was probably as capable an engineer as Goethals is. One of them at least—John F. Stevens—solved problems which Colonel Goethals admits that neither he nor any other army man could have solved—the problems, namely, of disposing of the dirt excavated from Culebra Cut. But it is Colonel Goethals who will be known as the real builder of the canal. It is a great engineering achievement, of course; perhaps the greatest in the world. But it has taken something more than engineering skill to build it, and the real secret of the Colonel's success lies deeper down than his technical ability. The biggest of all the problems has not been the proper handling of the Chagres river or the dirt from Culebra Cut or the peril of yellow fever. It has been the handling of 40,000 living human beings, speaking forty-five different languages, working in a tropical clime, with nerves and passions and appetites. "A few of them," says a writer in *Collier's*, speaking of this army of workers, "were born on the Isthmus; most, however, are temporary expatriates, from one to twelve thousand miles from home. All trades, all professions, all temperaments, all social statuses known to civilization are there represented. Every kind of 'nerves,' crotchets, and cantankerousness is there. The finest gentlemen and some of the biggest boors are there. Some, perhaps, did not suspect it of themselves that they were gentlemen when they went there. The boors, perhaps, likewise of themselves. But the heat and the strain and the proximities that grow of an inbred task bring it out. What you are screams on the Isthmus."

It takes engineering skill to deal with mountains and rivers; but it takes wisdom of the highest kind to deal with an army of men. Here is where Colonel Goethals rose to the occasion and where his predecessors did not quite succeed. He had an army man's training, and the army man's main business is the handling of men. Before he went to Panama the discontent was so

great and the grievances so numerous that President Roosevelt had to send a man down there—J. B. Bishop—for the express purpose of holding a court to hear complaints. When Goethals got to work Bishop's court, we are told, "became suddenly idle," and has remained so ever since. There are complaints still, of course; but the Colonel himself finds time, between 7.30 A. M. and 10.30 A. M. every Sunday morning, to hear them and to pass judgment. He gives personal attention to all sorts of petty brainstorms, and his patience and sympathy are inexhaustible. "Never," says Peter C. MacFarlane, in *Collier's*, writing of this Sunday morning court, "was a great enterprize so shot through with the personality of a single soul. The scarlet threads of his life-touch appear everywhere in the fabric, and nowhere more clearly than in this little, unconstituted Court of Cæsar, which to the canal force at least has come to have far more importance than the whole judiciary system of the Zone, local, district, and supreme."

All the reports that have come from Panama pay tribute to this power of the man in dealing with other men. He has all the power of a general in the field. He is chairman of the Canal Commission, chief engineer, president of the Panama Railroad Company, and Civil Governor of the Zone! In other words he is President and Congress and the Supreme Court all rolled into one, and a great captain of industry in addition. This combination of powers simplifies much of his work, while vastly increasing his burden of responsibility. For instance, when he was absent for a time, many months ago, in Cuba, trouble arose over the dismissal of an engineer on the railroad who disregarded signals and caused a wreck. When Goethals returned he was met by a representative of the engineers' union, who wanted to know what his decision was regarding the demand for reinstatement of the dismissed man. The following colloquy took place:

"I don't see that there is any decision for me to come to," replied Goethals. "You have informed me that unless the man is pardoned you will go on strike to-morrow. That is a definite statement of fact which I see no particular reason I should discuss with you. You



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HE DISMISSES ONE THOUSAND MEN THIS MONTH

A labor trouble? No. This is Colonel George Washington Goethals, and he has begun to dismiss men because the great work of constructing the Panama Canal is nearing completion.

simply informed me that you were going on a strike, did you not?"

"Yes," replied the somewhat perplexed labor leader.

"Well," answered Goethals, "what is the use of discussing that?"

"That is your answer?" asked the man.

"Yes," replied the Colonel. And then, as the man started to leave the room, "and by the by," he called after him, "just inform the engineers who sent you that any man who is not promptly at work to-morrow morning at eight o'clock will leave for New York on the steamer sailing Saturday."

There was no strike. Every man was at his work the next morning. But that was a case calling not so much for wisdom as the exercise of power. The demands upon his wisdom come in another form. Here, for instance, is a steam-shovel man discharged, so he says, because he couldn't play baseball! It seems that the team at Digville challenged the team at Shovel-town to a match, and the Shovel-town men were in need of a pitcher; so they fired this particular man in order to put a pitcher in his place! Goethals had to handle the case. He simply put the man on another equally good job in another place, and let Shovel-town and Digville fight out their game and stay happy. Then here is another case of a dissipated young chap of twenty-three, who is just out of the hospital and has been told that he cannot go back to work unless he agrees to send half of his salary back home to his wife. Goethals goes into the case carefully. He has the man's record on file in the pigeon-holes, finds how much he has been sending, what debts he owes, listens patiently to the explanations, and then he remarks in an even, impersonal tone, but with emphasis on every word, and using the first person plural as if it were a case in which they were jointly concerned: "Now, we are going to send forty dollars home to her every month—every month—and we are going to cut out the drinking—and the gambling—and then we are going to work to pay off some of our debts." And the young man eagerly ejaculates, "Yes, sir," and leaves with quick, self-respecting steps, whereas a few minutes before he had slunk into the room like a sneak-thief. Then comes the engineer who is going back to the States and wants the Colonel to write a letter of recommendation for him to a certain railway official to whom he has

applied for a job. "Very well," said the Colonel, "I will send the Commission a transcript of your record of service." But that is just what the man doesn't want. He ran by a switch once, and he wants to know if that can't be wiped off the record. Says the Colonel, softly: "Your record is your record, and if you've made one you don't like to stand on, there's nothing for it but to make a better record next time,"—a little sermon equal to many that are half an hour long.

It is character that counts in such relations as Colonel Goethals has had to sustain with his army of toilers. And by the accounts of those who know him intimately, his character is of the finest. He is not only a man and an engineer, but a gentleman as well,—not one of the veneered kind, but one of the instinctive kind that couldn't be anything else.

Colonel Goethals was born in Brooklyn fifty-three years ago. He graduated from West Point in 1880 as the second ranking member of his class, and then spent two years in the Engineers' School at Willets Point. After considerable work on Mussel Shoal Canal and various dams and locks, he was made chief of engineers in the Spanish-American war, and in 1903 was selected for the General Staff. He assumed charge of the Panama Canal in April, 1907. He has had a little over five years, therefore, at this exhausting work, and it has told on him. But he still has his hearty, boyish laugh and his direct and simple and unhurried manner; but he admits that he is very, very tired. Several times he has been offered positions paying several times as much salary as he now receives. He has waved all such offers aside, saying he intended to finish this job or die in his tracks. "It is a tremendous job you have on hand," said a naval officer to Goethals not long after he assumed charge at Panama. "Yes," was the reply, "but I think these Americans around here are equal to it." But he will be ready to quit when the Canal is finished. Some one suggested that he would make a good candidate for President when that time came. "Any man who suggests my name in connection with politics at any future time," he remarked, "will not be a friend of mine." Which is one more proof of his wisdom. He probably remembered the experience of a naval hero by the name of Admiral Dewey.

OROZCO: MAKER AND UNMAKER OF MEXICAN PRESIDENTS



AN'S ingratitude, incarnate in Madero, accounts for the sudden glory of Pascual Orozco down by the Rio Grande. Orozco, we learn from his eulogists, who explain the Mexican situation to the Paris *Figaro*, is a child of nature. Famed as he happens to be in all recent despatches from the seat of Mexican war, Pascual Orozco is no scion of ancient Spanish nobility. He never went to school, or, if he did, his scholarship is limited to the perusal or coarse print. Some are of opinion that he could write his name to-day, but the accomplishment must have been acquired recently in a hurry. He loves his country, for all that, and fought against the tyranny of Diaz because Madero seemed so true, so disinterested, so devoted to the cause of human uplift and progress.

Orozco is in all things a fighter. His tall, muscular frame, unencumbered by an ounce of superfluous flesh, is inured to hardships. He has lived under the stars among the mountains. He has the accomplishments of the son of this soil. He shoots straight—missing nothing. He hurls his lariat at the plunging steer and brings it down. The wiry horse of the country obeys him by instinct, for he can master it in its most furious mood.

Orozco, who is now only about thirty, was a mere youth when he first encountered the Maderos. They are a wealthy clan, with much ore to transport. Orozco, whose father was a poor native, had a bit of soil in the wilds of Chihuahua. His lot was slightly better than that of the average peon because he had more than the average intelligence. He had energy. He was honest. He knew the wilds and fastnesses. His horsemanship made him a Centaur. On the eve of the outbreak against Diaz, then, Orozco comes into view as the leader of a line of horses and mules loaded with ore. He had taken to this vocation when little more than twenty. He worked for the multi-millionaires, but he loved Madero mainly. The attachment between them was once so deep that Madero, we read, would fight no battle until he had first gained the ideas of Orozco.

Orozco, who is the exponent of a school

of guerrilla warfare never laid down in the manuals, recruited bands all over the North. He worked in obscurity. He fought so constantly that no reporter ever got sight of him. Time after time he encountered the federal forces winding through the mountain roads in execution of some plan to crush Madero. Orozco displayed a genius for ferreting out schemes like this. He always foiled them. Mounted upon his fiery steed on the summit of an eminence commanding the plain below, he braved death as he directed the movements of his own little band, industriously hurling rocks upon the climbing foe. The revolution that overthrew Diaz is unthinkable, one authority tells the French papers, without Orozco.

To Madero, in the supreme dignity of the presidential palace, Orozco was no more than the commander of any other pack train in the North. He was active and energetic, but he was no gentleman. He might be deemed illiterate, tho honest. Madero felt that he had rewarded Orozco fully by bestowing a commission upon his whilom lieutenant. The former mountaineer was transformed into General Pascual Orozco, but he was not given a post in the capital. He acted as personal escort to Madero when that hero went to the palace for his inauguration. The new president was soon surrounded by a group so magnificent that Orozco went into eclipse. The fine phrases in which Madero was wont to extol the capacity of Mexican mankind for freedom soon gave way to apologies for vested interests.

Orozco retired from the luxurious capital to the solitude of his northern lair with firm faith still in the man he had made. So much is to be inferred from the communications to the Paris press in which the revolutionary Junta describes its own disillusionments. Orozco came in time to share them. He had fought the wars of Madero. He had asked only that the masses who stood with him be freed. He witnessed now the supremacy (within the councils of the man he had made) of the concession hunter and the privilege seeker.

Lacking the gift of oratory, Orozco long endured his chagrins in silence. Reflection convinced him of the necessity of retire-

ment from the political stage. He made a final visit to Madero, partly to expostulate but mainly to collect a balance due him from the old pack train days when he conveyed ore over the mountains. The simple soul of Orozco was overwhelmed by the coldness of the reception he was accorded in the splendors of the palace. Madero, surrounded by the sycophants of the official circle and misled by the flatteries of the predatory, scarcely deigned to notice the humble mountaineer who had risked his life for him beneath the skies and fought for him in the rain. Orozco referred timidly to an outstanding account, a matter of fifty thousand dollars, perhaps, payable when a certain train of ore had been safely delivered. Madero referred his former brother in arms to a young lackey who treated the veteran of the war for liberty as an absurd and ill-bred person. His claims were disallowed and his services derided. Orozco had come to the capital in hope. He went back to the mountains in the North with a fear that the blood shed for liberty had been shed in vain.

Orozco discloses himself in the inspired Madero organs, like the *Nueva Era* (Mexico), as a rash and hot-headed young man for whom the new president is exceedingly sorry. Orozco, we read therein, is a country bumpkin of splendid physique with no capacity for thought. Bred in poverty, he was given employment by the Madero interests. Having been liberally paid for services well performed, Pascual Orozco grew rich in a Mexican sense, owning now several farms in the North. When the fighting was over, Madero brought the faithful follower along with others to the capital. Orozco could not understand that a president in a palace, solving great problems of a social and economic sort, can not be at the beck and call of every mountaineer who seeks to despoil capitalists in the interest of riotous natives. Orozco, inflated by an idea that he had made Madero, grew insolent. His natural vanity, said in the inspired organ to be prodigious, led to acts of downright insubordination.

A strong personality, powers of command given to few, a will of iron, a head to plan with effect and vast shrewdness are ascribed to Orozco by those who know him personally. These, to be sure, were not many in the past. He was born in the interior of Chihuahua, says one account, al-

tho a baptismal register seems to indicate that his mother is from the extreme South of Mexico and that Pascual first saw the light of day in Yucatan. The father of this young man, who to-day fights as a colonel on the son's staff, is somewhat illiterate and seemingly a fighter. Pascual's youth was so idle that he never went to school except by fits and starts. He shot up into a long, lean lad, awkward and reticent. His face is so tanned by the sun and his hair and mustache are so very black that he has been likened to a Spaniard with a drop of the Moor in him. He has, in fact, a writer in the *Figaro* suspects, all the Moorish traits—proud bearing, muscularity, a habit of quiet command, engaging frankness and quickness to resent a slight, real or fancied.

His mode of life suggests an age supposed to have passed away. Orozco learned from boyhood to take care of himself in the open. He sleeps on a blanket under the sky. His food is that of the peon. He has been known to live three days without a bite and to emerge from a mountain pass into a village without seeking a flagon of the native liquor. This, in Mexico, is rare abstemiousness in one who belongs to the lower orders. So much of his time has been spent upon the back of a horse that Orozco can not walk well. He seems to shamble when afoot and he is plainly ill at ease until he has seated himself in the saddle. A word from him sends the animal tearing madly up a river's bank, Orozco varying the excitement by firing his revolver at a target chosen almost at random. On the back of a galloping horse, says one authority, he can hit a swinging bottle tied to a tree. He can lasso a horse forty feet away and pull it to its knees without assistance. This, to be sure, is an exhibition of skill rather than of strength; but the physical strength of Orozco is, likewise, unusual. He has been known to relieve five toiling peons of a bag of ore, to which their combined energies proved unequal, and toss it easily into a pack. Fortunately, like most giants, Orozco has been created gentle. He would not, for personal reasons, injure a fly. In all the years of obscurity during which he took pack trains through the mountains he never was reported to his employers, we are told, for maiming a horse or striking a peon. Such a record, in an overseer, is pronounced wonderful for Mexico.

THE FIVE IRISH HEROES OF THE HOME RULE WAR

NOW that Home Rule must be put through the Commons in the face of an opposition hurling threats of civil war, the supreme test of the five heroes of the fight on the Irish

side finds them among the most conspicuous personalities in British politics. John Redmond, the leader, Dillon, his right-hand man, Devlin, his mouthpiece, O'Brien, his enemy, and Healy, the thorn in his side, have eclipsed the ministry itself in the public eye. Mr. Redmond hurls denunciation at the head of Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Healy overwhelms Mr. Redmond with his hostile wit. Mr. Dillon takes orders from Mr. Redmond without a word. Mr. Devlin takes orders from the same source and talks, for that is his business in life. Command is the specialty of Mr. Redmond. Silence is the forte of Mr. Dillon. Oratory is the function of Mr. Devlin. Indignation at Mr. Redmond is the passion of Mr. O'Brien, the latter being to the Home Rule cause just now what Achilles, sulking in his tent, was to the Greeks when besieging Troy. Mr. Healy goes with Mr. O'Brien.

The schism among the five leaders has not jeopardized the Home Rule bill—yet. The air is full of rumors that Mr. O'Brien may lead a defection at the eleventh hour. He and the irreconcilables about him insist that the new bill is a sham. They tolerate it for the time being to prove their devotion to Ireland. They demand amendments. They seek recruits from the band about John Redmond. That gentleman detects a conspiracy among certain Irish Home Rulers—or men calling themselves such—to foil the crusade now in sight of its holy of holies. The crisis resolves itself into a matter of five temperaments.

His portly form filling more than a due proportion of space at the end of one of the files of Home Rulers, John Redmond surveys them, writes

Frank Dilnot in the *London Mail*, very much as Frederick the Great might have surveyed the lines of Pomeranian grenadiers. "A deep-seated, heavy man is Mr. John Redmond, with great curved nose and unflinching eyes and a straight mouth which promises little mercy for friends or foes who do not actually help in the one and only campaign." There is dignity, we read, and a touch of the grand manner in Mr. Redmond. However bitter political feelings may be, the House never forgets, even in these democratic times, that John Redmond is the scion of an ancient Irish family, that in fact as in name he is an Irish gentleman. His manners and his mode of life give point to a familiar saying that no courtesy is so fine and no aspect quite so distinguished as the courtesy and the aspect of an Irish gentleman. Mr. Redmond is temperamentally genial without a trace of mere familiarity. In a sense he has no familiars or chums. But he has ten thousand friends.

John Redmond rules his band of Irishmen with an iron hand. He has roused in them deep feelings of loyalty and respect. This grows out of a regard he cherishes for their personal welfare. That trait is important in a leader whose followers are for the most part men destitute of fortune and at times of prospects. He strives to bring forward this gifted young man or to make friends for that neglected pleader at the bar. John Redmond lives in no fear that one of his followers will supplant him. He experiences a positive pleasure, apparently, in pointing out that such a one is his superior in oratory, that another excels him in organizing victory at the polls. He has an unerring eye for the right man in an emergency, nor does he hesitate to give all the glory of triumph to the least or latest recruit. Few, indeed, among his large following do not owe to him a great measure of the position



THE ORATOR

Joseph Devlin does the talking for Home Rule, a feat he finds easy because of his passionate nature, his loud voice and his indifference to consequences.



THE LEADER

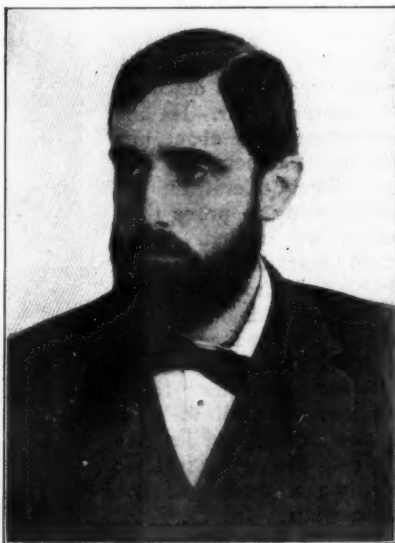
John Redmond's personality is that of the Irish gentleman whom no English invective or provocation can cause to forget his birth and breeding.

they have won. As a consequence, John Redmond rejoices in a personal loyalty towards himself which, in the opinion of the London dailies, is a miracle of politics. Parnell, under whom Redmond served, never won the love of the Home Rulers. Redmond is idolized, altho some fear is mingled with the affection.

The gaunt and angular Dillon, with whitened hair and beard, is believed to stand in closer intimacy with Redmond than the rest. Mr. Dillon is described by all who know him as the bearer of a burden of woe. His face is perennially sad in expression. His manner is subdued, silent, self-effacing. The lugubrious appeals to him. He has a positive genius for impressing upon all hearers the terrible state of Ireland. The effect of his words is emphasized by the tones of his voice, which carry a burden of sorrow all their own.

Mr. Dillon knows the wrongs of Ireland by heart. He has studied the history of his country under British rule with a thoroughness of which even a great historian might be incapable. He discusses the subject with an earnest, eager, fiery acrimony. His courage is of the cold and intellectual kind and not at all impulsive. His resources of argument and declamation are inexhaustible, but he has his periods of absolute silence. He has been described as one of the few glib ones whose nature is reticent. His specialty is the devising of a plan when one is needed. Mr. Redmond's orders are usually transmitted through Dillon, who sees that they are obeyed. He is intensely loyal to his chief.

The rare business instincts of Mr. Dillon, his executive ability, his capacity to raise money where ordinary men would get rebuffs, comprize his claims to the gratitude of Ireland. He never spares himself. His habits are those of the careful man of affairs, who rises soon after dawn and sets about the management of a great enterprise. The Home Rule fight is to men like Devlin a matter of holding monster meetings, of lashing the popular temper to fury, of sublime processions. To Mr. Dillon it is all method, assiduity, quiet work in the



"HE KNOWS ALL THE WOES OF IRELAND BY HEART"

The fight for Ireland's freedom was an adventure to Mr. Dillon in his youth—his emotional, poetical and gilded youth. Now it is largely a matter of taxes.

way of correspondence, keeping accounts, paying expenses and keeping lists of members of the party. It is a form of activity which conduces as little to personal popularity as to the glory of the being who consecrates himself to it. There are no excited crowds cheering for Mr. Dillon, no deafening applause for him when he emerges timidly on a platform in some obscure corner as the roof rattles with the declamation of the eloquent Devlin. Mr. Dillon lives through the anxieties of the financial side of the struggle, a circumstance explaining, we read, a certain gravity about him. He has to find the money.

Devlin, youngest of the Home Rulers to acquire international distinction, is a short, thick-set, black-haired man with what is called nowadays temperament. He wears no beard, no mustache. His eyes, dark and flashing, are described in the *London World* as hypnotic. As Dillon, the chief of the Redmond staff, holds himself in, Devlin, who comes next in importance, lets himself out. How John Redmond can compose the differences between two such natures is a marvel to our contemporary. Mr. Devlin is a talker. He believes in oratory. Perhaps that is due to the fact that he is the best speaker in the ranks of the Home Rul-



THE INSURGENT

William O'Brien, head of the insurgent movement in the Irish camp, is the most eloquent, the most learned and the most attractive Nationalist in the House of Commons.

ers. His voice has been called the finest musical instrument in the House of Commons to-day. Its salient traits are passion, harmony and power. The least whisper of Mr. Devlin is audible in the loftiest galleries. He is master of a most contagious excitement. His emotion in public is not that of the actor who mouthed the speech about Hecuba. He can infect a vast audience with the indignation he expresses. He can plunge the Commons into an uproar so great as to embarrass the Speaker. There seems nothing in the way of training to account for these powers. Mr. Devlin never studied oratory in a school.

As an organizer Mr. Devlin is no less renowned than he has made himself through his speaking. It is said of him in the *London Mail* that he loves fighting for its own sake. Like Horne Tooke, Mr. Devlin has a manner—a Sultanic look—which can instantly impose the silence of death. He is very Irish in a manner all his own. Mr. Redmond is Irish in the fine simplicity of birth and breeding. Mr. Dillon is Irish in the ascetic and silent fashion of the self-denying monk. Mr. Devlin is Irish in the most brilliant fashion imaginable. He delivers himself of quaint remarks in a rich accent caught in the south of Ireland. He



THE WIT

Mr. Healy, the brightest mind in the Home Rule movement, is so witty that the most acrimonious debate becomes a comedy when he punctuates the talk with epigrams.

laughs heartily and manifests no trace of that austere discretion which makes Mr. Dillon look like the guardian of awful secrets. It is the duty of Mr. Devlin to make friends for Ireland by looking pleasant at meetings of Home Rule societies, by exerting his personal charm in the presence of the enemies of Ireland and by "waking up" those who show a tendency to go to sleep now that victory is in sight. It is recorded of Mr. Devlin that he spoke three weeks in one constituency night and day without a trace of hoarseness at the end of that time. As Mr. Redmond has the grand manner, Mr. Devlin has the grand voice.

Just below Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin, as the eye wanders along the benches in the Commons, one discerns the restless figure of Mr. O'Brien. The whole world knows how Mr. O'Brien seceded from the leadership of Mr. Redmond to set up a little Home Rule party of his own. "With a luxuriant iron-gray beard descending to a point, with shaggy eyebrows and still shaggier hair, surmounted by a hat of the slouch type. Mr. O'Brien is one of the most picturesque figures in the House." So writes Mr. Frank Dillnot in the *London Mail*. Mr. O'Brien does not indulge excessively in speech. "When he speaks, it is generally in an intense whisper or in a scream of denunciatory passion, and he can pass from one to another with extraordinary rapidity." He trembles with feeling when he hears what he regards as false statements made by the Home Rulers above him. There is something almost tragic in the situation when, interrupted in a speech by a word from Mr. Dillon or Mr. Devlin, Mr. O'Brien ceases his discourse and turns about to glare his antagonists down. "What person," Mr. O'Brien hisses, "said that?" He glares with profound contempt among the orthodox Home Rulers, an arm circled up to his head, trying to wither even Redmond himself with a look.

At the side of Mr. O'Brien fights Mr. Healy. This pair, working together, shine by contrast. Mr. Healy is described by our contemporary as wit in flesh and blood. He, too, has been made gray by time, for he is a veteran in the fight for Ireland. Time, which dulls so many things, has sharpened the wit of Tim Healy. He never prepares a speech, never studies up a subject. He has seldom the remotest idea

beforehand what he is to speak about. His best effects are attained spontaneously, on the spur of the moment, like his famous remarks on the subject of Uganda, which led straight to Home Rule. Mr. Healy has been called a great boy, with the manners, enthusiasms and ideas of a boy. He blurts out the first thing that comes into his head and the first thing that comes into his head is always witty. He is no creature of moods and he cherishes no resentments. His nature is like his mind, which emits itself in powerful sudden impulses, striking out fire which instantly vanishes. He excels in compressing the whole essence of a debate into the concentrated witticism which delights the House. His conversation is a rain of meteors. To Healy rather than to Shaw, many declare, belongs the laurel as the wittiest of living Irishmen.

Consistency is the jewel of Mr. O'Brien's soul. It is said of him by his devoted followers in Cork that he has always been consistent. He is not one thing to-day and to-morrow another. Mr. O'Brien has the reputation of being the most learned man in the ranks of the Home Rulers. The sedateness of his mien when politics do not rend his soul is quite professorial. He has amiability, reflectiveness, seriousness, majestic calm, all the qualities, indeed, which his ally, Mr. Healy, seems to lack. Mr. Healy responds with the instantaneity of lightning flashes to his environment. Mr. O'Brien yields to no moods, surrenders to no outward impressions. The fineness or the dampness of the weather does not affect him. Mr. Healy is always gloomy when it rains. Mr. O'Brien seems to care little for food or drink or company. Mr. Healy is companionable, convivial and conversational. Mr. O'Brien is a student, a lover of art and of Italy. Mr. Healy is all for outdoors, the theater and the ball. Mr. O'Brien's speeches are planned, elegant, consistent. Mr. Healy leaps to his feet, regardless of the Speaker, says his brief say before he can be called to order and subsides with a wild flourish of both arms.

Upon the temperaments of these five Irish heroes rather than upon the majority behind the Prime Minister depend the destinies of Home Rule. That is the impression of many a keen observer of the progress of the struggle, which, before the year is out, may hurl Asquith from power or from the climax of a great career.

Finance and Industry

LIVING ON LESS THAN A THOUSAND A YEAR



HOUSEHOLDS whose incomes are less than one thousand dollars a year, declares Martha Bensley Bruère, in a series of articles on "Home-making as the Woman's Profession," must be eliminated from a survey of the middle classes, because "they are on an economic level where no amount of brain and muscle can lift them to the point of social efficiency." This statement, made in *The Outlook*, has been a regular Benjamin Franklin's kite to draw thunderbolts from people with incomes of \$1,000, or less, who resent being classed with the socially inefficient. People who pay wages of less than \$1,000 likewise resent the imputation of degrading their employees. Most of the letters reveal startling pictures of middle-class poverty.

A western college president protestingly writes to the author: "Dr. Scott Nearing concludes that three-fourths of the adult males in the industrial section of the United States earn less than \$600 a year. According to the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, even tho there is a large percentage of highly paid manual and salaried workers, the average income of nearly two million railway employees during the year preceding was \$662. Most ministers of all denominations receive less than \$1,000 a year. Shall we conclude that the great majority of families in this country cannot possibly reach social efficiency?" The wife of a Civil Service employee in Massachusetts who manages on \$800 a year also assails Mrs. Bruère's cruel dictum. The college president and the employee's wife are alike in assuming that, because so many families *do* live on incomes below \$1,000, it must be possible to do it efficiently if somebody would only show them how. "It isn't," the author comments laconically. "I wish," she adds, "that the article had set \$1,200 instead of \$1,000 a year as the lowest financial limit

of social efficiency. I would have been more nearly correct."

A typical family, Mrs. Bruère explains, is not just a collection of people living together. It is a definite number of persons having a definite consuming power. The International Statistical Congress which met in Brussels in 1855 defined it as father, mother and four children ranging in ages from sixteen to two years. The typical American family of to-day is smaller than this. It consists of five members, father, mother and three children under working age. Two people living in a boarding house or a man and eight children on a farm do not constitute a family from the point of view of economic inquiry. It should be remembered also that income may be more than the actual amount of money that passes through our hands. We must add the values of necessities which we may have without purchasing them. Thus a gentleman from Massachusetts assures Mrs. Bruère that his income is \$900 a year. He has a wife and three children, and this is the budget of his expenses:

Tithes	\$92.00
Clothing	120.00
Shoes and rubbers.....	14.00
Lectures and entertainment.....	12.00
Medical and dental.....	16.00
Books, papers, and stationery.....	8.00
Gifts	12.00
Groceries and provisions.....	254.00
Rent at \$14.....	168.00
Light and fuel.....	66.00
Miscellaneous expense	41.00
Insurance	37.00
Coöperative bank.....	60.00
	<hr/> \$900.00

"A small garden helps to reduce the provision account," he adds in explanation, "and berries for eating and canning are to be had for the picking on the hills two miles out of the cities." To this Mrs. Bruère replies as follows:

"According to the American School of Home Economics, that family requires about three hundred and sixty dollars a year for

food to keep its members in health, and as the doctor's and dentist's bills combined amount to only \$16 a year—indicating that the family is sufficiently fed—I estimate that food to the value of more than one hundred dollars, raised in the garden and gathered on the hillside, must be added to the \$254 worth allowed for in the budget. Another source of income is revealed when he says:

'The children will all work vacations and some Saturdays and will earn enough picking fruit, helping in a grocery store, carrying a paper route, etc., to meet their growing expenses in the line of clothes and amusement, as well as to save a little for the educational account.'

"The 'growing expenses' of three children cannot well be less than \$200. All things considered, that family has actual resources considerably above \$1,200 a year. It's a wise man who knows his own income!

"Again, the \$1,200 limit which I am convinced is more nearly correct than the \$1,000 limit applies only to the United States of America and to the present time. In Smyrna I understand that it is possible for a family of five to exist on \$157 a year. Twenty-five years ago one could live in the United States as comfortably on \$500 a year as he can now on \$1,200. A good many people have written me that, because the mother of Abraham Lincoln brought up so great a son on an almost invisible income, the amount of money one has is no measure of one's efficiency. We are not considering the exception, but the average, nor any time but our own. Not many people bring up Abraham Lincolns under the most favorable circumstances, but no one knows how many Lincolns society may have missed through lack of food and clothes and education. Privations are not assets because some people have succeeded in spite of them."

Dr. Robert Coit Chapin, in his book on "The Standard of Living in New York City," fixes \$900 to \$1,000 as the annual income needed to meet the most urgent de-

mands of decency. Investigation in other cities, both large and small, show a significant uniformity except in the matter of rent, which is higher in New York than elsewhere, and in clothing, which costs less in New York City than in other places. According to reports of the United States Commissioner of Labor it is fair to assume that even in small country towns a family income of \$1,000 is the minimum compatible with decent living. This estimate takes for granted that the family contains no children over fourteen, that only twelve or thirteen dollars a year will be spent for furniture, dishes, etc., that twenty dollars will amply cover the charges of the doctor, the oculist and the dentist, that no more than twenty-five dollars can go into insurance or savings, and that the total amount for books, newspapers, stationery, etc., will not exceed eight or ten dollars.

Incomes below \$1,200 a year eliminate people from many things beside the middle class. It forces them out of professions where they are needed, and sometimes out of existence. The wife of a teacher now in the Northwest writes:

"My husband is a public school teacher whose salary ranged from \$600 to \$765 a year. Sometimes he has been able to earn our summer expenses, and sometimes not. We became convinced that the East held nothing in store for old age except poverty, so determined to come to ——. After paying the moving expenses, we had about \$400, the result of eleven years of labor.' They invested their savings in a few acres set to young apple trees, and, by combining teaching and farming, are beginning to make things pay. 'In two years more,' writes the teacher's wife, 'our trees will bring in an income, and then we hope this hand-to-mouth existence will cease.' Then they are planning to cut



out teaching altogether, which at present is merely a makeshift to keep the pot boiling. 'After a lifetime spent as a teacher and a teacher's wife,' she concludes, 'I believe that no one can hope to save anything for old age in that profession, and, while the sentimentalists love to prate of the 'future reward of the faithful teacher' and 'the noblest profession on earth,' that does not provide his family with the necessities of life.'"

Here is a word from a minister trying to live in a New England village on a salary of \$800 a year:

"I cheerfully agree that I and others should be eliminated because of our lack of social efficiency. I confess that the thought is not new; I have indeed thought of the river near by the parsonage—but I dislike water in that form. I send my list of living expenses because I am not only living on an income below the suggested \$1,000, but because the balance is on the debit side. This debit balance is perhaps a common experience among my kind. I dub the mistress of the manse a 'Peculiarly Capable Person,' yet she needs help; usually someone who is in need of a temporary home, or a school-girl working for board, is employed. We were trained to enjoy raisins and nuts, but are living on baked beans and codfish."

This minister, comments the author, has no illusions as to his exact position in the world and the reasons for it. "He puts down \$115 a year for heat and light, with significant comments as to the state of the parsonage and the fact that the congregation do not think it honorable to incur debt to have it repaired; leaves an ominous blank after 'advancement,' and two exclamation points only after 'books.' His budget shows a moderate and well-balanced expenditure in which the only possible reductions seem to be the \$25 a year he gives to charity and the \$80 he pays for insurance."

"The ghastly significant thing is the debit balance of \$371. Think of such a debit hanging over a man with no other resources than an \$800 salary and a tumble-down parsonage! How can any minister preach the Gospel adequately to a congregation that ignores the

fundamental doctrine that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and drives its pastor to the verge of suicide?"

"The air is full of the irreligion of the times and the lack of able men in the ministry. Some processes of elimination may be hard to understand, but for the explanation of this one we have only to look to the census of 1900, which says:

"The average salary of all ministers of all denominations in the United States is \$1,223 for cities over 300,000 population; \$1,110 for cities of 100,000 to 300,000; \$1,063 for cities from 50,000 to 100,000; \$972 for cities of 25,000 to 50,000; and \$.573 for all other places."

"I don't think that any comment is needed on that. The facts blow their own trumpet."

The proletariat lives comparatively with more comfort on its meager income than these dwellers on the ragged edge of middle-class respectability. According to an estimate made by Robert C. Chapin, the income of workingmen's families in New York averages between seven hundred and eight hundred dollars. A glance at the diagram at the bottom of the page illustrates visually how this income is distributed as a rule. The amount spent for different items is as follows:

Food	\$335.82
Rent	161.36
Clothing	98.79
Sundries	60.28
Fuel and light.....	36.94
Insurance	18.24
Health	14.02
Car fares	10.53

These sundries, according to the analysis of *The Independent*, include such items as furniture, taxes, dues, recreation, amusement, reading, tobacco, intoxicants.

"The average amount spent by this group for furniture was only \$8.22 for the year; on recreation and amusement only \$7.07 for those who could afford anything, 15 per cent. reporting no expenditure. The families which reported expenditure for education and reading could allow but \$4.93 on the average for it. The average amount spent by these families on tobacco was \$10.81. The average amount expended for alcoholic drinks was \$32.52, but about two-thirds of this was consumed at home, and included under the item of Food."



SAVING THE FUEL OF THE NATION



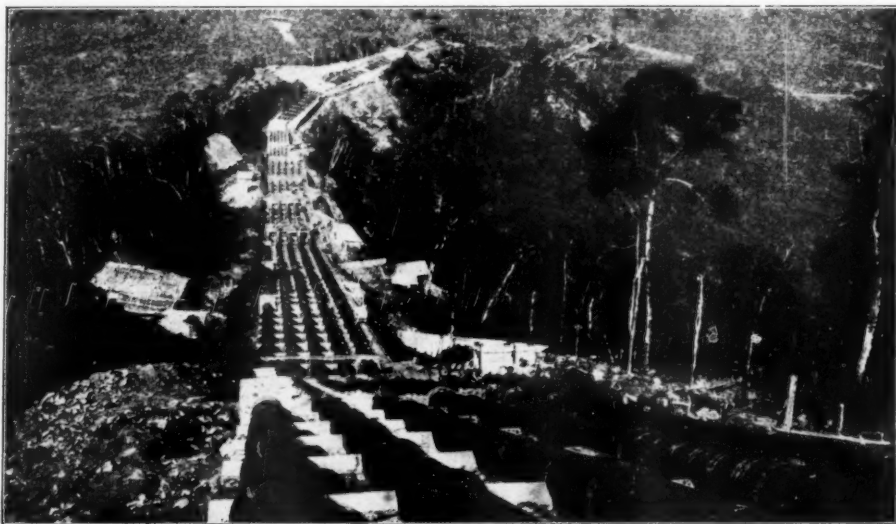
HE rapid transition of the United States from an agricultural into an industrial country is accompanied by a large increase in power consumption and an enormous drain on our fuel resources. If we desire to save our coal, insists David B. Rushmore in *Scribner's*, we must draw upon water for power. In 1900, he goes on to explain, the coal mined in the United States was approximately 270,000,000 tons. In 1910 this was over 500,000,000 tons, an increase of 85 per cent., altho the increase in population was only 20 per cent. This rate of growth, if continued for some time, spells the extinction of our known coal deposits in a few years. The efficiency of methods of utilizing coal for power purposes is constantly being increased, but we are approaching the natural limit of coal supplies.

Our principal sources of power are in deposits of coal, peat and lignite, in the supplies of oil and natural gas, in the forces of falling water and moving air, and in the rays from the sun. At some future period we may derive power from the refined products of vegetable growth in the form of alcohol. An important distinction exists between these classes of

power. If, the writer avers, we do not utilize the power stored up in coal, oil, etc., it lies available in the earth for use at any time. This is not true of the power of passing wind and flowing water. If not utilized from day to day, so much force is forever wasted. "True conservation therefore dictates that our water powers should be developed to their utmost commercial possibilities, and that our coal deposits should thus be preserved."

The available water power of the United States at minimum flow is approximately 36,000,000 horse power, and this can be increased five or six times by suitable storage facilities. According to a recent report by Commissioner Herbert Knorr Smith, only 6,000,000 horse power has been developed in the United States for electrical and other industrial purposes.

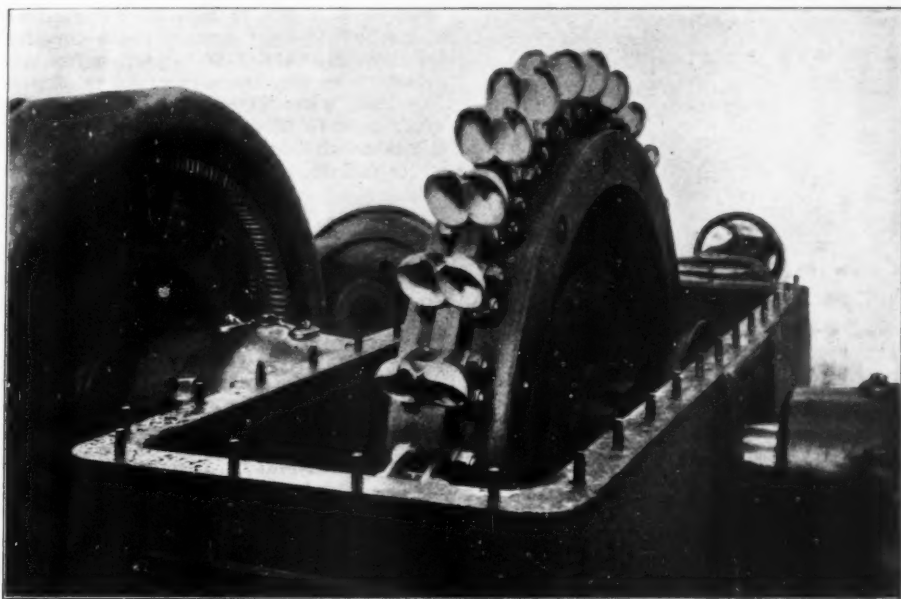
"Before the perfection of electrical apparatus and the possibilities of power transmission, it was necessary to utilize the water power at the point of development, and this reached its greatest application in the mills of New England. The possibility of developing the water power at the point where it exists, but of utilizing the power at the places of greatest convenience, has been brought about by the use of electricity, and this has been an important feature in modern industrial un-



Courtesy of *Scribner's*

THE STEEP AND NARROW PIPE WAY

Rising with serpentine undulations to the very summit of Itatinga, this triumph of engineering science solves a problem which had long impeded the development of the greatest of Brazilian natural resources.



THE HIGHEST HEAD OF WATER IN THE WORLD

This picture represents a 1,300 H.-P. water-wheel in the Mill Creek power-house, Southern California. The point at which the water enters the pipe line is 1,960 feet above the wheel.

dertakings. The layman does not always consider that electricity is not in itself a source of power, but is merely a convenient and efficient means of transmitting and utilizing the power from some prime mover.

"The water powers of the United States are naturally grouped into a number of more or less separate geographical divisions. A water power depends primarily upon rainfall and altitude. Rainfall varies greatly throughout the country, and also, unfortunately, from year to year. Of the water which falls as rain, probably only about one-third runs off in the various brooks and rivers, and it is this which affords such an attractive form of power for our industrial life. We need power for running our railroads, lighting our cities, running our factories, and for a large number of manufacturing and miscellaneous purposes."

In places where fuel is expensive, water power reaches its greatest development. This is especially true of the situation on the Pacific coast. Water power must necessarily compete with power from other sources, and to reach a commercial success must be more cheaply produced. In California a large number of ditches formerly used for hydraulic mining considerably simplified the development of electricity produced by water power. New England has many small water powers, most of

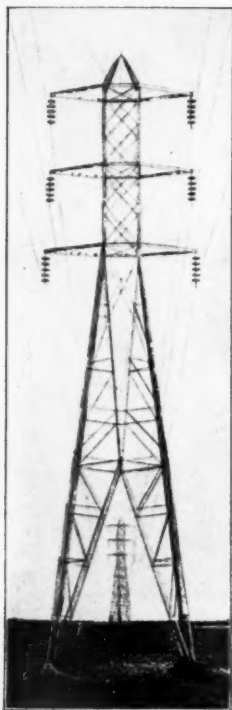
which were developed before the period of electricity, and which have been used espe-



Courtesy of Scribner's

CONSTRUCTING A WOOD STAVE PIPE

This pipe is much used in the West for large volumes of water where the pressures are comparatively low.



Courtesy of Scribner's

THE LINE OF MOST RESISTANCE

The immense voltage of 100,000 transmits itself with perfect ease along these gigantic frames, while protecting the users from lightning by conducting the celestial electricity harmlessly to the earth.

tion supplied by this system in North and South Carolina has been most unusual. Power is now supplied to over 150 cotton mills, but few of which were in existence at the time the system was begun. In this case the market for power has increased more rapidly than it was possible to supply it, and there is at present a demand for it far in excess of the generating capacity of the system. Besides the above-mentioned cotton mills, the power is used for lighting and industrial work in forty-five towns and villages and for a half-dozen or more street-car systems. A large interurban system is now under construction, which will take power from this same system, and a plant for the manufacture of nitric acid from the air will also draw on the same source for its energy. No better example is to be found in this country of the great industrial development which is being brought about by the utilization of hitherto unused water powers. It is very interesting to note,

cially in connection with the textile work. A large group of water powers exist on the variable streams of the Appalachian water-shed, which for years lay undeveloped.

"With over 320,000 horsepower under their control, the Southern Power Company is developing from these water-falls one of the largest and most interesting of the comparatively recent systems to come into existence. About one-fourth of this power has already been developed in four of the large hydraulic stations, and plans for developing the remainder are well worked out and will be followed as the demands of the market increase. The growth of the cotton mill industry in the section

however, that, due to the extreme variation in the flow of these streams and a considerable variation from year to year, it has been necessary to supplement the energy derived from the water powers by steam stations, which are now being installed, and it is probable that with the growth of the system a much larger capacity of steam units will follow."

The state of Michigan has for years led the world in the use of high voltages for electrical transmission, being the first to use over 70,000 volts. In the course of a few years the state will be largely covered by a network of high tension lines, fed from its water powers and supplying power and light to different cities. The greatest single hydro-electric installation up to the present is now being constructed on the Mississippi River, at Keokuk, Iowa.

"This will have an installed generator capacity in thirty units of approximately 400,000 horsepower, and will transmit power to St. Louis and Burlington at present, and later may reach Chicago and many other places within the radius of its distributing possibilities.

Of all the different phases of water power development, those in connection with Reclamation Service of the Federal Government are the most important.

"The primary object of the Reclamation Department has been the storage of water and its supply through the canals and ditches to the farms. With the large amount of water stored and the head which is almost always available, the possibility for a hydro-electric development usually exists, and in most cases this has been a part of the work of the Reclamation Service in its different projects. In most cases the power is developed at the dam site, and in other cases part of it there and part of it as it flows from the reservoir into the valley where it is to be used for irrigation. The electric power generated in this way is largely used for pumping in order to reach higher levels than are possible by the natural flow of the water, and partly to keep the water from reaching the surface and evaporating."

With its long and expensive transmission lines and the necessary steam auxiliary stations, water power is not always a cheap source of supply. In most cases where a sufficient quantity of water is available, hydro-electric power is the cheapest in the world. As the supply of fuel becomes exhausted, our water powers will naturally enhance in value.

WOULD THE ALDRICH MONETARY SCHEME RESULT IN "SCAB" BANKS?



HIS question is raised by Isaac L. Rice in a brilliant discussion of the Aldrich plan for monetary reform. The recommendations of the commission appointed by Congress to investigate the currency problem merely repeat the old tune of Wall Street control on a new instrument. "Stock Exchange securities and prime bills—bankers and brokers—Wall Street, Pine Street—," he exclaims in the *Forum*, "—not much chance here for the push-cart peddler of Hester Street or the village blacksmith in far Oklahoma!" The only organization, we are told, which has reason for triumph in the contemplated creation of the National Reserve Association is the National Federation of Labor. We have, indeed, a musician's union, and it is even alleged that a poet's union is in progress of formation. "But who," asks Mr. Rice, "could have imagined that Congress would create a banks' union; so that in the future, in addition to scab musicians and scab poets, we shall have scab banks?"

Mr. Rice, it may be remembered, is the president and financier of a dozen or more enterprises, including the Electric Boat Company and the American Casein concern. As such he must have crossed swords more than once with the big men in Wall Street. His criticism may be colored by his personal experience in the fray, but his arguments are closely knit and lucidly expressed. He recalls the time in the earlier part of the Civil War when fractional currency was so scarce that when the housewife presented her dollar bill to the butcher for a pound of meat that cost twelve cents, he gave her as change an order on himself for eighty-eight cents. With this order she went next door to the baker and bought a loaf of bread for ten cents and received as change an order for seventy-eight cents, which she expended, as the day progressed, in other purchases, obtaining change in a similar manner. Thus every tradesman became his own banker and manufactured his own money by converting his commodities into currency.

The same principle, applied on a larger plan, was the basis of François Bonnard's "Bank of Exchange," which thrived in

Paris between 1849 and 1859. The operations of this bank were as complicated as some of those intricate family relationships where it finally turns out that a man is his own grandfather. But as the "Bank of Exchange" survived for ten years, its basis was not chimerical and it is quite possible that, had its founder succeeded in establishing thousands of institutions of the same kind, he might eventually have brought about a system of production which would have made bankers useless and disenthroned money power.

The first panic, Mr. Rice goes on to say, through which he passed, taught him that in spite of the doctrines of Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations," the "anti-quoted" policy regarding gold still ruled the world. Great merchants and manufacturers, captains of industry, rushed to their safe deposit vaults to draw from them what they could sell or pawn. "But why," he questions, "were these men whose warehouses and factories were chock-full of cotton and woollen and feather goods, all necessities of life, compelled to resort to their safe deposit vaults and draw upon their investments outside of their stock of goods, in order to pay their debts and thus remain solvent, maintain their business organizations, and pay the wages of their laborers?"

The hold which Wall Street obtains on the funds of the banks cannot be broken by any legislation that aims at the so-called money power, but only by legislation which equalizes borrowing conditions, and such borrowing conditions cannot be equalized by any legislation as long as banks must respond at a moment's notice to the demands of their own depositors, which in times of panic are overwhelming, with no other means of doing this except the sales of securities. Similarly our legislation against the trusts must remain abortive as long as the prejudice against the commercial paper of the average manufacturer and merchant continues to exist. So long as it is impossible for the village blacksmith to become his own banker in the sense that the owner of Stock Exchange securities is his own banker, so long as he is deprived of an equal facility of converting his commer-

cial transactions into money by means of loans based on his credit, he will be tempted either to combine or to quit.

The panic of 1907, Mr. Rice goes on to say, was distinguished from its predecessors by an extraordinary development of what is called "Clearing House Loan Certificates," differing from the orders of butchers and bankers referred to above in that they were based not on the assets of an individual, but on the assets of great associations of banks known as Clearing Houses. Aside from this, the panic marks an epoch in our financial history because Congress passed a temporary emergency currency law and appointed the monetary Commission, headed by Senator Aldrich. The labor of the Commission has culminated in the introduction of a bill for the purpose of establishing a "National Reserve Association of the United States," which shall have the right to issue currency based on promissory notes of merchants, manufacturers, farmers and planters, thus providing a credit currency distinct from asset currency based on investments, distinct from, and for a time at least in addition to, our national bank notes based on assets in the form of Government bonds. This credit currency, Mr. Rice carefully explains, differs in no wise, in principle, from the negotiable commercial paper now having a limited and conventional circulation, as it merely substitutes one promise to pay for another; but it is vastly different in its results, as it substitutes for the limited credit of the merchant, manufacturer, farmer and planter, based on individual confidence, a universally acknowledged credit based on universal confidence in the ability of the institution issuing the notes to convert them into gold on demand.

The National Commission limits in every imaginable way the control of this Association by individual interests. No less than sixteen sections of the bill are provisions restricting stockholding in the National Reserve Association and to preserve it for all time from the control of the "Money Trust." The front door is securely locked and barred. "I fear, however," Mr. Rice observes, "that the back door and the numerous side doors are left wide open, for finance, like chess, is not a game of arithmetic but of position." The actual control of the funds of a banking institution resides in the *borrowing* power. The

question as to who owns and votes the shares will always be of secondary importance as compared with the question as to who shall control the channels into which the money of the institution shall flow. What, he asks, are the channels designated by the bill?

"*First.* Commercial paper under strict limitations, the necessary indorsement being in all cases limited to stockholding banks having a deposit with the National Association, and where the paper has more than twenty-eight days to run it must not only be indorsed by such a bank, but the guarantee of the local association in which the bank is a member must also be obtained, and such local association may require security for its guarantee: thus converting credit paper into pawn paper.

"*Second.* In times of trouble the Association may discount the direct obligation of a depositing bank indorsed by its local association, provided that this obligation is fully secured by pledge of satisfactory securities. Non-depositing banks are not permitted any aid whatever.

"*Third.* Under certain conditions the Association may purchase prime bills, if indorsed by a subscribing bank, and foreign bills at pleasure.

"*Fourth.* The Association may invest in United States bonds, also obligations having not more than one year to run of the United States or its dependencies, or of any State or of foreign governments."

Thus at once the Association distinguishes between "scab" banks and "union" banks. Even many a union bank, Mr. Rice surmises, would rather go on as now than be compelled, whenever it has paper to offer for rediscount, first to knock humbly at the door of the local association and beg for its guarantee, and, if refused, make another effort by offering its securities in pawn.

The main purpose of the Bill is admittedly to provide for the rediscount of commercial paper. "Therefore I suggest," Mr. Rice remarks, "that this be the only purpose, and made plain in the very name of the institution to be created, by calling it, for instance, the Discount Bank of the United States; and, in order fully to accomplish this purpose, the capital and circulating notes authorized by the Bill should only be expended for the purchase of commercial paper and the bullion and money which is to constitute the reserve, with a proviso permitting such limited dealing in

foreign bills as may be necessary to strengthen the position of the bank in the bullion markets of the world."

Finally, Mr. Rice concludes, the Association should be owned not by the banks but by the people. The shares should be offered at a par value of ten dollars in the hope that every laborer and every farm hand will become a stockholder. No corporation should be permitted to subscribe and no subscription in excess of \$100,000 should be accepted. The voting power should be strictly limited, giving one vote to each

stockholder, irrespective of the number of shares owned by him. The bank, Mr. Rice goes on to explain, is to be a public institution. "As we have adopted the policy in this country that each citizen has one vote for the election of all public officers, regardless of his pecuniary interest in the country, why should we fear to adopt the same principle for a bank that is to exercise the great public function of issuing money based on the commercial transactions of its citizens, regardless of their wealth and their station in life?"

A WORLD'S DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

FORTY-FOUR nations were represented at the conference of the International Institute of Agriculture held in Rome in May, 1911. The Institute, yet in its infancy, gives promise of developing into a World's Department of Agriculture. It all started thirty years ago when David Lubin, by nativity a Pole, by religion a Jew, by adoption an American, began asking himself the question: "Who makes the price of wheat?" California was the finest wheat country on the globe, yet it could not raise wheat at a profit because "the market" was against it. Lubin, remarks Judson C. Welliver in the *Technical World*, wondered what "the market" might be, and why it prevented California from raising wheat that millions of people needed. Other men had been asking the same question from the dawn of economic science. Lubin found the answer. But, the writer goes on to say, he did more. Having his answer he determined that the thing he had discovered should be of service to all. He carried his riddle and its answer to kings and parliaments, convinced them that he was right, and founded the Parliament of Man, the first Federation of the World.

Having raised himself from poverty to wealth, Lubin—from motives entirely altruistic—decided to find out what was wrong with California's wheat. He bought wheat land and raised a crop. When his first crop of wheat was ready, he set out to analyze the world's wheat market. He took samples of his wheat to Port Costa dealers and demanded to know what they would pay for it.

"Sixty-seven cents a bushel."

"Is that all? Why don't I get more?"

"Because that's the market," lucidly explained the dealer. Lubin wanted to know what the market was, where it was, and who made it.

"That was too much for either the good nature or the risibles of the dealers. They assured Lubin that he was displaying all the evidences of insanity.

"No, I'm not crazy; but I want to know who makes the price on my wheat," he persisted.

"Well, we don't know; but that's the price, and you can take it or leave it. Can't tell you who makes the price; probably the Chicago Board of Trade; we get our quotations from them."

"An hour later our boy of the Ghetto and the desert was en route to Chicago to see the Board of Trade and find out who made the price of wheat. He found the president and secretary of the Board of Trade, and demanded:

"Why don't I get more for my wheat?"

"Can't tell you; we don't fix the price of wheat in Chicago," they explained.

"Then who does fix it? When a man makes a plow or a pair of shoes, he makes the price, and I pay it. But when I make wheat, I don't fix the price, and I can't even find out who does. Who decided that my wheat was worth sixty-seven cents in San Francisco?"

"The Board of Trade officials weren't sure; Chicago got its quotations from the New York Produce Exchange. 'You'd better go and see the Produce Exchange,' they advised him.

"In half an hour Lubin was on train for New York. There his experience was a repetition of what had befallen in San Francisco and Chicago. The big men of the Produce Exchange didn't fix the price, and couldn't

tell who did. They hadn't thought much about it. But every day they get quotations from Liverpool, and perhaps in Liverpool Mr. Lubin could learn what he wanted."

In Liverpool he discovered that a small group of men controlled private systems for gathering crop information from the whole world. This information was carefully guarded, and the public received only such condensations as the master manipulators wished to release. The crop information trust made the primary quotations which became the basis for San Francisco's, New York's, Chicago's and every other market's price. Tho they could not repeal the law of supply and demand, they frequently twisted it to their advantage. So Lubin decided that what those speculators did for their own private gain, the world ought to do for all its people. He developed the idea of a world's clearing-house of crop information, bringing all the nations to a council board on which should be charted, day by day, visible supplies and prospective yields.

The United States could not lead in such a movement because it was the greatest seller of wheat, and buying nations would suspect a plan to force higher prices. England, being the greatest buyer of wheat, was equally barred from leadership. How Lubin finally won the ear of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is in itself a romance of modern business. Italy issued invitations for the first agricultural International Congress, held at Rome in 1905. The German universities, the Sorbonne at Paris, the British economist, all listened to Lubin with interest. Hilim Pasha, the grand-vizier of Turkey, gave Lubin a long interview and sent a delegation. Sergius Witte, Russia's great financier, entered the list of Lubin's supporters, and Russia committed herself to the project. President Roosevelt sent as delegates from the United States Honorable Henry White, then ambassador at Rome; Albert F. Woods, of the Bureau of Plant Industry; W. F. Hill, head of the Pennsylvania State Grange, and David Lubin. Victor Emmanuel set aside two of his personal estates as a trust, the income to be devoted to the Institute founded at Lubin's suggestion. Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, Spain, France, Australia, Japan, Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, Persia, in short the entire civilized world ratified the treaty for the establish-

ment and cooperative maintenance of the Institute. A definite program was mapped out at a subsequent conference:

"Each adhering nation was asked to perfect as soon as possible a system of crop and weather reporting and estimating, so that the most complete and accurate information possible should be secured. This information should be unified and standardized in such manner that, when all the countries had forwarded their data to the experts of the International Institute, they would have a more complete and reliable showing of world conditions than private enterprise or speculative zeal could possibly secure. From this the Institute's specialists would make up conclusions that would guide the world's markets accurately and surely. There would be no favorites. Everybody should have the information at once. The speculative element should be reduced to the minimum. Every nation should place the information before its people, before the smallest producer and the most insignificant consumer, as well as the richest dealer or most powerful market manipulator—all at the same time."

The Crop Information Trust with headquarters at Liverpool has lost much of its power. The world is no longer entirely at the mercy of speculative cliques. The work is by no means perfected as yet, but its tremendous possibilities are recognized everywhere, except in the country of its inception—the United States, where it has not yet received sufficient publicity. The bulletin service of the Institute, Mr. Welliver tells us, includes many matters of social and economic importance.

"The Institute has been making a study of the Raiffeisen system of people's agricultural and trade banks in Germany. These institutions have been the means of establishing independent banking facilities among the peasant cultivators of Germany and, to less extent, other European countries. Their work has been of the greatest value; last year they did nearly six billion of dollars of business for the poorer people in Germany alone. The system is needed in many other countries; even in the United States it is being investigated with great care by the Grange, the Farmers' Union, and some of the State administrations, with a view to its adaptation to our necessities.

"This people's banking system is the subject of a very valuable report that the International Institute is just issuing, to be put out in five languages and distributed to all the adhering countries."

Science and Discovery

PEARY ON THE RESULTS OF POLAR CONQUEST



OVER twenty years ago, marching at the head of his little party across the great ice cap of northern Greenland, some hundreds of miles from the North Pole, Robert E. Peary came upon a great blotch of red. There it rested upon the snow, as vivid as if some huge animal had received a wound in the place. The color was due to that strange little Arctic plant known scientifically as *protococcus nivalis*, the red snow of the Arctic regions.

Peary gathered as much of this as he could into a handkerchief. Later in camp he allowed the melted snow to drain through the handkerchief. The little plants remained attached to the meshes of the cloth. Having returned home, Peary gave the specimens to a friend who happened to be deeply interested in microscopy. This friend had been in the habit of making microscopical examinations of each winter's snowfall, melting large quantities of snow and examining such residue of solid matter as might be left.

Preparing slides of the "red snow" which Peary had brought home, this friend of his found associated with it some peculiar diatoms which seemed familiar. Upon looking over and comparing his various snow slides, he found identically the same species of snow as were discernible in the great blizzard of 1888. The inference was convincing. That blizzard had its origin in the heart of the Arctic circle, whence it had swept unrestrained for thousands of miles to Maine and beyond.

In this simple manner is demonstrated, Peary tells us, the practical value of such geographical achievements as the conquest of the Poles. The results attained already ramify throughout the whole domain of science, filling up great gaps in human knowledge. Nordenskjöld, in his investigations in the interior ice cap of Spitz-

bergen, as well as on the southern part of the great Greenland ice cap, found invariably in the snow of those regions a deposit which he called cosmic dust. Sir John Murray, in studying the specimens brought up by his dredge from the abysmal depths of the south Atlantic and Indian Oceans during the famous Challenger expedition, found minute particles of meteoric iron, mixed with whales' ears and sharks' teeth, the only animal substances which survived at those great depths.

From these investigations of Murray and Nordenskjöld, writes Peary further in *Popular Mechanics*, it was possible to make an estimate of the amount of this fine rain of dust falling continuously upon the surface of the earth out of space. Only in these localities, the great interior ice cap of Greenland and the great depths of the ocean, localities aloof and insulated, as it were, from all effects or disturbances of the earth itself, was it possible to note these facts and study the great laws of nature in their broadest manifestations, unobscured by local or transient conditions.

So, also, Peary now tells us, in that great Antarctic region, insulated and free from all terrestrial disturbances, will it be possible to make new and possibly far-reaching investigations in the domain of magnetism, of meteorology and other sciences. It is well known that on these great snow surfaces, where possible local attractions of the land are blanketed and deadened by the enormous thicknesses of snow and ice, magnetic conditions are more equable and steady and can be studied more readily than elsewhere. So also in these same regions of smooth, regular surface, uninterrupted by mountain ranges or coasts or irregularities of the earth's surface, atmospheric movements are more regular and can follow more closely their controlling laws.

"It can be readily understood and grasped that with our meteorological observations and

system of weather prognostications, covering only a zone of the earth, those prognostications must, of necessity, be incomplete and unsatisfactory, as compared with those which may be made in the future with not only the circling zone of the earth, but the poles as well, included in the network of simultaneously recording stations reporting to a central office for study and interpretation.

"As for the utilization of the region about the poles, more particularly with reference to their mineral products, I do not place much weight. Of course, if deposits of the most valuable metals should be found, which, tho possible, seems at present not probable, such deposits might pay for the uncertainties and danger of transportation. As regards the more common deposits of coal or iron, should such be found, they are not likely to be of use in our generation or the next, if ever.

"Not only the shortness of the season in which the transportation of these products could be effected, if at all; but the great dangers and risks of transportation during that season would make the work impracticable. But more than that, the world is on the threshold of transition from the coal age to the oil age, for heat and power, and the next step from that will be the utilization of solar energy for our heat and power."

The scientific need of the moment, Peary insists, is the occupation of the South Pole during a whole year as a station for the purpose of continuous magnetic, meteorological, astronomical and other observations by a small party of experts. The value and importance of the ensuing observations are indicated in the words of Professor Forest Ray Moulton, of Chicago University, which Peary emphasizes and quotes with his own full approval:

"METEOROLOGY.—We live in a great ocean of atmosphere surrounding the earth, which is in a continual state of commotion. The sea has waves on its surface, sometimes violent ones, but its depths lie in unbroken calm except as an earthquake may now and then disturb them. On the contrary, the atmosphere is an elastic gas, instead of an essentially incompressible liquid, and has waves moving through and through it in every direction; it is traversed by great whirls and eddies; it pulsates daily under the tidally disturbing force of the moon; and its great currents change with the seasons. The whole atmosphere is a unit, and is not broken into separate parts by continents as the oceans are.

"In order to learn the laws of its movements it is necessary, therefore, to have ob-

servations from all parts of the earth. If the laws of its motions were known, as the motions of the planets are known, it would be worth millions of dollars a year to men. Of what value it would have been if it had been known in advance that during January and February of this year wave after wave of high pressure and intense cold would descend from Alaska, perhaps having crossed from Siberia, and freeze this country!

"Observations of explorers in high latitudes have added much to our knowledge of meteorology, but an enormous amount of work remains to be done. The problem of long-range weather prediction is not altogether hopeless. When we consider its difficulties, we must remember that 2,000 years were spent in observations of the heavenly bodies before the laws of their motions were fully understood.

"GEOLOGY.—The explorations of the South Polar regions are particularly interesting to the student of geology, for it is there that large land masses are found. He wishes to know what the geological formation is, whether the original rocks of that region of the earth have been disintegrated by air and water as they have here; if so, whether the disintegrated remains have been laid down in later sedimentary rocks; what sort of fossils lie buried in those rocks, for from their character he can determine when those parts of the earth were habitable; whether active volcanoes have spread lava far and wide, and whether there are evidences of earthquakes; how the mountains have been formed, and whether this land has always been above the sea; and, finally, how deep the ice cap is, how fast it accumulates, and how fast it flows into the sea, for from these facts he can determine, at least approximately, how long it has been accumulating, and therefore how long it has been since the earth's climate was much warmer.

"That there are things of great interest in these regions is shown by the discovery of the largest known meteorites in the world in Greenland, and of coal near the South Pole, showing that vegetation once flourished there.

"MAGNETIC PHENOMENA.—The earth is, in a certain way, a great magnet whose poles are a few hundred miles from the terrestrial poles. The magnetic poles continually change their position, and the intensity and direction of the magnetic forces continually fluctuate. It is necessary to have observations of magnetic phenomena, like those of meteorology, made all over the earth. There is no place like the high latitudes for studying those mysterious lights known in the North as the Aurora Borealis and in the South as the Aurora Australis. They are undoubtedly of electric or magnetic origin in the high upper

atmosphere, and furnish one means of determining the height of the atmosphere."

Turning to another order of phenomena, we find that the tides are produced by the moon and to a less extent, according to Professor Moulton, by the sun. Their magnitudes depend upon the forces from the moon and sun, which are known, and upon the ocean basins and the rigidity of the earth. While in a general way they are fully understood, they present many details which are most puzzling. The moon has a northward and southward motion every month, just as the sun has in a year. This gives rise to a tide whose period is two weeks and which is known as the fortnightly tide. It happens that this can be especially well observed in high latitudes and that it is important in determining the degree of rigidity of the earth. The Arctic regions naturally furnish exceptional opportunities for making these observations, many of which have been recorded by Peary himself. They, together with a number of other things, show that on the average, taken through and through, the earth

is more rigid than steel. This conclusion, which is now generally accepted by the foremost scientists, is quite contrary to the old view that the interior of the earth, beneath a relatively shallow crust, is fluid.

Finally, we come to the department of human knowledge known as zoology. It may be profoundly influenced by the conquest of the South Pole in particular:

"The polar regions once, or perhaps more than once, enjoyed a temperate climate. In those times plant and animal life flourished there in abundance and was adapted to its environment. When the climatic conditions began to change, these organisms found themselves subject to steadily changing conditions. Some of the forms entirely perished, while others were modified so as to be able to live in their altered surroundings. If continuous series of forms can be made out, or if it is possible in any other way to establish the relationship between those now existing and those of earlier date, zoologists will have interesting and valuable examples of an evolution forced by a changing environment. It may be possible to show that land forms of life in South America and Africa once had connection through the Antarctic continent."

THE FOUR GREAT PROBLEMS OF EUGENICS



OUR fundamental questions await the great gathering of workers in the new science of eugenics which is to assemble within a short time at London. These problems are now under discussion in many organs of science, and more than one follower of the late Sir Francis Galton, founder of eugenics, has stated them clearly. The weightiest contribution to the theme has been made by Sir Ray Lankester, who in a recent paper places first the so-called acquisition of acquired characters. This doctrine is associated with the name of Lamarck. The great Frenchman's assertion was that "all that Nature has made individuals to acquire—the word 'acquire' is important—or to lose by the influence of the circumstances to which their race has been for a long time exposed, including the results of excessive use or disuse of an organ, is preserved in reproduction and transmitted to the offspring." A few students of eugenics hold that Lamarck is right. Most of them seem to hold that

Lamarck is wrong. Lamarck not only uses the word "acquérir," but speaks of the changes produced in still growing animals as "changements acquis" or acquired changes.

In all discussion it is, of course, says Sir Ray Lankester, important to understand and adhere to the meanings of the terms used in the statement under discussion. "For years it has been the habit of confusion-making critics to say that all characters are acquired during the growth of an animal or plant from the germ. Now when we speak of 'acquired characters,' of 'acquired changes,' in considering Lamarck's view, we mean by the term what Lamarck meant and not some other possible interpretation of it. Lamarck explained that he meant changes superimposed upon an organism by the influence of the environment during the post-natal life of an individual, superimposed, that is, upon qualities that are 'congenital' or born in the race. To quote Sir Ray's paper from the authorized version of it in the *London Telegraph*:

"And he did not mean those 'acquired' characters, normally and regularly acquired by every member of a species as it grows up, but something new and special, since he calls them 'acquired changes,' whether of gain or of loss, due to new or changed influences, to which the individual organisms in question, and not others, have been exposed. It is without doubt of the very first importance to the Eugenics Society to make up its mind whether Lamarck's assertion has been 'proved,' or rendered at all probably true, or whether it should be dismissed as baseless."

The second question of great importance is—supposing Lamarck's theory of the fixing of new characters in a race to be untenable—what are the causes of the origin of new characters? By new characters are meant those so-called "spontaneous variations" which appear at birth or are clearly proved to be innate and not due to a special action of its post-natal environment on the individual. What in fact causes this innate or congenital variation? Darwin wrote of this but what he said is ignored by many contemporary authorities on eugenics.

"Darwin states that variability is induced (tho he recognizes other causes also) by the indirect action of changed conditions upon the reproductive system of the parents—the germs and the sperms. But he gives facts leading to the conclusion that the nature of the conditions which disturb the usual growth of the germs is of subordinate importance in comparison with the nature of the organism itself—in determining each particular form of variation—'not of more importance,' he says, 'than the nature of the spark by which a mass of combustible matter is ignited has in determining the nature of the flames.' Obviously, this matter has to be studied and settled by the Eugenists in order that they may know whence and how the feeble-minded, criminal, and diseased varieties of human strains have come into existence, and also whence and how new varieties—intelligent, honest, and healthy—may possibly arise."

We now come to the third grand problem confronting the eugenists of the world. Is much or any importance to be attached to the observation that sometimes (in cultivated plants and in domesticated animals) when individuals of breeds having contrasted or opposed characters (for instance, two breeds of pea plants producing the one wrinkled peas and the other smooth peas) are coupled as parents, the offspring do not show a definite blending of these two

parental characters? Instead, after a few generations, they breed out as two pure races—one like the one parent and the other like the other. In other cases and in regard to other features, a blending of the characters of the parents occurs. That renowned father of eugenics, the Abbé Gregor Mendel, described carefully instances of the non-blending. Some of those who have, by experiments in crossing breeds and examining the offspring, pursued this line of inquiry call it (with what justification it is difficult to say) "the new science," and somewhat pretentiously, as Sir Ray Lankester thinks, give to it a special name.

The fourth question which the eugenists have to face is whether certain results obtained by taking statistics as to the transmission of characters of body and of mind from one generation to another are to be regarded as well founded and helpful in the task confronting the science.

"Of course, statistics showing the intensity of the transmission of certain characteristics in human families and races, if taken with due precaution, would have value. But we must, first of all, be sure that we are dealing with a something which can be defined and recognized as one independent entity, wherever it occurs. This has not been done in the attempt to collect statistics of the transmission of mental characteristics. Also it appears that some of the 'biometricians,' as the inquirers in this matter call themselves, have confused characteristics which are inborn and transmissible with others which are due to education. They have, under misapprehension, based conclusions as to the existence of a law of transmission upon statistics concerning the frequency of characteristics which are not transmissible, tho reproduced in successive generations by imitation and education!"

From another point of view the question may be asked, writes Professor Yves Delage, of the University of Paris, in a book just issued by B. W. Huebsch: "What are the facts which prove to some scientists the heredity of acquired characters?" Since many organic modifications are hereditary, we may logically answer that any modification may become hereditary. Those who contend that only certain modifications are hereditary are then welcome to bring proof. It is true that not every acquired character is inherited, but this is due to the fact that the farther back a character goes the more deeply rooted it is.

SKIRTS AND THE FEMININE LIMB



FEW women of fashion in the civilized world to-day possess limbs worthy of comparison with those of the beauties of antiquity, according to Doctor Karl Francke, the distinguished German physician. He bases his opinion upon a series of investigations of what are known in Germany as "X legs" and in English-speaking lands as "knock knees." Upon the basis of a careful and comprehensive research, set forth in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift*, the Doctor affirms that in the earliest years of childhood three-quarters of all persons of both sexes suffer more or less from this deformity. Later in life, while the limbs of male persons straighten out, those of females become more crooked. In the forty-eighth year of life, only eight per cent. of men but no fewer than eighty-two per cent. of women are ungainly in consequence of "X legs." The key to the mystery is in women's fashions in dress.

Doctor Francke concedes that the general physical structure of the two sexes is to some extent responsible for this disparity. The influence of that factor in the case is, however, relatively negligible. The decisive factor is, in his opinion, dress, with lack of exercise playing a contributory part. He found that women who, from inclination or necessity, do a great deal of walking, as a rule show little trace of this peculiarity. In proportion as they lead indolent and inactive lives, they take on an inward departure from the perpendicular. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that the shape of the limbs affords an index to character and enables us to tell whether or not their owner is energetic or the reverse.

Even more prolific of knock knees than unexercised muscle is, Doctor Francke insists, the modern style of feminine attire. Close-fitting and furbelowed skirts, he says, hamper the gait. The revived *directoire* gown with its sheath effect, or in spite of its sheath effect, forces the raised knee inwards. The shape of the limbs of the wearer of the skirt designed to impart the effect of slimness must inevitably become contorted. The idea is substantiated, we read, by study of the types of

beauty adored in the France of the consulate. The great beauties of that day were knock-kneed. Skirts caused that.



KNOCK-KNEED

The wearer of this latest style will grow deformed.

THE UNSINKABLE SHIP



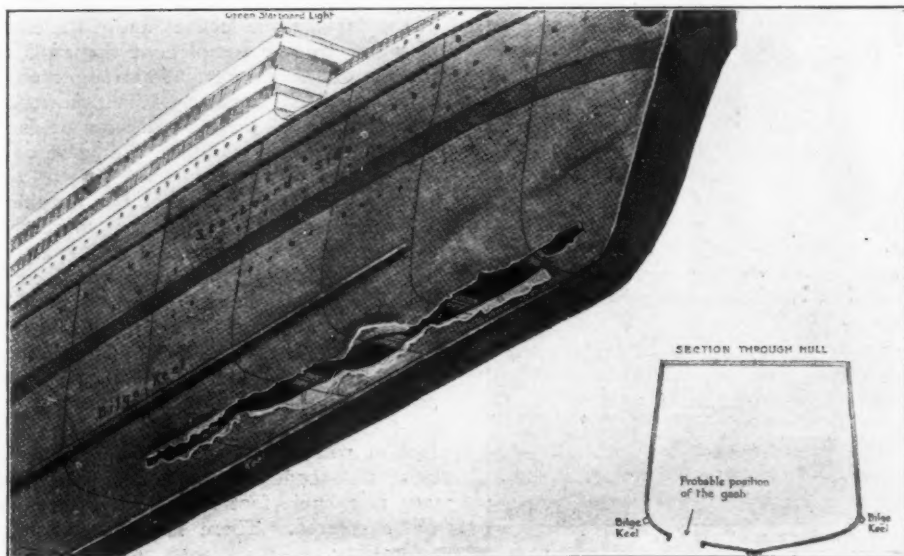
CAN a ship be made which is unsinkable? In order to answer such a question, writes the famed vice-president of the Institution of Naval Architects and professor of naval architecture at Glasgow University, Doctor J. H. Biles, we must first consider what keeps a ship afloat. A ship weighing between fifty thousand and sixty thousand tons must be supported by upward forces which in the aggregate are equal to the weight of the ship. An automobile weighing two tons resting upon a road must be supported by an upward force from the road of two tons. If the surface of the road be not sufficiently strong to offer support of two tons, the car will sink into the road until somewhere under the surface it finds a sufficient upward force of two tons. A boy's solid wood boat sinks in the water of a pond until it finds an upward force equal to the weight of the boat. If the weight of the wood is volume for volume lighter than that of the water it will find its support without being wholly submerged. Nothing that can happen to this boat as it is can cause it to sink. It can only be caused to sink by weight being added to it

in the form of material whose weight is, volume for volume, heavier than water.

In the case of a steel ship, proceeds Professor Biles, whose article was written for the *London News*, the material of which the ship is constructed is, volume for volume, heavier than water. It is not solid like the boy's boat, but has large spaces partially filled with cargo or some other thing. It gets its support from the water because it displaces a volume of water whose weight is equal to the weight of the ship.

"If the ship were not there a volume of water equal to the volume of the ship would be there; and this volume would be supported by the pressure of the surrounding water. These pressures support a weight of water equal in volume to that of the part of the ship that is under the water; and the same pressures exist when a ship is there. These pressures must support the weight of the ship. Whether the ship is there or not, the pressures are the same, and they support the weight of the ship or the weight of the water displaced, according as either happens to be there. These two things, therefore, must be equal.

"If the ship is damaged so that water is allowed to enter her she must go further down into the water in order to displace more



THE FATAL WOUND

If a vessel's bilge keel strikes a solid object it may be either torn away from the angle-irons, which secure it to the ship's skin, or the angle-irons may go with the keel, depending very much on the detail of construction. In the latter case the tearing of rivets from the ship's skin would make a serious leakage.

water and get support not only for the weight she originally had but for the weight of the water which has entered into her. If we could limit the extent to which the boat can be flooded by partitions placed round the hole, the amount of extra water carried could be made small and would only draw upon a small part of the out-water bulk of the boat for its support.

"This method of limiting the extent of the

flooding in a ship is called subdivision, and is given effect to by means of partitions made of steel plates suitably stiffened to resist water pressure. They are usually in one of three planes, either the horizontal, parallel to the water surface; the vertical longitudinal plane, parallel to the keel of the ship; and transverse vertical plane, perpendicular to the keel of the ship.

"The first, the horizontal, is represented by the decks and the inner bottom. The second, the vertical longitudinal, which is about 5 feet from the outer bottom, is represented by the sides of coal bunkers and store-rooms. The third is represented by transverse bulkheads, which are divisions between boilers, machinery, cargo and passenger spaces. These partitions are made strong enough to prevent water passing through; and they serve the other purposes named. If the amount of subdivision necessary for the ordinary purposes of the ship is not enough to prevent the ship from sinking when she has a definite amount of damage done to her outer skin, it is evident that more partitions must be put in until there is a sufficient number to prevent her from sinking."

In ships which are likely to be in collision with each other, a definite amount of damage is likely to be caused. The stem of a ship going into the side of another will make a hole of limited size. If the vessel is divided into compartments small enough to be little larger than the extent of the damage, the localization of the entry of water will be complete if the walls of the compartments are made strong enough to resist water pressure. When, however, we have to deal with the question of damage other than by collision, the cause of it must be considered before arriving at any conclusion as to the possibility of making a ship unsinkable. If a ship is to receive damage throughout a considerable part of her length, so that the water would enter throughout this damaged part, a number of compartments might be flooded at the same time. The amount of flooding which a ship can stand without sinking must depend upon the amount of volume of the out-water portion, because, for every cubic foot of water that gets into the ship, she must sink bodily so that the submerged part is a cubic foot more than before the water entered. There is a further consideration:

"The place where the water enters affects the level of the ship, and if it all enters at one end, that end must necessarily go down

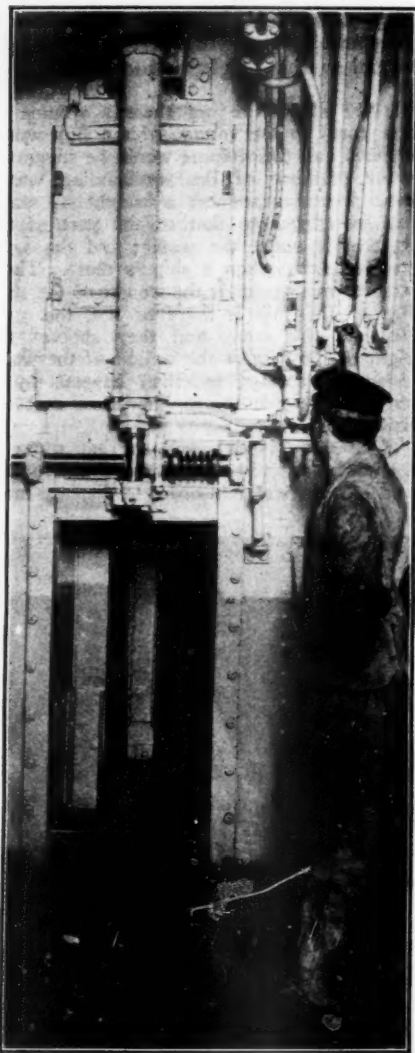


Photo by Brown Brothers

THE DOOR OF HOPE WHEN THE SHIP COLLIDES

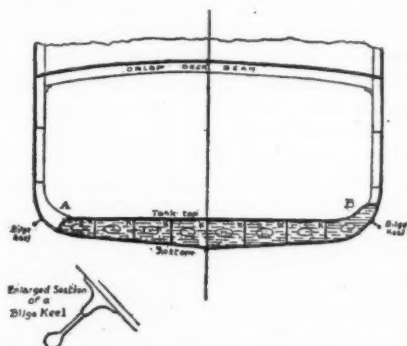
From the bridge the officer of the watch gives the signal. It is a red light. In seventy seconds the bulkhead is closed.

because the extra volume of displacement must be somewhere near the volume of water that enters. The ship may, therefore, be rendered quite unmanageable and may sink by getting a much smaller portion into one end than would be necessary to sink her if admitted nearer the middle. Therefore, if a definite amount of damage is done, there must be greater subdivision if that damage is in the ends of a ship than if it is in the middle of her length.

"It is quite possible to determine, in every case, to what line a ship would sink if a given amount of her flooded. The question of how much of the ship is likely to be flooded cannot be easily determined. If provision is being made against collision with another ship, the extent of the damage and the extent of the length of the ship which will be flooded can be predicted with a fair amount of certainty. But if she is to run on to a rock or is

further additions which are made must be to add to the safety of the ship; and the whole question is one of compromise between utility and safety. In warships, which have a very much larger amount of subdivision than merchant ships, the limit of utility is much further along the line of numbers of compartments in the former than the latter, because there are so many things that have to be separated from each other. Even with the larger extent of subdivision in warships, they have been sunk in collision and by gunfire when it has been of sufficient extent to flood enough compartments."

The minimum number of bulkheads in small steamers is usually three—a collision bulkhead not very far aft of the bows and bulkheads fore and aft of the machinery and boiler spaces. With larger ships there is a bulkhead aft corresponding in some measure to the collision bulkhead. Its object is to minimize the risk which attends the fracture of a propeller shaft. Then, in the case of larger ships, the holds are subdivided by various transverse bulkheads and the stoke-hole and engine-room have a bulkhead between them. In some cases, for greater safety, the collision bulkhead is doubled. Further, to avoid disablement through a broadside collision, especially in large mail and passenger steamships, the boilers are arranged fore and aft of the engine-room, sometimes even with bunkers between them so that the "holing" of one boiler-room will not deprive the vessel of her steam power. In twin-screw vessels there is often a longitudinal bulkhead between the two sets of engines, so that the flooding of one engine-room may still leave one set available. We quote now from the naval architectural expert who writes in the *Manchester Guardian*:



CROSS SECTION OF A LARGE STEAMER
(LOWER PART ONLY)

The diagram shows the cellular nature of the tank, intersected as it is with transverse and longitudinal beams. The holes shown (one is marked "M") give the necessary communication between one cell and another. It will be noticed that at "A" the inner bottom turns down and meets the outer one, leaving the bilge (i. e., the region where the bottom curves up to meet the side of the ship) unprotected. At "B" a different construction is shown, the inner bottom turning upwards.

to butt into an iceberg or a cliff, it would be difficult to determine to what extent the damage would go. A still more severe test is that of making a glancing blow on a rock or on an iceberg which would rip up a long length of side, when there would be a very much larger provision of subdivision necessary.

"If a ship is to be built to remain afloat after the whole of one side is ripped up, she must be more costly to build than existing vessels; she would be very much more difficult to be made use of and to work. As far as utility is concerned, subdivision reaches its limit when the main division of the machinery, cargo, and passenger spaces are subdivided from each other by these partitions. Any

"A bulkhead might as well not exist if the moment of trial finds it with an open door. But, on the other hand, frequent communication must be made between the various parts of the engineers' domain, and the passing from one to the other by way of the upper deck necessarily involves great loss of time and energy. So various systems have been devised whereby doors can be provided which can be shut either automatically when the water rises in the bilges of the compartment by means of a float or by a system of hydraulic machinery actuated by a lever on the bridge. One of the best of these systems is that which shows by an illuminated plan in the chart-house every bulkhead door and its

condition (whether open or shut) at the moment. If open, a tiny electric light shines where the opening is represented. As the lever is touched a gong sounds to warn those below that the door is about to be shut, and a moment afterwards down goes the door and the light in the plan goes out. Practical men, however, speak of the inherent risk that even if these doors be constantly tested some one may block them up with a wooden batten for their personal convenience and so prevent their shutting at the critical moment.

"Besides bulkheads there are double bottoms, which afford a considerable space—tending to as much as seven feet in some cases—under the machinery between the outer and inner skins of the ship. By this means it is possible for a ship to scrape over a rock without admitting water to her interior. But though double bottoms have their value, they cannot protect a ship which is holed at the turn of the bilge—that is to say, where the bottom curves round into the side, because the thickness of this inner bottom diminishes as it approaches the side of the ship.

"Some persons advocate the introduction into mercantile ships of what are called by shipping men water-tight flats—that is to say, the making of the various steel decks into horizontal water-tight bulkheads, which would keep admitted water from rising above their level. But the difficulty in the way of doing this is the great interference which the introduction of such flats would cause in the handling of cargo and the access of crew and passengers to the various parts of the vessel."

Double bottoms are likely to be extended

in future ships when oil fuel is more largely relied upon in merchant vessels, for there such liquids can be most conveniently stowed, and double bottoms and bulkheads seem to be the most reliable form of subdivision. But it is one thing to provide a bulkhead and quite another to be sure that it will stand the test of disaster. It is difficult indeed to make a flat surface like a bulkhead stand the strain of free water in large quantities dashing about in a heavy sea and difficult, too, to insure that when the crisis comes it will maintain its absolute hold of the ship's side. There are many passenger steamships afloat which would float, on paper, with any two or even more of their compartments flooded if such flooding were to be effected in dock. The trouble is that the flooding in reality is caused by violent impact which not only effects local damage, but strains the whole fabric of the ship. The outside plating being disturbed, the vessel may begin leaking at the seams of her skin plates and the bulkheads all over the ship may be shifted somewhat from their close contact with her skin. Thus water begins to appear in other compartments than those actually injured. The fires and the pumps are gradually drowned out. Then the most extensive bulkheading will not save the ship. It can only extend the period before the final catastrophe comes.

THE SENSATIONAL EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII

INTERNATIONAL interest has been so aroused by the discoveries of the past few weeks at Pompeii that Professor Vittorio Spinazzola, of the National Museum of

Naples, has been obliged to refuse the public access to the freshly unearthed Street of Abundance. News that a feminist political agitation seems to have been in full swing when the city was overwhelmed so long ago by the eruption of Vesuvius caused positive excitement in London. The dentists' chairs, the evidences that something like operative surgery was practiced, and the splendid restaurant are for the time being hidden from tourist eyes by order of the government. Visitors to Pom-

peii, we read in London *Nature*, must be content with the Temple of Venus, the Forum, the baths, the theaters and the other sights made familiar by the guide-books. An official statement from Rome is to the effect that the unexpected finds of the other day will not be opened to public inspection until the excavations along the main street of the buried city have been completed.

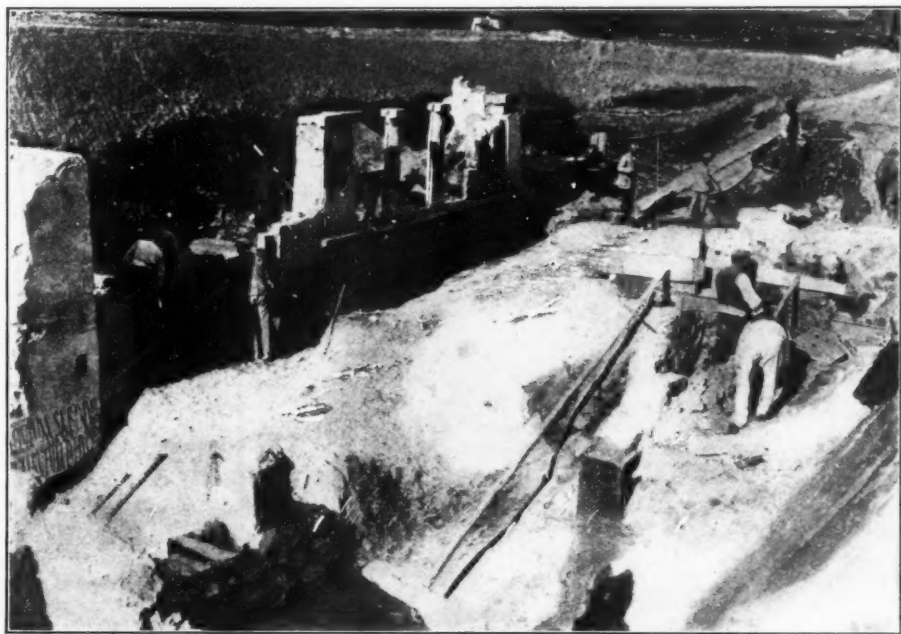
Professor Spinazzola's excavators are just now working chiefly, our contemporary says, in the region of the Amphitheater, built shortly before the birth of Christ. The labor of digging will be kept up along the Street of Abundance where the spacious atrium was found, besides a wide peristyle, a garden, a fountain and various inscriptions. The owner's name has been de-

ciphered as Obellius Firmus. Six skeletons were encountered here. They are evidently those of the owner and his family, as they were in the attitudes and postures of persons making an escape. Two of the children seem to have been embracing each other. The bodies were preserved with miraculous freshness in the hardened ashes. These corpses have not been removed from the places where for so many centuries they have had their repose. Professor Spinazzola has covered them with glass.

Digging with great care, we read further in the columns of our scientific contemporary, the excavators came upon eight houses, two stories high, with balconies. Just beyond these was the saloon, with its bar equipped for the serving of drinks. Vases, drinking-cups, jars, vessels of glass, metal, and a bronze pot still half full of water were brought to light. The bar itself was quite intact, like the other objects found. Around the bar were many frescoes and inscriptions. Some little distance along the street was found a shrine of the Lares Compitales, or protecting deities of the city. There was also a picture of wor-

shippers at the shrine, together with an altar whereon lay the ashes of the last sacrifice to the gods.

Professor Spinazzola found skeletons of many persons who were trying to escape from the upper stories of the houses along the street as well as from the basements. Here was unearthed a skeleton of a man overwhelmed while making a last desperate effort to escape by climbing a tree. "The agony shown in the tense muscles of the arms and back is truly horrible." The residence of a man of wealth is indicated by the beauty of one villa with its garden, colonnades and frescoes, all complete. The furniture stands as it did eighteen centuries and more ago, and all the household appurtenances, even to the bell-pull on the door and the bell inside the house, are intact. "This last discovery is of exceptional interest, as it disposes of the old theory that a door-knocker was the only means by which a visitor could acquaint the inmates of his arrival." A pathetic scene in this house is the nursery, with its discarded toys on the floor, one obviously a hobby-horse composed of a stick in its equine



WHERE FEMINISM RAGED CENTURIES AGO

The recent excavations at Pompeii, shown here, have brought nothing to light so little expected as the evidence that the women of the city were immersed in a political agitation when the place was overwhelmed.

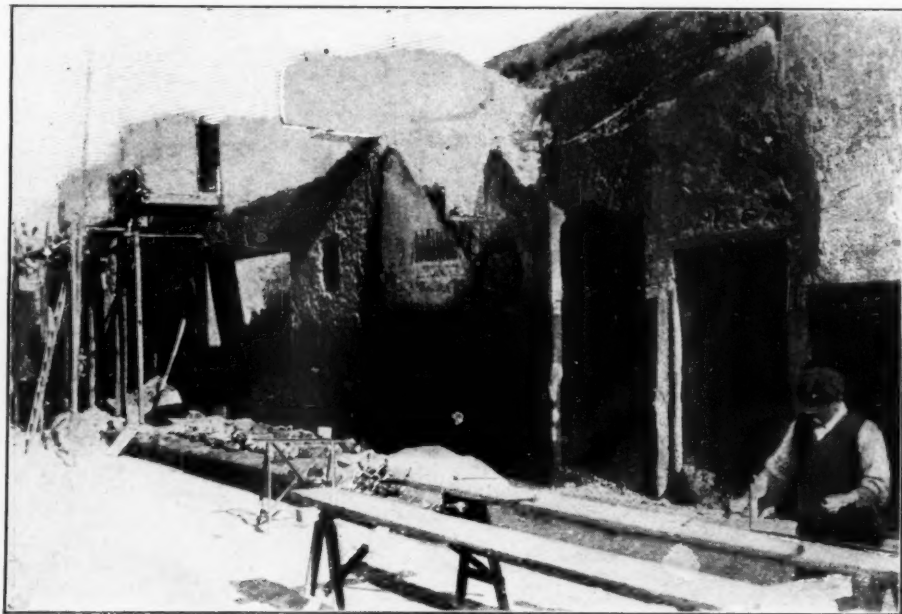
head. A strong-box, a door-window with locks, bolts and hinges perfectly intact, and many domestic utensils make the articles run up into the thousands.

Evidence accumulates that when the catastrophe overtook the city, Pompeii was in the throes of some political agitation in which the women bore a leading part. The political inscriptions surrounding the bar in the saloon are in some cases signed by women. They are invitations to the voters to vote for feminist candidates. One of these is translated to read: "The little sweetheart of Gabinius is working for his election." Altho the translations of all the inscriptions are not yet complete, we read in our British contemporary that "some of these lead to the supposition that there were Christabel Pankhursts and suffragists in ancient Pompeii as there are in modern London." One candidate for office is indicted in a manifesto for opposing the demands of the women employees of the Thermopolion. It seems clear from the wording of the sentences that women did not have the vote, however.

A widely disseminated statement that a long translation into Latin of Matthew's

gospel was found in the library of the villa of the house of Obellius Firmus is contradicted in the *Naples Mattino*. The literary discoveries, as reported so far, have proved disappointing. The great library of which so much is said in some accounts of the excavations existed not at Pompeii, but at Herculaneum, still buried. In the box taken from the house of Obellius Firmus was, according to one account, a rolled parchment on a wooden frame. It was damaged by the rough treatment it received in the course of the digging. What it contains remains unknown. Professor Spinazzola affirms that nothing casts the least light upon the question of the possible existence of Christians in Pompeii. He pronounces the story of the finding of one of the gospels preposterous on the face of it. There is reason to infer that the parchment or writing on the roll—if it can be investigated without being damaged—may prove to be poetry. Obellius Firmus appears, from the arrangement of his house and from the discoveries made in it, to have been a literary man.

The excavations will be continued with vigor.



THE TENDERLOIN OF A GAY CITY

Not far from the street here unearthed at Pompeii were the thoroughfares, seemingly, of Pompeii's night life. The doorways at the extreme right of this picture afforded entrance into a wine palace, the inscriptions being of a political character.

Religion and Ethics

WHAT THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT ACTUALLY ACCOMPLISHED

WITH the disbandment at the end of April of the National Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, one of the remarkable evangelistic campaigns of modern times passed into history. This movement, which was backed by nine church brotherhoods, the International Sunday-School Association and the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, is felt to have pioneered new methods of enduring value. It began its active work last October; sent four "teams," each consisting of six evangelists, into 1,500 American communities; and sums up the most obvious part of its accomplishment in the following figures:

Meetings, 7,062.

Addresses, 8,332.

Attendance, 1,492,646.

Personal Interviews, 6,349.

Men and boys committed to personal service, 26,280.

Men and boys committed to personal allegiance to Jesus Christ, 7,580.

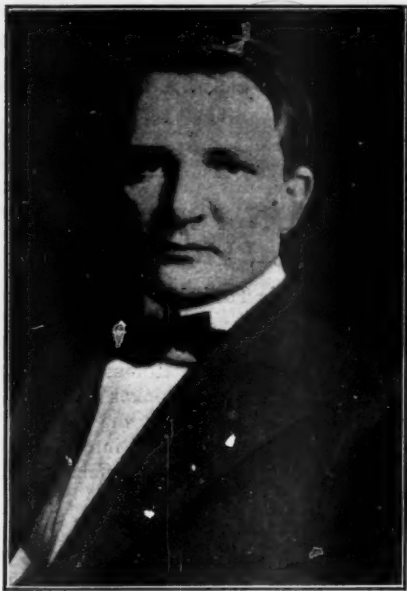
Clearly "a new method and a modern expression for the old force of religion," comments a recorder of the campaign in *The Outlook*, "have been developed by the Men and Religion Forward Movement." It expounded no new doctrines, no new theological message; but in the terms of modern life it expressed "the eternal principle of Christianity."

The unique feature of the movement may be said to have been its ability to blend notes that have been hitherto regarded as somewhat discordant. Six specific interests were constantly kept in view: Evangelism, Social Service, Community Extension, Boys' Work, Bible Study and Missions. Institutes were established to supplement the work done at public meetings, and the movement culminated in a vast con-

gress at Carnegie Hall, New York. Some of the men who did most effective work on the platform were William Jennings Bryan, Bishop Greer, Raymond Robins, Fred. B. Smith, Charles Stelzle, Booker T. Washington, "Gipsy" Smith, and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett. One woman of international reputation, Jane Addams, participated in the crusade.

Past evangelical campaigns have invariably emphasized the individual motive, but no campaign has ever before appealed on so large a scale to the social conscience. Efforts were made to form in every community touched by the movement an interdenominational committee for the gathering of social facts. The parochial conception of Christianity was transcended, and the necessity of dealing with social problems by city units was urged.

Jane Addams's address in Carnegie Hall, one of the most impressive of all the addresses made, dealt with the "social evil," and investigations of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, we learn from *The Outlook*, led in an overwhelming number of cases to prostitution as the most hideous disease of the social body. In a certain prosperous southern city a social survey revealed that one of the city's leading churchmen owned a full half of the properties of the "red light" district. Representatives of the Men and Religion Forward Movement brought this state of affairs to his attention, and charged him with inconsistency. He characterized them as impertinent meddlers, but he could not defend his position, and in the end he was expelled from the church. Another man in another city, widely renowned for his benevolences and a generous supporter of the Y. M. C. A., was found to be the owner of a notorious immoral resort. When accused, he acknowledged his ownership of the place, but said he did not run it. He had no social conscience, and he, too,



HE PREACHES A SOCIAL GOSPEL

"I have tried to prove," says Raymond Robins, social evangelist of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, "that modern religion means democracy in industry, and that Christianity cannot take possession of the world until every child is helped by society to have decent food, education and surroundings."

was expelled from the church when the facts became known. In a third city, in the Middle West, the religious investigators found that the trail of the social evil and its allied graft led straight to the Chief of Police. Such pressure was brought to bear upon him that he resigned his office. "There is abundant evidence in the unwritten experiences of the Men and Religion experts," declares the *Outlook* writer, "that the times are ripe for a nation-wide crusade against this evil. The social service men have started agitations in many places for the name of the owners to be put upon the door of every property used for any sort of anti-social purpose. The sheer ignorance of good people concerning the glaring ills of their own communities has been pitiable."

Social charts, prepared by experts and dealing not only with the social evil, but with every kind of social problem, have led to illuminating discussion and to effective action. In the preparation of these charts attention was concentrated on the population problem, municipal administration, industrial life, saloons, dance halls,

crimes and arrests, housing, public health, social service agencies, public schools, libraries, recreational life, juvenile delinquency, and the general state of the churches. As the result of a survey in Martinsburg, West Virginia, the following recommendations were made to the Social Service Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement:

1. A systematic study of conditions that are injurious to the health and morals of the people of Martinsburg.
2. Immediate plans for the installation of a modern underground sewerage system.
3. Compulsory registration of contagious diseases; quarantine of diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, and other dangerous contagious diseases; a health department with financial appropriation to make it effective.
4. Proper instruction in sex hygiene.
5. Protection of the milk supply.
6. Elimination of the common drinking-cup.
7. Campaign against flies and mosquitoes.
8. Use of school buildings as recreation centers at night and during vacation months.
9. A system of parks and playgrounds.
10. Provision for industrial and vocational training in the public school system.
11. Organization of a Social Service Institute to meet Sunday afternoons at 3 P. M. in the Young Men's Christian Association Building.

Similar recommendations were made in other cities, and many cities did much more than merely recommend. In Dallas, Texas, active steps were taken to institute garbage collection and inspection of water and milk. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, established a Union Social Service Council to organize the relief of poverty and suffering. Minneapolis employed a secretary following the campaign to direct further evangelistic work. In Des Moines a training-school for teachers and workers was started, and a delegation was sent to Chicago to study municipal lodging-houses. In Detroit the churches organized a joint publicity bureau. In Louisville two hundred and sixty men pledged themselves to establish family worship. In Philadelphia two hundred and fifty churches united in a civic righteousness movement. In Baltimore a flying automobile squadron was formed to conduct Bible study classes in outlying centers. In New York an organization called the Laity League for Social Service of the Federation of Churches has sprung into existence.

Courtesy of *The Continent*

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, EVANGELIST

This picture shows Mr. Bryan addressing one of the outdoor meetings of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in Union Square, New York.

The culmination of the movement in Carnegie Hall was marked by inspirational addresses and the presentation of specialized reports. Experience at the great World Missionary Congress in Edinburgh two years ago had shown that better results were attained by putting printed documents, prepared by experts, in the hands of every delegate and inviting discussion than by the older method of holding all-day sessions of speeches with little time for discussion. "The new method," Frederick Lynch tells us in *The Christian Work and Evangelist*, "will probably be followed at all religious conferences of the future."

The reports offered dealt in the main with the six specific interests of the Men and Religion Forward Movement already mentioned. Robert E. Speer, who presented the report on missions, declared: "Every business house that sends a dissolute man to represent it in non-Christian lands betrays Jesus Christ. Every government that sends a non-Christian to the East to be its representative slaps the Church in the face." Dr. Talcott Williams, dean of the new School of Journalism at Columbia University and former editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, who read a report on "The Church and Publicity," favored the maintenance of a press-agent by every religious denomination. The discussions of these and similar papers, Mr. Lynch avers,

were lively, suggestive and to the point. The last commission to report was one on Christian unity, and no topic, it is safe to say, was more appropriate. "The very congress itself," remarks *The Christian Work and Evangelist* editorially, "was a pledge and sign of unity."

Of the work accomplished by the Men and Religion Forward Movement, as a whole, very little adverse criticism has been printed. "It was a genuine success and well worth its cost," according to the *Presbyterian Continent*, of Chicago. "The good faith of its projectors is amply vindicated," adds the *Boston Congregationalist*. The *New York Sun* intimates that too much stress was put on "social uplift," and the Roman Catholic weekly, *America*, echoes the charge. But Hutchins Hapgood, of the *New York Globe*, feels that in its social appeal the crusade found its highest usefulness. Mr. Hapgood publishes a sympathetic interview with Raymond Robins, and says:

"The limitation of the social worker is, as a rule, a lack of the imagination which sees this deeper unity, which in one of its aspects is human brotherhood. This is also the limitation of the ordinary church member. The heart of the Men and Religion Forward Movement is to emphasize the spiritual unity of the universe, which, if vitally felt, would make intolerable and unreligious the neglect of any member of our human society."

THE UNIVERSAL GOSPEL THAT ABDUL BAHÁ BRINGS US



TOWARD the end of April there landed in New York an old man with a white turban and flowing beard, clad in strange garments and speaking a strange tongue. Hundreds welcomed him at the dock, and thousands have attended his receptions and public addresses in many American cities. He is Abdul Baha, "Servant of the Glory," head of the Bahaist movement, and one of the most distinguished religious figures of the age.

Those who have met him bear witness to his loving kindness, to his spiritual breadth, and to his physical frailty. For forty years he was imprisoned in Persia. His father, Baha Ullah, died in prison. The Bab, the founder of the Bahaist faith, was executed, and so were thousands of his followers. It is only during recent years, since the young Turks came into possession of the government and gave Persia a constitution, that Abdul Baha has been free to travel.

He visited London first and received a warm welcome there. The Rev. R. J. Campbe'll and Archdeacon Wilberforce offered him their pulpits for the exploitation of his views. Now he has come to America to get into personal touch with followers and friends. A new group of buildings for worship, for healing and for education is being erected in his honor in Chicago. His first public appearance in this country was in the Church of the Ascension, New York, where the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant introduced him with the words: "He teaches the fundamental unity of all religions—a truth in which this congregation believes profoundly—and we welcome here one who may help the material fervor of the Occident to gain a new peace by the infiltration of the harmonies of the Orient."

Abdul Baha is the pioneer of an eclectic gospel. He wishes to unite people of all faiths, and he does not ask them to desert the churches with which they are affiliated. Let the Christian remain a Christian, he says, and let Mohammedans and Buddhists hold to their creeds. In the Bible of the City Temple, London, he wrote: "This book is the Holy Book of God, of celestial

inspiration." In the same spirit he would write the same words upon the Koran or the Vedas.

Bahaism recognizes not only the Bibles of the world but also its different saviors and prophets. Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, Baha Ullah—all were necessary in their time and place. The supreme need of the hour, as Abdul Baha sees it, is a deeper unity. He teaches the substitution of arbitration for war; and exhorts his followers not to join the army. He believes in monogamic marriage, in woman suffrage and in a universal language. He sympathizes with Theosophy, Christian Science, New Thought and Spiritualism, no less than with the orthodox sects. When asked by a New York *Times* reporter to formulate his message to America, he said:

"The time has arrived for the world of humanity to hoist the standard of the oneness of the human world, so that solidarity and unity may connect all the nations of the world, so that dogmatic formulas and superstitions may end, so that the essential reality underlying all the religions founded by all the prophets may be revealed.

"That reality is one.

"It is the love of God.

"It is the progress of the world.

"It is the oneness of humanity.

"It is the bond which can unite all the human race.

"It is the attainment of the benefits of the most great peace; it is the discarding of warfare.

"It is progressiveness; it is the undertaking of colossal tasks in life; it is the oneness of public opinion.

"Therefore strive, oh ye people, and put forth your efforts that this reality may overcome the lesser forces in life, that this king of reality may alone rule all humanity.

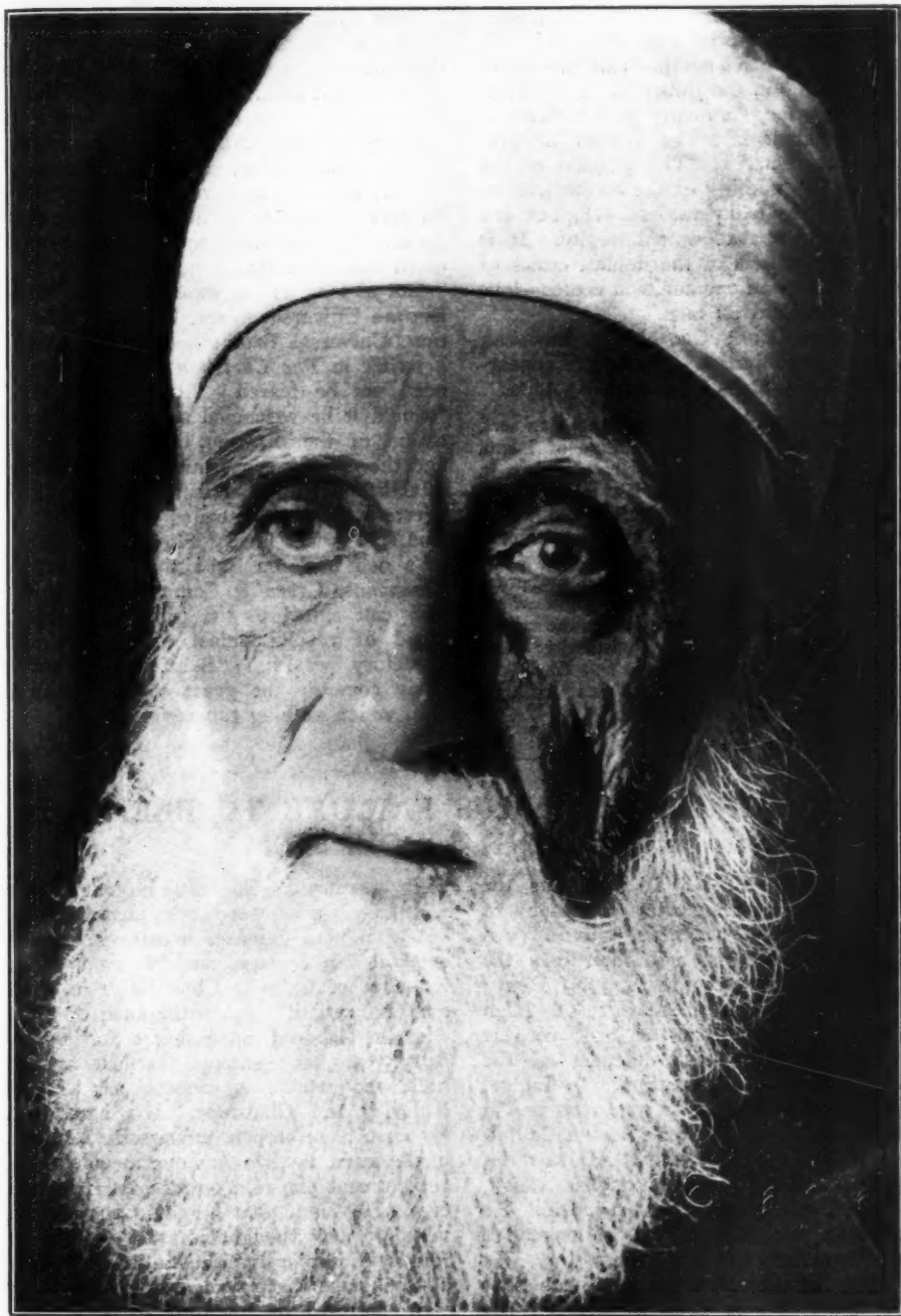
"Thus may the world of mankind be reformed.

"Thus may a new Springtime be ushered in and a fresh spirit may resuscitate man.

"The individuals of humanity, like refreshed plants, shall put forth leaves and shall blossom and fructify so that the face of the earth shall become the long promised and delectable paradise, so that the great bestowal—the supreme virtues of man—shall glisten over the face of the earth.

"Then shall the world of existence have attained maturity.

"This is my message."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HAILED AS A PROPHET BY MILLIONS

Abdul Baha, the head of the Bahaist movement, who came to America two months ago to address public meetings and confer with his friends, has a following of not less than three millions throughout the world.

The universal gospel of Bahaism finds fruitful soil in America, and is greeted sympathetically in both secular and religious papers. "No religious movement of recent times," in the judgment of the Portland *Oregonian*, "is nearly so significant as that of Bahaism." The Boston *Congregationalist* declares: "The religion of the Bahaists has nothing of the eccentricity or faddism of so many modern religions and none of their shallow philosophy. It is simply a synthesis of the noblest ethics of the world around one common center—love and good-will to all men."

The New York *Churchman*, however, registers an objection against the appearance of Abdul Baha in Christian pulpits:

"Bahaism is a reforming Mohammedan sect. It seeks to infuze into the religion of Islam, or perhaps more accurately to develop in Islam, a higher morality and a more mystic theology than the current beliefs and teachings of that religion now encourage. Its purpose is, no doubt, laudable; and it excites the sympathy of those who see in all the great ethnic religions glimpses of that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

"But Bahaism is not Christianity; and Abdul Baha does not profess to be a Christian. What right, then, has he to preach in a Christian church?"

In much stronger language the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* expresses its distrust of the whole Bahaist movement, which it describes as "pantheistic." The Chicago *Advance* also comments caustically: "Bahaism may be summed up in the word that 'nothing matters.' All religions are equally true or equally false, as you may choose to put it. It seems to have but one article in its creed and that is 'universal tolerance.' As a civil creed that is sound. As an ethical creed that is rotten."

But as long as the watchwords of Bahaism are Universal Peace, Universal Education, Universal Brotherhood, its influence, a writer in *The Christian Register* thinks, need not be feared. "Rather," he says, "should it be welcomed as one more indication of the drawing together of races and the coming cooperation of man in the establishment of what in both Eastern and Western language is called the kingdom of God." Francis Henry Skrine, the author of a new book on Bahaism (published by Longmans, Green & Company), finds the new cult suited to the present American mood of revolt against materialism and predatory wealth. "Bahaism," he says, "may come in the great republic with a rush which nothing can resist."

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S FAILURE TO BLEND ROME AND MODERNISM

IN WHAT is hailed as the most important biography of the year,* Mr. Wilfrid Ward unfolds and interprets the life-struggle of John Henry Newman, apostle of High Church Anglicanism in Oxford; convert to Roman Catholicism; defender of the Faith; and author of "Lead, Kindly Light." The picture we get is of a man who fought without success to reconcile Roman Catholicism and the modern spirit. He saw rising about him a flood of rationalism which, he feared, might submerge the world. He wanted to meet this subversive movement with discussion, not with repression. He felt that Christian thinkers ought to be, but often were not, as keen intellectually as

their opponents. The task he set himself was, in his own words, "to surround Catholicism with defences necessary for and demanded by the age," and "to promote the influence of Catholic Christianity in modern civilization." In furtherance of these ends he labored unceasingly for nearly forty years, and entered the lists against such redoubtable opponents as Charles Kingsley and Gladstone. His name and his fame have become universal. And yet, in the main, his life was one in which disappointment played a larger part than success. He found that he could not put the wine of new thought into the bottles of Roman Catholic institutionalism. Almost all the plans that lay nearest to his heart were defeated by his own colleagues. His elevation to the Cardinalate did not come until his work was practically finished.

From boyhood on, Newman had excep-

* THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN: BASED ON HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE. In Two Volumes. By Wilfrid Ward. Longman's, Green & Company.

tional opportunities to observe both the power and the danger of radical thought. His brother Francis became a freethinker. As a student at Oxford, Newman associated with Blanco White, a strong rationalist, and made friendships among the younger Anglican theologians who, without allowing themselves to be classified either as High Church or as Low Church, "called everything into question, appealed to first principles, and disallowed authority as a judge of matters intellectual." It was the age which was to develop John Stuart Mill, Matthew Arnold, Mark Pattison, Arthur Clough and J. A. Froude. The Fellows of Oriel College, among whom Newman won a place, were widely heralded as liberals. "In much that he wrote," Mr. Ward tells us, "he was taking part in that inquiry into the foundations of all belief which the negative thinkers of the eighteenth century had made so necessary—Hume and Gibbon in England, the Encyclopedists in France." But an innate conservatism in Newman prevented him from following the path that so many others trod. The more he saw of rationalism, the less he liked it.

He first came into national prominence as a leader of the so-called "Oxford Movement," in which he was linked with Keble and Pusey, and as a preacher at Saint Mary's. There was scarcely a man of note in the University who did not go to hear him. "Was there ever in history anything like Newman's power over us at Oxford?" asked one of his most ardent admirers, William George Ward, father of his present biographer. Now the Oxford Movement, which both created Newman and was created by him, was deeply conservative. Its prime object was to strengthen the Church of England as the home of dogmatic religion, and to relate it to the Church Catholic of the ages—the Church of Augustine and Athanasius. It published Tracts which at first electrified and later scandalized the religious public. It went to pieces when its leader deserted the Church of England and became a Roman Catholic.

An "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," which Newman published in 1845, was the intellectual justification of his step. This document was at one and the same time strangely radical and strangely conservative. A ringing defense of Roman Catholicism, it yet regarded Christianity as an idea with many aspects

which are necessarily elicited and exhibited in fresh opportunities. According to the argument, Christianity *grows* into a definite philosophy or system of belief. As circumstances change, "old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often."

The first years of Newman in the Roman Catholic Church were far from happy. The ways of the strange country in which he found himself were hard to learn. The tasks he was set proved trying. He was all aflame to strengthen the Church and to win new converts to the Faith, but his efforts were met by jealous inertia. It was "a time of trial, long drawn out," Mr. Ward tells us, "when the hand of God seemed withdrawn, and not only was his life beset with trouble, but the labor of many years proved to be apparently without result, even without meaning."

The first task that summoned his energies was the organization of a Roman Catholic University in Dublin. The Pope favored the idea, and Newman devoted the best part of six years to planning and traveling in behalf of the project. He dreamed of establishing the greatest Roman Catholic University the world had ever seen, and he meant to give it majestic intellectual foundations. "A university," he said, "is a place to which a thousand schools make contributions, in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries are perfected and verified, and rashnesses rendered innocuous and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge." But the Irish Bishops and Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, did not believe in this kind of a university. They regarded the whole scheme as fantastic and dangerous to the integrity of Roman Catholic faith; and they gradually crushed it to death.

Newman's second task proved just as heart-breaking. The English Bishops asked him to edit a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, and he began an essay on the philosophy of the sacred narrative—an antidote to such naturalistic treatment of Holy Writ as



THE LEADER OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

This drawing by George Richmond shows John Henry Newman as he looked at the time when he was summoning Oxford youth to a new crusade in behalf of traditional theology.

Renan's "*Histoire d'Israël*"—as its Introduction. But the whole scheme was abandoned, "owing apparently," Mr. Ward avers, "to the apathy of Cardinal Wiseman."

Then Newman tried to guide the thought of intellectual Roman Catholics in editorial work for the *Rambler* Review. His Bishop promptly put a damper on his efforts in this direction, declaring that the laity found the magazine irritating, and were disturbed at the idea which its articles suggested, that people had doubts. He expressed his hope that Newman would cease from being editor. And Newman acquiesced.

Finally, when Roman Catholics were admitted to the English universities and Newman was eager to establish in the Oxford he loved and knew so well an Oratory that should strengthen the students in their faith and check the inroads of rationalistic philosophy, he was defeated once more. He gave up in despair. He wrote: "I have no friend at Rome; I have labored in England, to be misrepresented and scorned. I have labored in Ireland, with a door ever shut in my face." In 1867 he added: "Now alas! I fear that in one sense the iron has entered into my soul. I mean that confidence in any superiors whatever never can blossom again within

me. I shall, I feel, always think they will be taking some advantage of me." Thereafter his work in defence of Roman Catholicism was confined to the printed page.

What Newman tried and failed to do was to wed Roman Catholicism and the scientific spirit, and to restore free discussion within the Church. He pointed, against the military and repressive methods favored by the Vatican, back to the free debates of the medieval schools. "Truth is wrought out," he said, "by many minds working freely together. As far as I can make out this has ever been the rule of the Church till now." In his lectures in 1855 on "Christianity and Physical Science" and "Christianity and Scientific Investigation," he maintained that, while contrariety might exist between the views of certain representatives of theology and of science, there was no danger of collision between the true theologian who realizes the limits of his science and the man of science who does not confound speculation with genuine scientific investigation. He urged the candid recognition by the Church of modern scientific hypotheses in all their degrees of probability, and the fearless use of the inductive method in physical science and history alike. He believed that the time had come for a restatement of Catholic truth to suit the mental attitude of our age, and for a recognition of the necessary "novelty of aspect" this attitude involved. "Patristic and scholastic theology," he wrote, "each involved a creative act of the intellect. . . . There is no greater mistake surely than to suppose that revealed truth precludes originality in the treatment of it." Above all it was, in Newman's opinion, necessary that the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities towards the laity should be modified, and that Roman Catholic laymen should be afforded opportunities to secure a liberal education.

Now all this is in harmony with what is generally described as Modernism. It is a curious fact, as one commentator remarks, that Newman, who set out to combat Liberalism, ended by being the encouraging originator of Modernism, which is the only living form of Liberalism in the Roman Catholic Church at the present day. Yet he was not a Modernist, and Pope Pius the Tenth, in a letter written in 1908, expressly declared that the famous Encyclical *Pascendi* condemning the Modernists did

not, and could not, apply to Cardinal Newman.

The fact is that Newman, with all his genius, failed to accomplish anything definite. His career appeals to the *London Spectator* and *Chicago Dial* as a tragic drama, and *The Contemporary Review* finds the essence of his tragedy in the facts that "he brought the means of salvation to the Catholic Church and that she rejected it":

"The cry in the Catholic world may one day be 'Back to Newman,' and if and when that is so, provided that it is not left till too late a date, Newman will become an historic force. To-day Newman is no longer a force in this sense; his is a venerated name; but, in fact, he is the father of a form of Modernism that might prove the salvation of Catholicism; and as such, akin in this to many another Father of the Church dreaded in his own generation, he is allowed to sleep while the school that he created is the subject of persecution. Perhaps the greatest of all tributes to Newman's supreme eminence is the fact that the Vatican dared not kill him with the neglect which he anticipated and, thanks to his astonishing sense of obedience, acquiesced in, despite the rebellion of all his intellectual forces. If the man of 1845 could be neglected, the man of 1864 could not be forgotten. The blessings of Pio Nono brought disaster to many a great spirit; Newman was able to survive them. Yet the freedom of his thought has for the time obscured him. . . . It was the supreme tragedy of Newman's life that he brought the means of salvation to the Catholic Church, and that she rejected it. That there are members of that Church who would not reject it, the very authorship of this great book shows, and it is for them to cry, in and out of season, 'Back to Newman.'"

The Saturday Review strikes a more affirmative note. "He has prepared the way," it says, "for a new apologetic, and herein lies the greatness and value of his work." It continues:

"All that he did by clamoring for liberty of research, all that he did to curb the insane attempts to burden Christianity with new dogmas, which with all their accompanying explanations do bind the intellect, all that he did to frighten the theologians of 1870 out of too rigid a definition of infallibility, all that he did to rout Christians out of their antiquated grooves and to unmask the rottenness of many of their current 'proofs of religion,' all has made it possible for the modern apologist to make headway. Moreover, the problem has largely changed from the side of science



NEWMAN, THE CARDINAL

After years of conflict with his Roman Catholic colleagues, Newman was elevated in 1879 to the Cardinalate. "It was almost as tho the heavens had opened," his biographer says, "and proclaimed the reward of long-suffering endurance."

itself. Science no longer confines itself to the study of the physical world, but is experimenting on the mind. Our young men in the Universities are becoming bored with the historical criticism of the Bible, and are far more interested in psychology. We seem to be approaching, for bad or for good, a view of religion in which more depends on experience than on authority, in which we are to be guided by our intuitions, our own unaided visions of truth, rather than by logical conclusions arrived at by mechanical arguments and dogmatic definitions imposed on us from outside. In the philosophic world we are being encouraged in this by James and Bergson. M. Paul Sabatier, in his latest book, *'L'Orientation Religieuse de la France Actuelle,'* tells us that there are more priests than freethinkers at M. Bergson's classes, and that the great philosopher's opponents sneer at the metaphysical clouds which he stirs up to come down like rain which solidifies into manna upon which faith feeds. . . .

"To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." This sentence of Newman is one of the favorite texts of the Modernists. Newman, by his theory of development, paved the way for Tyrrell, who, under cover of that theory, which he held in a somewhat different form, drew his great distinction between revelation and theology, and so surmounted the difficulty of new and strange dogmas."

IS WOMAN MAKING A MAN OF HERSELF?



DA M. TARBELL is contributing a series of articles to *The American Magazine*, whose titles alone sufficiently indicate the vital nature of their contents:—"The Uneasy Woman," "Making a Man Of Herself" and "The Business Of Being a Woman." The writer's contention is that woman in extending her activities, in following her domestic industries out into the factory and workshop, in carrying her feminine intuition into the professions, arts, sciences, business and politics, is perverting her nature, or "making a man of herself." Miss Tarbell's statements are rousing the indignant protests and puzzled comment of progressive women all over the country. At a recent mass meeting in New York City, four representative feminists undertook to refute her assertions. The article entitled "Making a Man Of Herself" was answered by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, author of "Women and Economics" and "The Man-made World." Miss Tarbell's article and Mrs. Gilman's reply are of importance because they express not only the opinions of two very eminent women but the opposition of two ethical standards now agitating the world.

Both of these writers urge women to a greater social activity as a present-day necessity. Miss Tarbell, however, would concentrate this activity on the home, making it more intensive; Mrs. Gilman, on the contrary, argues for a further extension of women's work into the world. They agree that the basic fact of woman's life is motherhood. But here their opinions diverge. What Miss Tarbell terms "making a man of herself," Mrs. Gilman states as "making a human being of herself." What Miss Tarbell considers "an invasion of man's kingdom" is the "humanizing progress of women" in Mrs. Gilman's philosophy. The "business of being a woman," according to Miss Tarbell, "nature's reason for her, is the child, his bearing and rearing." The business of woman *as woman*, Mrs. Gilman maintains, is wifehood and motherhood; even as the business of man *as man* is husbandhood and fatherhood; but both man and woman have a large area of work as human beings outside their sex spheres. One thing Mrs.

Gilman grants: that motherhood is more inclusive than fatherhood, tho not to the exclusion of other activities. Moreover, she affirms:

"It is this being a woman as a business which is a key to the whole degradation of womanhood. Under the ill-chosen name we find at once the common confusion of ideas which confounds motherhood with housekeeping. A physiological and psychological process is by no means the same thing as an economic process—a trade. 'The Business of Being a Housekeeper' might very properly be discussed; but it is not identical with being a woman."

The "uneasy woman," Miss Tarbell postulates, "driven by the thirst for greater freedom and believing man's way of life will assuage it, lays siege to his kingdom." She began by asking for an education. The writer continues:

"Preferably she would enter his classroom, or if that was denied her she would follow the 'just-as-good' curriculum of the college founded for her. In the last sixty or seventy years tens of thousands of women have been students in American universities, colleges and technical schools, taking there the same training as men. In the last twenty years the annual crescendo of numbers has been amazing; over ten thousand at the beginning of the period, over fifty-two thousand at the end. Over eight thousand degrees were given to women in 1910, nearly half as many as were given to men. Fully four-fifths of these women students and graduates have worked side by side with men in schools which served both equally."

But it requires more than a college course, as Miss Tarbell points out, to make an efficient and reliable organ of a mind, either masculine or feminine. "It must be applied," she goes on to say, "to productive labor in competition with other trained minds, before you can decide what it is worth. Set the man-trained woman's mind at what is called man's business, let it be what you will—keeping a shop, practising medicine or law, editing, running a factory—let her do it in what she considers to be a man's way, and with fidelity to her original theory that his way is more desirable than hers; that is, let her succeed in the task of making a man of herself—what about her?—what kind of a man does she become?" Miss Tarbell thus answers:



Photograph by Davis & Sanford

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE MASS MEETING WAS HELD TO ANSWER HER

Miss Ida Tarbell sets her face uncompromizingly against the "uneasy woman" who, "driven by the thirst for greater freedom and believing man's way of life will assuage it, lays siege to his kingdom."

"For seventy years we have had them with us—the stern disciples of the militant program. Greater fidelity to a task than they show it would be impossible to find—a fidelity so unwavering that it is often painful. Their care for detail, for order, for exactness is endless. Dignity, respect for their undertaking, devotion to professional etiquette they may be counted on to show in the highest degree. These are admirable qualities. They have led hundreds of women into independence and good service. Almost never, however, have they led one to the top. In free fields such as merchandizing, editing, and manufacturing we have yet to produce a woman of the first caliber; that is, daring, experimenting, free from prejudice, with a vision of the future great enough to lead her to embody something of the future in her task.

"In every profession we have scores of successful women—almost never a *great* woman, and yet the world is full of great women! That is, of women who understand, are familiar with the big sacrifices, appreciative of the fine things, farseeing, prophetic. Why does this greatness so rarely find expression in their professional undertakings?"

The answer to her second question Miss Tarbell finds more complex than the first. She does not consider woman's comparative newness to these tasks; the important factor to her mind being the general notion of woman herself that, if she wants to succeed, "she must suppress her natural emotions and meet the world with a surface as nonresilient as she conceives that of man to be in his dealings with the world."

"She is strengthened in this notion by hard necessity. No woman could live and respond as freely as her nature prompts to the calls on her sympathy which come in the contact with all conditions of life involved in practicing a trade or a profession. She must save herself. To do it she incases herself in an unnatural armor. For the normal, healthy woman this means the suppression of what is strongest in her nature, that power which differentiates her chiefly from man, her power of emotion, her 'affectability' as the scientists call it. She must overcome her own nature, put it in bonds, cripple it, if she is to do her work. Here is a fundamental reason for the failure of woman to reach the first rank."

Miss Tarbell concludes: "As a matter of fact, the antagonism of Nature and Society to the militant woman is less prejudice than self-defence. It is a protest against the wastefulness and sacrifice of her career. It is a right saving impulse to prevent perversion of the qualities and

powers of women which are most needed in the world, those qualities and powers which differentiate her from man, which make for the variety, the fullness, the charm, and interest of life."

This point of view, Mrs. Gilman replies, is "frankly androcentric"; it is a repetition of the ancient theory "which held that woman's entire nature was limited by her femininity, that she had feminine qualities and no others, that if she did anything outside the home she thereby did violence to her nature." This theory idealizes the home as the fulfilment of life, not its beginning and basis, which, Mrs. Gilman contends, is its natural place in a highly evolved civilization. Books, trades and professions, she sums up briefly, do not belong to men. "They are not masculine distinctions. They have nothing whatever to do with sex. They are human and belong to women precisely as much as to men."

Miss Tarbell dwells upon the "differences" between man and woman, Mrs. Gilman says, "as do all those who try to keep woman absolutely upon a sex basis." She continues: "Woman is just as 'different' as any other female is from the male of its species, plus the difference of her artificial restrictions." This difference is "complete" and "unremovable"; and no amount of education or imitation of man on the part of woman could change it. "But," Mrs. Gilman adds, "woman is no more 'different' as a shopkeeper, a designer, an actor, a writer, or any other human functionary than a lioness differs from a lion in hunting, or duck from drake in diving." Men and women, she states further, are similar by ninety per cent. more than they are different.

What we are suffering from socially today, in Mrs. Gilman's opinion, is not from a small minority of uneasy women trying to make men of themselves, for "fifteen-sixteenths of our American women still do their own housework and care for their own children"; but from an exaggeration of the real differences between men and women, and the development of artificial differences. She states finally: "The business of humanity cannot make men of women; women to any considerable extent are not trying to make men of themselves, —they could not if they would; they are trying to make human beings of themselves, and they are succeeding."

HOW AMERICA VIEWS SYNDICALISM



SYNDICALISM has all the fascination of a new portent, and like many portents of the modern world is paradoxical. As yet, America hardly knows how to take it. When it dishonors the national flag and expresses itself in rude and barbaric acts, popular indignation flames against it; but when it inspires a strike like the one in Lawrence and helps to raise the wages of thousands of operatives, it is greeted by the wage-earners at least as a benefactor. The most complete and authoritative study of Syndicalism so far published in English is by Louis Levine,* and appears, with an introduction by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, under the auspices of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Dr. Levine defines Syndicalism as "an attempt to fuze revolutionary Socialism and Trade-Unionism," and he assumes in his essay the rôle of interpreter, not of critic. He says: "Revolutionary Syndicalism is undoubtedly a peculiar product of French life and history. Still many of its ideas have a general character and may be of interest to men and women of other countries. After all, the problems that confront the whole civilized world to-day are the same, and the conditions in which their solution has to be tried are everywhere alike in many respects."

The writer goes on to make clear that Syndicalism is a social faith as well as a program. It is rooted in Marx and claims affinity with Bergson, tho Bergson himself disclaims any connection with the movement. "The greatest organizing and educating force created by the Syndicalist movement," Dr. Levine tells us, "is the General Strike. The General Strike means a complete and 'absolute' revolution. It is the idea of a decisive battle between the bourgeoisie and the working-class assuring the triumph of the latter. This idea is a 'social myth' and hence its tremendous historic force." Dr. Levine continues:

"'Social myths' always arise during great social movements. The men who participate in great social movements represent to themselves their actions in the near future in the

form of images of battles assuring the triumph of their cause. Their images are 'myths.' The images of the early Christians on the coming of Christ and on the ruin of the pagan world are an illustration of a 'social myth.' The period of the Reformation saw the rise of 'social myths' because the conditions were such as to make it necessary for the 'men of heart,' who were inspired by 'the will of deliverance,' to create 'images' which, satisfying their 'sentiments of struggle,' kept up their zeal and their devotion.

"The 'social myth' presupposes a social group which harbors an intense desire of deliverance, which feels all the difficulties in its way and which finds deep satisfaction in picturing to itself its future struggles and future triumph. Such images must not and cannot be analyzed like a thing; they must be taken *en bloc*, and it is particularly necessary to avoid comparing the real historic facts with the representations which were in circulation before the facts took place.

"'Myths' are indispensable for a revolutionary movement; they concentrate the force of the rising class and intensify it to the point of action."

From the Syndicalist point of view, any methods are justified that win success. Thus one of its leaders, Georges Sorel, declares: "The violence of the proletariat is a very beautiful and a very heroic thing. It serves the primordial interests of civilization. Let us salute the revolutionaries as the Greeks saluted the Spartan heroes who defended Thermopylae and kept the lamp of the old civilization aflame." *Sabotage*, Dr. Levine tells us, consists in obstructing in all possible ways the regular process of production, in order to obtain any demand. It may express itself in slow work, in bad work and even in the destruction of the machinery of production. An application of this method which has recently attracted much attention is the so-called *grève perlée*. This is practised on railway lines and consists in a more or less systematic obstruction of the regularity of the railway service. "The Syndicalists, however," Dr. Levine observes, "strongly condemn any act of *sabotage* which may result in the loss of life." The ultimate aim of Syndicalist workers is to force out the capitalist and to control the industries in which they work. The "State," as at present understood, is to vanish. Dr. Levine explains:

* THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN FRANCE: A STUDY IN REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALISM. By Louis Levine, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University; Longmans, Green & Company, Agents.

"Of course one may call the ideal system of the Syndicalists a State. All depends on the definition given to the term. But when the Syndicalists speak of the State, they mean an organization of society in which a delegated minority centralizes in its hands the power of legislation on all matters. This power may be broken up and divided among a number of governing bodies, as in the federal system of the United States, but it does not thereby change its character. The essential characteristic of the State is to impose its rule *from without*. The legislative assemblies of the present State decide upon questions that are entirely foreign to them, with which they have no real connection in life and which they, therefore, do not understand. The rules they prescribe, the discipline they impose, come as an external agency to intervene in the processes of social life. The State is, therefore, arbitrary and oppressive in its very nature.

"To this State-action the Syndicalists oppose a discipline coming *from within*, a rule suggested by the processes of collective life itself, and imposed by those whose function it is to carry on those processes. It is, as it were, a specialization of function carried over into the domain of public life and made dependent upon industrial specialization. . . . The Syndicalist movement is clearly paving the way for an 'economic federalism.'"

Dr. Levine, as has already been stated, is concerned with the interpretation and not with the criticism of the phenomena he describes. But never was there a movement more intensely provocative of partisan spirit than Syndicalism. In England, Tom Mann and the printers and editors of *The Syndicalist* have all been imprisoned as advocates of seditious doctrine; and Upton Sinclair has leapt into the breach with quotations from Shelley and an editorial challenge: "Behind this paper there drives the mightiest impulse, before it there looms the most glorious vision that has ever yet thrilled mankind!" In America, the new theory is being heatedly debated on all sides. Socialism, in the main, rejects it. "The Syndicalists," says A. M. Simons in *The Call*, "have swallowed the whole Anarchist philosophy bag and baggage, with some fancy additions of their own. This includes opposition to majority rule, the propaganda of the deed, and group ownership and control of industry. To all of this the entire Socialist movement is irrevocably opposed." Trade-unionism is equally out of sympathy with the movement. "In the

presence of Syndicalism and the other wild 'isms' that would paralyze society to cure it," writes Samuel Gompers, "we say to the world that the trade-unions, as affiliated to the American Federation of Labor, represent the true spirit and thought, the just activities, and the high aspirations of labor." Anarchism, it seems, is the only group in this country that is in complete sympathy with Syndicalist methods.

To the San Francisco *Argonaut* Syndicalism appears "more dangerous than labor unionism because it is less stupid and less corrupt." The *New York Times* concedes the picturesqueness of the spectacle presented by "the brute apostles of Anarchy" in the general disturbance of ideas now prevalent; but, it says, "in reality they are not very dangerous. Probably they serve a good purpose in showing the real tendencies of the theories they are engaged in spreading."

Dr. Charles Ferguson, in the *New York American*, scores Syndicalism as follows:

"The spread of strikes throughout the world is partly due to the spread of the false social philosophy called Syndicalism.

"According to the teachers of this philosophy, the real sovereign power of modern States is not to be found in their political constitutions and parliaments, but in the control of their tools. It is said to follow from this way of thinking that there is no hope of gaining any substantial social reforms through political methods. It is claimed that henceforth ballot-boxes are of no account, and that people who feel themselves aggrieved by the existing order of things should simply strike, and strike again, for a larger share in the control of the tools of production.

"This philosophy is attributed to Bergson and other European thinkers. But it was not invented by them. In France and England it has been applied with disastrous effect by wageworkers. But wageworkers were not the first to use it.

"The truth is that the wageworkers of Europe have been taught a bad philosophy by the bad example of the monopolists of Europe.

"If the mass of the people in European countries are ceasing to believe in the rule of reason and justice through legal and political processes, it is because the great monopolists there have turned law and politics into mere tools of deception and oppression.

"The American people are determined to avoid the industrial deadlock and devastation of Syndicalism by making such improvements in their legal and political methods that monopolists cannot use them."

Music and Drama

"THE RAINBOW," A PLAY OF MORAL REGENERATION

IN the new play, "The Rainbow," by A. E. Thomas, Henry Miller admirably portrays the moral regeneration of a father through his innocent daughter. As in Strindberg's "The Father," there is a struggle between two parents for the love of their child. Where Strindberg is terrific, A. E. Thomas is sometimes saccharine. Where the Swedish playwright is profound, the American playwright is pleasant and superficial. Strindberg hates woman, Thomas places her on a pedestal. His heroine's mother, Mrs. Neil Sumner, is a woman cruel and callous, but we hear no word of denunciation of her. In Strindberg's play the father ends in a strait-jacket; in the Thomas play both parents are reunited by the love of the child. Strindberg is a pessimist. By some strange prank of fate, genius seems to be invariably pessimistic. Mr. Thomas is neither a pessimist nor a genius, but his play entertains. "You leave the theater," asserts a writer in *Hampton's*, "in that state of mind which the ancient Greeks asserted good drama should produce: you feel that your emotions have been pretty thoroughly purged and that as a result a new sweetness has come over you." The New York critics are unable to agree on the play. One announced that here was a play with a "punch," while another praised "The Rainbow" on the ground that "punch" was just what it lacked. Matthew White, the venerable critic of *Munsey's*, regards the play as "exquisite in spots," but "annoyingly uneven."

Neil Sumner (Henry Miller) has been separated from his wife and daughter for over ten years. He has surrounded himself with a gay set of gamblers and bounders to forget his bereavement. One evening, after a prolonged poker session, his

lawyer, Fellows, informs him that Ruth Sumner, the wife, has returned with Cynthia, his daughter, from France, where she makes her home.

SUMNER. And tell me, now, did you—did you see Cynthia?

FELLOWS. Oh, yes, I saw her. You—you'd scarcely know her now.

SUMNER. No—no—I suppose I shouldn't.

FELLOWS. Cynthia's almost a woman now, you know.

NEIL. Almost a woman—yes, of course, she must be. (*Rises.*) Just a second, please. (*Goes into his room.*) I've got something here I want to show you. (*Returns with a little photograph in an ivory frame.*) Here's a portrait of the child, taken on her sixth birthday. (*Gives it to Fellows.*) Tell me; is she utterly changed—or is there some—some likeness left?

FELLOWS. (*Looking at the portrait.*) Oh, the resemblance is there.

NEIL. (*Pleased.*) Is it?

FELLOWS. Oh, yes, but of course, there are changes. Your daughter's grown into an unusually pretty girl.

NEIL. Has she, now?

FELLOWS. Very slender, very dainty, very rose-like.

NEIL. Is she, now? (*Takes photo and slips it back into his pocket.*)

FELLOWS. But, of course. You'll soon see for yourself.

NEIL. I'm afraid not.

FELLOWS. Why not.

NEIL. I'm afraid.

FELLOWS. Afraid?

NEIL. Ah, well, it's a queer world. I don't see how I could have acted differently. All the same, it's put a devilish big crimp in my life, first and last; I'm really fond of her, and of the little girl—and—well, I—I haven't done myself much good and I—I've been pretty lonely.

FELLOWS. She was pretty hard on you, old man, and that's a fact.

NEIL. Oh, well, perhaps it's one of those things that a woman can't understand.

FELLOWS. There are such things.

NEIL. (*With a little smile.*) Yes, a few. Ned, it's a devil of a life that most of us are leading.

FELLOWS. It is, for a fact.

SUMNER. Yesterday I met old Underwood, out for his afternoon constitutional on the avenue, just as I have met him for years. Always as neat as a pin, clothes perfection, a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole, manicured, tailored, booted and barbered year by year, getting a little plumper, a little balder, a little more sallow, a little more wheezy, a little more selfish, year after year. Some morning his valet will call him for his bath at nine o'clock as usual, and—well—he won't wake up. (*A pause.*) I wonder if there isn't anything more in life than that.

FELLOWS. My dear Neil, surely you don't compare yourself with him?

NEIL. Myself with old Underwood, sallow Underwood? Yes, I do in a way. Year after year on we go with our cards and our races and our Jane Palmer and our Elsie Davises, our theaters, our opera, our restaurants, and all our hectic frivol and froth, and what do we get? A little more wheezy, a little more sallow, a little more selfish, year after year, and some morning our valet—well, I don't quite see myself ending like that, Ned.

FELLOWS. Gad! I should hope not.

NEIL. Somehow, I've a wish that my last map shall be taken back on the farm up in the Berkshires, somewhere near the soil from which my people sprang.

FELLOWS. Well, it would be better than the dismal finish you've sketched out for old Underwood.

NEIL. Yes, it would—somewhat. There'd be some dogs to miss me, anyhow.

Sumner's sister, Betsy, now arrives on the scene and brings the glad tidings to Sumner that his daughter, of her own free will, desires to make his acquaintance. "Your daughter," she remarks, has a mind of her own. "Of course," replies Sumner, "she is my daughter."

BETSY. Well, one morning over in France, she woke up to the fact that she mislaid her father. She'd noticed other girls' fathers, and she got the queer idea that having fathers was rather nice. Then she began to wonder where hers was and why she never saw him. So she spoke to her mother about it.

SUMNER. That must have been a bit awkward for Ruth.

BETSY. It was. But the child wouldn't be put off. Nothing would do but she must see you with her own eyes.

SUMNER. God bless her!

BETSY. Well, the fact is that she made

such a fuss about it, there was no resisting her. She would have it, and there was no end of it. "Of course," she said to her mother, "if I don't like him, I don't have to stay—but I've got to see him once, anyhow. I've got to see him. He's the only daddy I'm ever going to have—and I want him."

SUMNER. (*Much affected.*) Bless the child! Bless her!

BETSY. And so, you see, she's here.

SUMNER. Oh, Betsy, if she shouldn't like me, if my girl shouldn't like me!

BETSY. Well, in that case, as she herself said, she needn't stay.

SUMNER. (*Sobered.*) No, that's true. I couldn't make her stay.

BETSY. And, on the other hand, suppose you shouldn't like her.

SUMNER. Like her! Like her! Betsy, dear, she's mine! My own!

BETSY. Yes. So's my hair—but I don't like it.

SUMNER. My dear sis, will nothing make you serious?

BETSY. Oh, so I'm frivolous now, eh? Well, let me tell you that nothing is further from my mind than frivolity. Do you realize that this is a very grave matter?

SUMNER. What do you mean?

BETSY. What are you going to do with her?

SUMNER. Do with her? Why, I'm going to get her the moon, if she wants it.

BETSY. Poor man! He doesn't realize what it means to have a daughter.

SUMNER. Well, he's a little out of practice, but he's willing to learn. Tell him.

BETSY. My dear Neil, I'm your sister, and I'm fond of you, but—I'm not blind to your faults. You're not exactly the man I should choose to have the ordering of a young girl's life. And I tell you frankly that this is an experiment of which I do not wholly approve.

SUMNER. Betsy!

BETSY. If I could have had my way, the child should have remained where she was—at any rate for a few more years. But, as I say, this child has a will of her own. She would see you. There was no such thing as keeping her away. So here she is. Yet, it's a very dubious proceeding, and the outcome for good or evil depends entirely upon you.

SUMNER. I don't think I quite understand you.

BETSY. The world is full of harpies, vultures, Neil, full of loathsome birds of prey. Many of them masquerade in brilliant plumage; but beneath all their fine feathers they are loathsome still. Some of these sinister creatures you have long called your friends.

SUMNER. (*In protest.*) My dear Betsy!

BETSY. In the shadow of their wings there lurks a deadly blight, lying in wait for youth,

lying in wait for innocence. Neil, Neil, take care!

SUMNER. Upon my word, you're positively tragic.

BETSY. No. I'm only warning you.

SUMNER. Warning me? Of what.

BETSY. Why, the first person I see when I come into this room this morning is Nick Hollins—Hollins with a trail of broken homes and ruined happiness behind him. And last night, or the night before, I dare say it was Billy Mortimer, who lives by cards, or Jane Palmer, with one disreputable divorce and a vulgar marriage to a senile millionaire to her discredit, or Dolly Winter and her newspaper infamies, or Clarence Williams and his international stage-door escapades, or—

SUMNER. My dear sis, you're pretty hard on me, aren't you? All my friends aren't like that, you know. They aren't my real friends at all.

BETSY. Aren't they? Then all I've got to say is, it's hard to tell them apart. But I'll say no more. Only, take care!

The meeting between father and daughter is almost a love scene. Cynthia (Ruth Chatterton) was six when her mother took her away. She is now a sweet and unaffected young woman, strangely contrasting temperamentally with her selfishly righteous mother.

CYNTHIA. (*Shyly.*) I—I've grown—haven't I?

SUMNER. Grown! Why—I—I shouldn't have known you. Think of that. I might have passed you on the street and I shouldn't have known you.

CYNTHIA. Ah, but I'd have known you.

SUMNER. Why, child, how could you? You were hardly more than a baby when, when you—

CYNTHIA. Yes, but mother has a picture of you.

SUMNER. Oh, has she?

CYNTHIA. Oh, yes.

SUMNER. Ah, a very old one, it must be.

CYNTHIA. But it looks like you, daddy. You haven't changed so very much.

SUMNER. Haven't I? Now I should have thought I had.

CYNTHIA. Oh, no. You look a lot like the picture. I should have known you anywhere. Only—only I didn't know you were so handsome.

SUMNER. (*Laughing it off, but clearly delighted.*) Now—now—see here—you mustn't talk like that.

CYNTHIA. Oh, but I didn't. Nobody ever told me.

SUMNER. Really, if you go on this way,

you'll turn my head, you know. I'm not used to it.

CYNTHIA. (*Turning him around.*) Oh, please turn around, daddy dear.

SUMNER. (*Turning around.*) Turn around?

CYNTHIA. Yes. I want to see your back.

SUMNER. Good Lord!

CYNTHIA. Oh, what a dear back—just the kind of a back I wanted my daddy to have.

SUMNER. Why, you absurd little angel! (*Catches her in his arms.*)

CYNTHIA. Oh, it's just too splendid! It—it can't be true. Oh, daddy dear, if you're only half as nice as you look. (*Holding hands.*)

SUMNER. Ah, I'm afraid I'm not. (*Sees that this sounds conceited and laughs.*) Oh, I don't mean this, of course.

CYNTHIA. Ha! Ha! Ha! That did sound funny, didn't it?

SUMNER. What I meant was that I—well—I'm not much used to being a father and—well you must give me time. But I'm going to do the best I can, the very best I can.

Sumner attempts to shake off his race-track associates, but he cannot prevent the atmosphere that environs him from almost imperceptibly affecting the mind of the child. This was what Cynthia's mother feared. She triumphantly waves in Betsy's face a clipping from a society weekly subtly insinuating that Sumner's interest in Mrs. Palmer, wife of an aged millionaire, is not entirely platonic. Sumner discovers that one cannot slough the associations of a lifetime as a snake sheds its coat. When Mrs. Palmer arrives uninvited at his summer estate in Long Island he asks her whether she has read the article in question.

MRS. PALMER. Oh, yes. Several kind friends have sent me clippings. Fortunately, poor old Charlie never reads anything but the very largest print.

SUMNER. See here, Jane. I've always had an idea you liked me.

MRS. PALMER. Why, so I do.

SUMNER. I've always thought you'd do me a good turn if you could.

MRS. PALMER. So I would, with enthusiasm.

SUMNER. Well, you can if you will.

MRS. PALMER. Name it.

SUMNER. Help me to keep some of these bounders away.

MRS. PALMER. Eh?

SUMNER. Oh, not from me. God knows they can't hurt me, but from my little maid.

MRS. PALMER. (*Cynically.*) Mustn't soil the pretty dove's wings, eh?

SUMNER. (*Reproachfully.*) You don't mean that, Jane.

MRS. PALMER. Don't I?

SUMNER. I'm sure you don't.

MRS. PALMER. Oh, come now, you might as well be frank.

SUMNER. Frank?

MRS. PALMER. When you said help keep these bounders away, what did you mean?

SUMNER. Just what I said.

MRS. PALMER. Didn't you mean that you'd like me to stay away myself?

SUMNER. My dear Jane!

MRS. PALMER. I'm just as big a bounder as any of them, and you know it.

SUMNER. No, you're not, or you wouldn't know it.

MRS. PALMER. (*After a long pause, biting her lip.*) Oh, I wish I were dead, why can't I die.

SUMNER. My dear Jane, turn your mind back a few years to what you were, say fifteen or even ten years ago.

MRS. PALMER. (*In anguish.*) No, no, that's what I want to forget.

SUMNER. Why forget anything as lovely as that? As you were then so now is my Cynthia and I want to keep her so. That's all. Will you help me?

MRS. PALMER. (*Wearily.*) Oh, I'll stay away from you. That's what you mean, of course. But I'm only one. You ought to have begun long ago, Neil. I'm afraid it's too late now. Our characters are nothing but the lives we've led, the friends we've made and kept, the thoughts we've thought, the habits we've formed. You can't change those things in a day. You might as well try to wish the wrinkles out of your face or the nails off your fingers.

SUMNER. (*Hesitatingly.*) I—I'm afraid you're right.

MRS. PALMER. Right! Oh, I am most acursedly correct, believe me. Why is it we can't know these things till it is too late?

SUMNER. I give it up. It's like drifting easily down a swift stream until the rapids appear. There's no hope of breasting that current successfully. Your only chance is to pull ashore and trudge painfully back and long before you reach your starting-point the night comes down.

MRS. PALMER. Well, I'm still drifting.

SUMNER. And I'm trying to pull ashore. Won't you help me?

MRS. PALMER. Unfortunately, Neil, we're not in the same boat. I've often wished we were, but we're not. And I might pull my heart out and it wouldn't move our boats an inch. Moreover, our fellow passengers are very different. I've got an octogenarian husband in my boat and you've got a child in yours.

SUMNER. Well, you chose your fellow passenger, you know.

MRS. PALMER. Yes, on account of his baggage.

SUMNER. While my fellow passenger—God bless her!—deliberately swam out to my boat and climbed aboard. There ought to be some kind of marine insurance to cover a case like this.

MRS. PALMER. Well, there isn't. But at least I can keep my boat from colliding with yours, and I will. (*Gives him her hand.*)

SUMNER. If I were to thank you it might seem ungracious, but I'm sure you know I should not mean it so.

MRS. PALMER. Oh, thank me, by all means, if you like. Frankly, I think I deserve it, for the thing will not be easy. And I think I must have lost all sense of pride to promise it. (*He is about to speak in protest, but she stops him with a gesture.*) Oh, don't protest. It isn't necessary. Still it's rather quaint, isn't it?

SUMNER. Quaint?

MRS. PALMER. Yes, my taking this from you and swallowing it. (*There's an awkward pause.*) Do you know, I sometimes think things might have been different if you and I had been in the same boat from the first?

SUMNER. (*Awkwardly.*) My dear Jane, I wish I could tell you how sorry I—

MRS. PALMER. Oh, no condolences, please. (*Wistfully.*) All the same, I like to think so, and if you've no objection I'll go on thinking so. It can't do any harm, can it.

SUMNER. Not the least in the world, and very likely it may be true.

MRS. PALMER. Thanks. That's kind of you. (*Again she grows ironical.*) And now the congregation will unite in singing "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore. Heed not the rolling waves, but"—what's the rest of it—something to rhyme with shore—bore? No, no. Oh, yes, oar. "Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar."

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Ruth. She tells Sumner that she is going to take Cynthia away.

RUTH. (*Producing clipping from her handbag.*) I suppose you've seen this thing?

SUMNER. It's a contemptible falsehood—contemptible! (*Ruth gives him a searching look.*) Do you doubt it?

RUTH. (*Evading an answer.*) Suppose Cynthia were to see it?

SUMNER. She wouldn't understand it if she did.

RUTH. Not now, but soon she's growing up.

SUMNER. Yes. She's going to be a splendid woman. God bless her!

RUTH. So she is, but only if—

SUMNER. If?

RUTH. If we help her. All these people—are they the sort you want her to be like, the sort of riff-raff you fill your house with, Nick Hollins, Billy Mortimer, or—or the heroine of this pretty paragraph?

SUMNER. Ah! You mustn't misunderstand poor Jane. You mustn't! Why, before you came in we were just—

RUTH. Spare me, please, please!

SUMNER. But I want to tell you—

RUTH. I don't want to hear anything about it. It doesn't interest me. No, not a word. (*He gives it up with a despairing gesture.*) The point is, these people have been your life. They are your life.

SUMNER. Oh, we'll get out, away from here, abroad somewhere—anywhere.

RUTH. Can a man run away from his life?

SUMNER. You don't know what you're saying. You don't know what you're asking of me.

RUTH. Oh, yes, I do. I'm asking the happiness of a child. Now, listen! She is coming to me this afternoon?

SUMNER. Yes.

RUTH. Expecting to return the day after to-morrow?

SUMNER. Yes.

RUTH. Well, she must not return.

SUMNER. And—and I'm not to see her again?

RUTH. What would be the use?

SUMNER. You mean I'm to tell her, I'm sending her away for good?

RUTH. As you like. I don't insist on that.

SUMNER. Just when she's grown into my life, just when I've learned what I've missed all these years, and what you've had.

RUTH. There's no use in talking about it.

SUMNER. Doesn't it strike you that you're just the least bit cruel?

RUTH. No. In the end, it's the kindest thing I could do.

SUMNER. The kindest thing!

RUTH. Listen, Neil. I came here distressed, worried, uncertain what I ought to do. It's what I've seen here that has determined me.

SUMNER. But I tell you—

RUTH. (*With an accent of finality.*) It's no use. I've made up my mind.



"MA CHERIE, JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME"

The first meeting between father and daughter after a separation of many years is strongly and deliciously pictured. "The Rainbow" is unique among modern plays, owing to the absence of what is commonly known as the "love interest."

SUMNER. (*With a sudden burst of defiance.*) And suppose I should decide to keep her?

RUTH. Keep her! How can you keep her? The courts have confided her to my care. Don't be absurd!

SUMNER. And I'm not to count at all.

RUTH. When a man has made his bed he must lie on it.

SUMNER. That's a hard saying.

RUTH. Truth is truth! We're not children.

SUMNER. I wish to Heaven we were, for then we might begin all over again. Are you sure it's too late? Don't you think we might begin again?

RUTH. (*Has a momentary impulse to yield, but instantly hardens.*) No, Neil. I'm not to be bribed.

SUMNER. Bribed!

RUTH. All the years wasted, youth spurned, hopes defeated—all—nothing! Neil, don't be ridiculous.

Sumner is disconsolate. "Sis," he remarks to Betsy, "you don't realize what Cynthia means to me. Why, only a month ago it seemed to me that life was done—that my heart was as cold and dead as it will be to-night, that I was standing on the grave of all that my youth had promised. Only a month ago, and then she came like a blessed little angel of light. She breathed upon the ashes of my youth and they leaped again into flame. Hope revived and love came back. My heart leaped up like the poet's when he beheld the rainbow in the sky. Once more life seemed to me a beautiful thing. Perhaps after all I had not lived in vain. And now—" But Betsy knows that Ruth is inexorable. Father and daughter tenderly bid adieu to each other. The little girl, tho ignorant of the permanence of the separation, is on the verge of tears.

CYNTHIA. (*Suddenly sitting down.*) Oh! I don't want to go and leave you, daddy! I don't believe I can. (*Shows symptoms of weeping.*)

SUMNER. (*Desperately.*) Dearest, you must! And you've got to hurry, too, or you'll miss your train.

CYNTHIA. I know it's silly of me to make such a fuss about it, but somehow, somehow I feel—

SUMNER. Nonsense, dear, why only think—weren't you saying it's only for two days? There! There! It's all right. Run along now.

CYNTHIA. (*Tearfully.*) All right, daddy

dear. I'm ready now. Kiss me. (*He crushes her in his arms.*)

SUMNER. Oh, good-by, my little maid, good-by!

CYNTHIA. Good-by! No, indeed. Au revoir.

SUMNER. Yes, yes, that's what I mean, of course. Au revoir, au revoir. (*Urging her toward the door all the while.*)

CYNTHIA. Now your French lesson, daddy! Say you love me.

SUMNER. Ma chérie, je t'aime, je t'aime.

CYNTHIA. With all your heart?

SUMNER. De tout mon coeur.

CYNTHIA. And you worship me?

SUMNER. Je t'adore! Je t'adore!

CYNTHIA. Oh, daddy, I believe I'm going to cry now. (*She dabs at her eyes with her little handkerchief.*)

SUMNER. Cry! Nonsense! What an idea! Be off with you now— (*Opens the door for her.*)

CYNTHIA. And you'll meet me Thursday morning when I come back?

SUMNER. Yes, yes, when you come back.

CYNTHIA. And you won't forget about Gyp, and all my little birds and my pretty roses?

SUMNER. No, no, I won't forget your little birds and your pretty roses. I won't forget anything. (*She blows him a last kiss.*) I won't forget. (*At last he succeeds in shutting the door upon her. Then his voice breaks. He leans heavily with his face against the door murmuring brokenly.*) I won't forget. I won't. (*His voice dies away in a stifled sob.*)

The last act takes place many months later. Cynthia is in love and engaged, her mother accordingly desires to settle half her fortune on her. Fellows is compelled to tell her the truth that, her brother having dissipated her money, she has been living on the charity of her cast-off husband. He and Betsy, playing the part of destiny, summon Neil Sumner, who has just returned from a trip where by deed of daring-do he saved the American consul in some South American republic. Father and daughter again face each other. Cynthia tells him of her engagement. The reconciliation between husband and wife follows.

SUMNER. So now our little maid is going to leave you, too! I am afraid you will be rather lonely.

RUTH. Yes. I don't know quite how I shall get on without her!

SUMNER. O! I know what it is, I know!

RUTH. Neil, there are things to be settled between us.

SUMNER. There are, indeed!

RUTH. I mean about the money.

SUMNER. Money? What money?

RUTH. Your money that I thought was mine.

SUMNER. He has told you? Ned has told you?

RUTH. No, not Ned!

SUMNER. It must have been Ned, no one else knew.

RUTH. It makes no difference.

SUMNER. Well, I hope you're going to be sensible about it. I hope you won't let it make any difference.

RUTH. Do you think I have no pride?

SUMNER. No, Ruth, whatever I may have thought, I never thought that.

RUTH. O, Neil, you had no right to treat me like a child. You had no right to keep me in the dark.

SUMNER. But, my dear girl—

RUTH. O, it wasn't fair, it wasn't kind.

SUMNER. It was kindly meant.

RUTH. But to let me go on all these years, thinking myself independent, only to find out at last that I have been living on your charity.

SUMNER. Ruth!

RUTH. And now, just when I had planned to do something for my darling, something that she would never, never forget, now I find that I have nothing whatever to give her, nothing in all the world.

SUMNER. You can give her everything I have got.

RUTH. And it would still be yours!

SUMNER. No, no, that's not true, it would be yours. Long before there was any blessed Cynthia to bind us together, I gave you all I had in the world. You gave it back to me, but I have never taken it.

RUTH. (*Turning from him.*) Oh, please, please!

SUMNER. No, no, listen dear, listen, for it may be that I shall never speak to you again. You may have heard that sometimes when a man is drowning, his whole life will pass before him in swift review. I feel something like that drowning man. Do you remember a September night on a certain moonlight cliff? I am sure you do. That is where it all began, and you must remember, too, the many very happy years that followed. Until, one day, I broke a promise that I had made to you, there followed swiftly on its heels something very near a tragedy. There was a scandal. The town rang with it, people talked and gossiped, it stung you to the quick! You nursed your grievance, you fed your pride upon your injury until your pride grew bigger than your love, and then you sentenced me to banishment. It was wrong, but in my

turn I, too, nursed my pride and held my tongue. As the days went by I tried to fill it with other things that I hoped would help me to forget. All kinds of things, foolish many of them, I admit, but remember that I had nothing left but my pride and you! Well, you had Cynthia! What I should have done was to have given you no rest until I had shown you the terrible price we two were paying for our pride! Our pride and what's it worth to me or you, to-day? This pride of ours for which we sacrificed so much! What's it worth to you? This monster that has fattened on our happiness so many years that you still clasp it to your bosom. Well, one day when my life was empty and my heart seemed dead, our blessed maid came back into them both and filled them to the bursting. With all the beauty of her blessed love and youth, and with all the poignant quality of her tender innocence, and with all the memories of the wife and mother who gave her to me, and then in a moment you took it all away.

RUTH. (*Much affected.*) Neil, I—

SUMNER. No, no, I don't reproach you, but something so true, so big and fine had come into my heart that when it went away it left an emptiness that nothing else could fill. I had known the substance of life, how could I go back to the shadow of it? I didn't! Now tho my heart is empty, still I promise you, should you come back into it, you'll find it safer, yes, and cleaner, too, than it has ever been before. Listen, dear, I am standing at the crest of the hills. The years of a man's life are numbered. Soon I must turn my back to the sunshine and my feet must carry me down the shady side, and somehow it doesn't seem as if I could bear it to go alone! Won't you? (*Extending his arms.*) Won't you— (*After a pause goes to table, takes his hat.*)

CYNTHIA. (*Entering.*) Daddy! You're not going?

SUMNER. Yes, dear, I must.

CYNTHIA. (*Turning to her mother.*) Oh, mother, dear, must he go? Can't he stay? Mother, dear, you're crying! (*Cynthia looks perplexedly from one to the other, beginning to break up.*) Oh, what is it? What is it? I love you both! I want you both! I can't—I can't—be happy without you both! (*Sinks into the chair, sobs.*)

(*Ruth and Neil go to her hurriedly to comfort her.*)

RUTH. Oh, Cynthia, darling, don't, please don't.

SUMNER. Oh, don't, don't, my little maid, don't! And I love you both! I want you both! I can't be happy without you both! (*Ruth turns to go. He places his arm around her, embracing her as curtain falls.*)

BERNSTEIN'S DRAMATIZATION OF HIS OWN CAREER

EVERY time a man seeks to rise from the ranks, at the moment when he is about to deliver his most forceful blow, on the eve of the effort which will gain his most brilliant victory—at that instant all the jealousies and all the rancor he has sown during his career will rise up, join hands, aid each other and unite in a single attack upon him." This is the crisis that came into the life of Henry Bernstein when he attempted to produce in the historic House of Molière—the Comédie Française—his drama "Après Moi." He has made it the theme of his latest play, "L'Assaut" (The Attack). Bernstein, according to his critics, has placed on the stage of the *Gymnase* the most sensational page of his own life. He has written a dramatic *apologia pro vita sua*. He has challenged the public with a confession much as Rousseau courted victory or failure by penning his famous Confessions. "But the dramatist has shown far greater courage than the sentimentalist," declares Henry C. Shelley in the *Argonaut*; "for while Rousseau left his confessions to be published after his death, Bernstein has given the world his apology at the crisis of his lifetime."

When "Après Moi" was produced in the Comédie Française, after the national theater had been nightly converted into the scene of scandalous rows, the story of Bernstein's early disgrace became public property—an indiscretion which led him to desert the army that he might enjoy the company of another man's wife. He publicly expressed his regret; but the Camelots du Roi wanted revenge not for his youthful folly but for his long unbroken list of successes. "Après Moi" was withdrawn from the Comédie Française, and a long list of duels ensued.

"L'Assaut," which will be produced in New York next season with John Mason in the Lucien Guitry rôle, depicts the crisis in the life of a politician who is on the eve of being elected to the highest office of the ministry. A rival colleague discovers that, thirty years before, the hero Merital had been involved in the theft of four thousand francs. A sensational account of the incident is published in a mangy newspaper. The accusation is adroitly disposed

of as far as the public is concerned. But the charge of theft is true. The situation is depicted by Mr. Shelley as follows:

"Hence Merital's struggle with himself. His bride-elect knows no more than the man in the street; she has read Merital's vindication in the papers and rejoiced in it; but can he, her future husband, accept her great love and devotion on such false terms? No passage of the play was more tense than that in which Merital argued out this problem with himself and finally resolved to tell Renée the truth. That confession was another incident of absorbing interest, for the audience listened as spellbound as Renée told the story of how Merital, after being reared in luxury, found himself in dire poverty with a sick wife whom he could not supply with the dainties which were necessary to her life. And so he stole the money for her sake. But that was not all. Remorse followed, and in its trail the resolve to repay the money, a determination which was at length achieved, to be succeeded by that successful career of which he was about to reap the result by becoming premier of his native land."

If the play is in reality a page taken from the dramatist's own life, reproduced not directly or literally but in its underlying thought and spirit, its happy ending seems to foreshadow a triumphant career in the future for Bernstein himself. He has found a new method, says the New York *Sun*, he has become almost an idealist. His new play is not one in which brutal and savage language and actions are concerned in an intrigue in which money is the leading motive. There is a possibility of Bernstein becoming a really great dramatist after all, says the Paris correspondent of the London *Saturday Review*. In bringing his own life into "L'Assaut," he has evidenced a sincerity and idealism that was not to be found in "The Thief," "Samson," "Israel" or his earlier successes. The writer concludes his review of "The Attack" as follows:

"This fable is perspicuous. It is the triumph of sincerity and repentance, and it is evident that M. Bernstein has not written a play, but brought his own case before the supreme court of the public. There is something pathetic in the step. It appears once more that the young dramatist is by no means the adamant hero he once tried to seem, but is on the contrary sufficiently human not to be afraid of being said to appeal."

THE ENGLISH AND THEIR CENSOR



HE antics of the English Censor lend new life to the British drama. The dulllest play seems interesting, if its performance be only forbidden. The office of the Censor is at present divided between two men, one a Roman Catholic, the other—Mr. Brookfield—the author of "Dear Old Charlie," the most rakish play produced in a decade. Phillpotts, Zangwill, Shaw, and even Pinero are among those playwrights who felt the black-jack of what *The Athenaeum* describes as "the official Thugs of the English drama." The Lord Chamberlain's office, we are told by that dignified periodical, will license plays treating of shabby, even disorderly, phases of life; it will pass plays which offer marital infidelity as a matter of laughter; but it sternly passes sentence on honest artistic effort which tries to handle grave problems of religions and sex. "Women on our stage may be scantily clothed and partially dress or undress in public; but love may not use its own natural speech, and must go veiled and smothered under conventionalities. The hint, the wink, the suggestion, the phrase which takes for granted—these are allowed; art which deals seriously with serious issues is suspect."

We are inclined to think that the British Censor is less impossible than he seems. Perhaps he objects, not to sincerity, but to dullness. Most of the plays which he has put under the ban have proved at special performances to be so hopelessly didactic and tiresome, that they would not have lasted more than a week in any ordinary theater. The British drama no longer scintillates as of old. The older generation of British playwrights, as the Boston *Transcript* points out, are feeling unmistakably the burden of the years.

"Scarcely any of Mr. Carton's plays, we are told, now come to the American stage, and the reviewers in London regret his repetitions of his 'smart'—and mean—folk at their wits' ends for an income, for his sordid and cynical amorous and social contretemps, of his voluble and expansive middle-aged peeress, more generous than scrupulous, that his wife can act to the life. Mr. Chambers writes seldom nowadays—adaptation is easier and sometimes more profitable—and then in the vein of middle-aged British sentimentality. The present

Mr. Jones of comedy in 'We Can't Be as Bad as All That' and the present Mr. Jones of semi-melodramatic narrative in 'Lydia Gilmore,' we in America have seen—and lamented—in one short year. Heads shake over these elder British playwrights that once stirred young imaginations and ambitions and life eagerly to the newer lights of Galsworthy and Barrie, of Synge and Shaw. The elder generation is surely passing; the younger has its feet firm on its little corner of the British stage; the youngest is pressing open the door, now with one and now with another 'unexpected' play. So far, Sir Arthur Pinero, tho he is near his sixties, has kept his powers undiminished, and 'Mid-Channel' was worthy of the playwright of 'Mrs. Tanqueray,' 'Mrs. Ebbsmith,' and 'Iris,' the ripened work of matured vision and matured skill. In another vein goes 'Preserving Mr. Panmure,' and it is not altogether worthy of the Pinero of 'The Amazons' and the lighter pieces of his prime. The hand begins to grow mechanical, the mind to settle into grooves, the invention to take the easiest way, the technical skill to turn a little arid, the means to become a little cheap. A weary or a flagging Pinero wrote this satirical farce, tho in his newest play of all, 'The Mind-the-Paint Girl,' that London is now seeing, he may have regained for the time the old sharpness of mind and quickness of spirit."

But if the older generation is losing its sparkle, the younger generation, among whom our Boston contemporary mentions Shaw (who is fifty), mistake the stage for the pulpit. After reading the accounts of the suppressed plays by Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Phillpotts, we feel convinced that the British Censor is not a Puritan, but a hedonist, who would rather be demoralized than bored.

George Moore, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Alfred Sutro, Conan Doyle, J. M. Barrie, Anthony Hope and many others protest earnestly against the suppression of "The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts. The play was produced before an invited audience at the expense of the playwright's friends. But even his friends could not deny the contention of the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*. "Tho," this writer assures us, "there seems no adequate reason for banning 'The Secret Woman,' there also seems no reason for producing it." The English critics may not admire the Phillpotts drama, but they thoroly despise the Censor. The most malevolent enemy of the curious group

constituting the Censorship could not, thinks the *Westminster Gazette*, invent anything crueller than the truth.

"To be responsible for the production of 'Dear Old Charlie' on Tuesday, denounced on Wednesday by almost every important London paper as unfit for presentation, and to be responsible for the prohibition of 'The Secret Woman,' produced on the Thursday by a collection of twenty-six writers, containing most of the leading literary men of the United Kingdom at their own expense, and offered free to the world, as a protest against the Censor, is to reach the very summit of adversity."

Bernard Shaw, always perverse, sees the greatest danger of the Censorship in the intelligence of the Censor. The more intelligent and conscientious a Censor is, remarks Shaw in a letter to the *London Nation* on the subject of Zangwill's suppressed play, "The New Religion," the more impossible it is for him not to use his power to suppress every opinion but his own: that is, to destroy the liberty of the art he censors. "The stupidest Censor," he adds, "is the least mischievous. That is why so many of us regret the recent changes. What is wanted is obvious enough. Treat the Censorship as the Parisians treated the Bastille." Yet even the dramatic editor of the *Nation* hesitates to hail the Zangwill play as effective drama. Mr. Zangwill, we are told, is a dramatist with the special gift of explaining and illustrating typical figures and perplexities of our time.

"In the 'War God' he tried to exhibit one of its salient contradictions—its pursuit of and apparent belief in physical force, and the extreme spirituality of its finest thought. In 'The Next Religion' he endeavors to describe another line of disturbance—the war of science and religion, and the endeavor of many honest open-minded men to serve these causes, or to unite them, and to find forms and ceremonies satisfying both instincts and tendencies. So that, in the line of drama, Mr. Zangwill is trying to do what Matthew Arnold, or Dr. Martineau, or Tolstoy, or Professor Harnack have tried to do in the line of literature.

"Now, all this may be unsuitable material for the theater, and after reading 'The Next Religion,' I am free to confess that I found it now and then intractable even in Mr. Zangwill's ingenious hands. Mr. Shaw seems to think that Mr. Brookfield, as a Catholic, could not pass such a play, because he could not be

a party to the hideous spectacle of a Protestant nation discussing its religious problems on the stage. But hundreds of thousands of Englishmen weekly and daily discuss them, and I should be much surprised if a representative audience of Churchmen and Nonconformists, orthodox or other, would find matter of offence in 'The Next Religion.' For Mr. Zangwill holds the balance quite fairly. He does not make it at all clear whether he thinks Stephen, the parson, who founds his new scientific church, was right, or Mary, his wife, who stands by the old one. He gives Stephen the logical victory; he gives Mary the triumph of tears and remembrance."

Shaw's prohibited play, "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," was a dismal failure when produced in this country. Pinero's "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" escaped the Censor but not the critics. Sir Arthur's new comedy, remarks John Palmer in *The Saturday Review*, has the brassy effectiveness of his "Preserving Mr. Panmure." His figures have a way of sticking unpleasantly in the mind, but not, the writer asserts, by virtue of any truth or meaning apart from the plays in which they happen to be. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," to which by a curious mental process the Censor raised apparently no objection, is described by Mr. Palmer as a type "peculiarly fraudulent." "It is," he says, "one of those plays which solemnly set out to deal with a problem in human nature, and then just as solemnly avoid it."

The English Censor's libidinous play, "Dear Old Charlie," with Charles Hawtrey and the original English company, was only moderately successful in this country. American critics and the American public refused to go into spasms of moral indignation.

While England is chafing at her Censor, America seems to welcome the appraisal of current attractions by voluntary associations. The Drama League is such an association. Its work has been salutary on the whole, but any censorship of the stage by well-meaning individuals or committees is fraught with danger. To these dangers Gertrude Atherton in a spirited interview calls the attention of the American public. The ten metropolitan clergymen who voiced their objections to "The Garden of Allah," "Sumurun" and "Kismet" have not been spared by ironical comment. The American public evidently prefers to be its own Censor.

NIKISCH'S NEW TRIUMPHS AS AN ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR



HE DOES not seem to conduct, but rather to exercise some mysterious spell." So wrote Tschaikowsky of Arthur Nikisch twenty-four years ago; and that the "spell" of Nikisch is still as potent as ever, half a hundred American critics testify. His recent visit to these shores with the London Orchestra was in the nature of a whirlwind tour. He conducted a score of concerts in as many days and almost as many cities. And he left an impression of overwhelming verve and brilliancy.

It is nearly two decades since Nikisch was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and H. T. Finck, who traces his career in *The International*, shows that the years that have loaded him with honors have also heightened and deepened his mastery of his art. As a younger man he was acknowledged a Prince of the bâton; and to-day, throughout Europe, says Mr. Finck, "he is hailed as the King of conductors."

Above all the eminent orchestral leaders of our time, Nikisch has developed into a wandering virtuoso, and like all wandering conductors, H. T. Parker observes in the *Boston Transcript*, he tends to become a specialist. Everywhere except in Leipsic and Berlin, where he has his series of concerts, his audiences would see and hear him driving his "battle horses"—Brahms's first symphony, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Beethoven's fifth symphony, the overtures and the preludes to Wagner's operas, the earlier tone-poems of Strauss, the symphonic fantasias of Tschaikowsky, or the glowingly romantic overtures of Weber.

The distinguishing note of Nikisch's genius is found in a certain quality of impassioned and poetic interpretation. He is "flamingly imaginative," as one critic puts it, "with the Oriental's love of drum and cymbals and the loud-sounding brass." He takes familiar scores and transfigures them not only for his audiences, but for the men of his orchestras. "He likes and attains," says Mr. Parker, "large and sweeping sonorities of time that seem never hard, overblown or brittle. He can draw a tone of exquisite softness and euphony from this

very London orchestra until it seems to melt into the air. He has a rare sense of the delicate tracery and shimmer of sound. He is adept with middle voices and middle colorings. He is vivid with instrumental detail and he refines adroitly upon it."

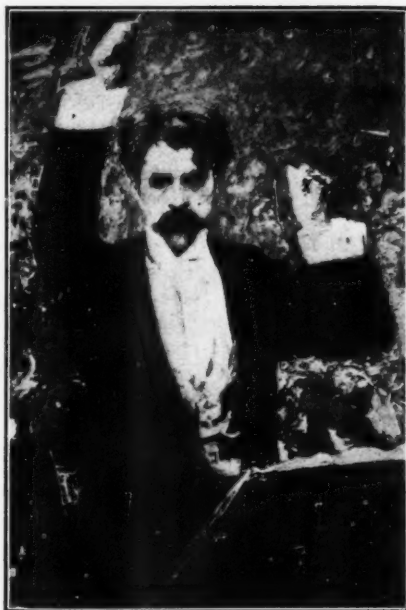
The overpowering vividness of Nikisch's interpretation of the "Pathetic Symphony" has everywhere won the encomiums of the critics, but Mr. Parker is no less impressed by his renderings of Tschaikowsky's fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," and of Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser." He says:

"The years and the changing musical fashions have not spared the fantasia and already the devotees of Tschaikowsky are beginning to be apologetic over it. It needs, they like to say, a responsive and recreating conductor to give the piece its musical substance, to disclose its delineative power and passion. They ought to agree, perhaps they have agreed, that Mr. Nikisch is such a conductor. The music tends to fall away into fragments. He bound them together in a continuing and germinating design. The music tends to repetitions that are not progress. By variety of pace and accent, especially by new quickenings and new intensities, he made it seem of steadily heightening delineative power. Out of the music and of the tones that imparted it rose the blank desolation, the whistling winds, the screaming voices, the sweeping gusts, the fierce tumults of the Inferno that Tschaikowsky would imagine in his music. Tschaikowsky and Dante imagined. A single voice cut the air, or the other orchestral voices slithered down upon it and overwhelmed it. The entrance of the lovers' song was prepared with an artistry that hid itself. It was as tho there were silence and calm in hell. It rose in its voice of pleading, of melancholy, of content. It seemed less the music of passion than of remembered passion. It asked pity. It sounded like Tschaikowsky sublimated. The harp, the strings, seemed to weave a halo of shimmering sound about it. And then the hellish gusts swept the lovers away and left the poet mute in the desolation. Here was Mr. Nikisch in the fullest and intensest maturity of romantic imagination and of delineative power."

It was less the overture to "Tannhäuser," in its usual quality and impressions, that the audience heard, than the overture exalted, sublimated into almost superhuman song. In it was "the culmination—the

apotheosis almost—of Nikisch's theory that orchestral music is instrumental song." Mr. Parker tells us:

"Tannhäuser" passes for a romantic opera; Mr. Nikisch makes the overture to it epic. He stretched the power of the orchestra to the utmost, and nowhere did it fail him. The chorus of the pilgrims at the beginning was the solemn and upswelling chant of all the hosts of the spirit, traversing this world through the ages. The songs in praise of Venus were not Tannhäuser acclaiming his goddess-mistress, but the elated call of the flesh through all men and all time. The music of the Venusberg may have lost something of its biting tang since details were lost in the amplitude and the passion of the whole. Its relation to the music-drama even vanished. It sounded more like to the frenzies of the lusts of the flesh burning themselves out while the hosts of the spirit waited. They advanced and the return of the pilgrims' chorus was as a gathering flood of magnificent and exalted sound. The voice of the orchestra seemed like the voices that John heard when heaven was opened before his eyes and ears—the apocalyptic song of the hundred and forty and four thousand. Here was the might of song, of music—and of conducting, too. It is almost safe, and in these unemotional days, to write the word sublime."



THE KING OF CONDUCTORS

In this painting by Robert Storl, Nikisch is portrayed driving his symphonic "battle horses." He is "flamingly imaginative," says Philip Hale, "with the Oriental's love of drum and cymbals and the loud-sounding brass."

AMERICA'S RECEPTION OF THE WORLD'S SUPREME WOMAN-HATER.

THE same newspapers that heralded the invasion of the American dramatic field by August Strindberg also announced his fatal illness.

Almost a decade ago James Huneker first informed his American readers of this woman-hater whose work tends to turn our moral world topsy-turvy. Strangely enough, America showed little interest in the anti-feminist genius of the brilliant Swede until the feminist movement in the United States reached its recent remarkable impetus. Almost simultaneously, Scribner's published three Strindberg plays in a translation by Edwin Bjorkman, a countryman of the author; a Philadelphia firm, Brown Brothers, issued Strindberg's horrible naturalistic tragedy, "Countess Julie," compared with which, in the phrase of Strindberg's leading American exponent, Ibsen's "Ghosts" makes an entertainment for

urchins; and Warner Oland successfully produced at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York, for the first time in English, Strindberg's haunting, nerve-racking drama, "The Father."

The critics, evidently impressed by the sheer momentum of Strindberg's European reputation, are somewhat bewildered by his mental attitudes so alien to the American spirit; but they make desperate efforts to understand him. Bjorkman points out, in his introduction to the plays, that in the beginning Strindberg's art was romantic. As he matured a change came over his work, not only in spirit, but in form. He became an ultra-naturalist, with strong materialistic and skeptical leanings. His social outlook assumed an increasingly individualistic temper. He spurned the masses, which, he felt then, had spurned him. He was influenced by Nietzsche in his conception of the female as an inferior creature.

From *Simplicissimus*

A COMIC REPRESENTATION OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISOGYNIST

August Strindberg in his plays boldly asserts the intellectual and emotional inferiority of women. His hatred of the fairer sex receives a certain ludicrous emphasis from the fact that he has been married no less than three times.

This attitude, subsequently modified, was never completely abandoned by him. A great mental crisis through which Strindberg passed in the early nineties constitutes what Bjorkman calls his "autumnal renaissance." In his final period, from which all the plays included in Bjorkman's volume are taken, Strindberg, like Wedekind, may be described as a symbolist—realist. But, to quote Mr. Bjorkman, he is concerned with a spiritual rather than a material realism.

"More and more, as he pushes on from one height to another, he manages to fuze the two offices of artist and moralist without injury to either of them. His view of life is still pessimistic, but, back of man's earthly disappointments and humiliations and sufferings, he glimpses a higher existence, to which this one serves merely as a preparation. Everything that happens to himself and to others seems to reveal the persistent influence of secret powers, pulling and pushing, rewarding and punishing, but always urging and leading man to some goal not yet bared to his conscious vision. Resignation, humility, kindness, become the main virtues of human

existence. And the greatest tragedy of that existence he sees in man's—that is, his own—failure to make all his actions conform to those ideals."

Mr. Bjorkman's volume embraces "The Dream Play," a mystical work somewhat in the Maeterlinckian manner; "The Dance of Death" and "The Link." The plays evince what the *Springfield Republican* is at a loss to describe except as the logic of lunacy or of a fixed idea. "The Link," we are told, is tinged with acid bitterness, and sharpened to the point where it becomes a nervous torture. "The Dance of Death," according to the same reviewer, presents a study of egotism raised to the nth power. Here the playwright's power of delineating psychological monsters is bestowed upon a man. This man, we are told, is a viper, a vampire who exhausts the happiness, hope and mental health of those about him.

The "Countess Julie" is the masterwork of this painter of the horrible, from whom one turns with averted head as from the drawings of Giulio Romano. To some, remarks the *New York Times*, the terrifying love affair between the countess and the valet will seem ludicrous, impossible, absurd. "The Father," which had a run of several weeks in New York, is scarcely less terrible. "I do not think," remarks J. B. Yeats, the Irish painter who has made his domicile in this country, "that I ever saw a play so interesting or ever sat among an audience so enthralled."

The theme of the play, in the words of *The Tribune* (New York), strikes the ultra-modern note in sex warfare. A writer in *Town Topics* suggests that Strindberg's ferocious hatred of woman may be, in the last analysis, fear. The story of the play, like that of "The Rainbow," relates the struggle between husband and wife for their child. The mother, one of the most fiendish of Strindberg's creations, wilfully generates in the husband's mind the suspicion that he is not the father of that child. The woman, however, strikes deeper than she planned. Suspicion grows into obses-

sion, and the father's mind becomes unhinged. The most harassing scene in the play is the one in which his old nurse—a rôle interpreted wonderfully well by Louise Dempsey—is obliged to put a strait-jacket on the man who is still to her as a child. Warner Oland, the translator and producer of the play, effectively portrayed the part of the Father, who is described merely as "A Captain of the Cavalry." We reprint the scene in question. Bertha, the daughter, is threatened by the Father. The old nurse enters, asking solicitously: "Mr. Adolf, what is it?"

CAPTAIN. (*Examining revolver.*) Have you taken out the cartridges?

NURSE. Yes, I put them away when I was tidying up; but sit down and be quiet and I'll get them out again! (*She takes the Captain by the arm and gets him into a chair, into which he sinks feebly. Then she takes out the strait-jacket and goes behind the chair. Bertha slips out left.*)

NURSE. Mr. Adolf, do you remember when you were my dear little boy and I tucked you in at night and used to repeat: "God, who holds his children dear" to you, and do you remember how I used to get up in the night and give you a drink, how I would light the candle and tell you nice stories when you had bad dreams and couldn't sleep? Do you remember all that?

CAPTAIN. Go on talking, Margret, it soothes my head so. Tell me some more.

NURSE. Oh, yes, but you must listen then! Do you remember when you took the big kitchen knife and wanted to cut out boats with it, and how I came in and had to get the knife away by fooling you? You were just a little child who didn't understand, so I had to fool you, for you didn't know that it was for your own good. "Give me that snake," I said, "or it will bite you!" and then you let go of the knife. (*Takes the revolver out of the Captain's hand.*) And then when you had to be dressed and didn't want to be, I had to coax you and say that you should have a coat of gold and be dressed like a prince. And then I took your little blouse that was just made of green wool and held it up in front of you and said: "In with both arms," and then I said, "now sit nice and still while I button it down the back." (*She has put the strait-jacket on.*) And then I said: "Get up now, and walk across the floor like a good boy so I can see how it fits." (*She leads him to the sofa.*) And then I said: "Now you must go to bed."

CAPTAIN. What did you say? Was I to go to bed when I was dressed? . . . Damnation! What have you done to me? (*Tries to get free.*) Ah! You cunning devil of a woman! Who would have thought you had so much

wit. (*Lies down on sofa.*) Trapped, shorn, outwitted and not to be able to die.

NURSE. Forgive me, Mr. Adolf, forgive me; but I wanted to keep you from killing your child.

CAPTAIN. Why didn't you let me? You say life is hell and death the kingdom of heaven, and children belong to heaven.

NURSE. How do you know what comes after death?

CAPTAIN. That is the only thing we do know; but of life we know nothing! Oh, if one had only known from the beginning.

NURSE. Mr. Adolf, humble your hard heart and cry to God for mercy. It is not yet too late. It was not too late for the thief on the cross when the Saviour said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

CAPTAIN. Are you croaking for a corpse already, you old crow? (*Nurse takes hymn book out of her pocket.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Calls.*) Nöjd, is Nöjd out there? (*Nöjd, the orderly, comes in.*) Throw this woman out! She wants to suffocate me with her hymn book. Throw her out of the window, or up the chimney or anywhere.

NÖJD. (*Looks at Nurse.*) Heaven help you, Captain, but I can't do that, I can't. If it were only six men; but a woman!

CAPTAIN. Can't you manage one woman, eh?

NÖJD. Of course I can,—but—well, you see, it's queer, but one never wants to lay hands on a woman.

CAPTAIN. Why not? Haven't they laid hands on me?

NÖJD. Yes, but I can't, Captain. It's just as if you asked me to strike the pastor. It's second nature, like religion. I can't! (*Laura comes in, she motions Nöjd to go.*)

CAPTAIN. Omphale, Omphale! Now you play with the club while Hercules spins your wool.

LAURA. (*Goes to sofa.*) Adolf! Look at me! Do you believe that I am your enemy?

CAPTAIN. Yes, I do. I believe that you are all my enemies! My mother was my enemy when she did not want to bring me into the world because I was to be born with pain, and she robbed my embryonic life of its nourishment and made a weakling of me. My sister was my enemy when she taught me that I must be submissive to her. The first woman I embraced was my enemy, for she gave me ten years of illness in return for the love I gave her. My daughter became my enemy when she had to choose between me and you. And you, my wife, you have been my arch-enemy, because you never let up on me till I lay here lifeless.

The captain, waxing ever more angry, dies in his paroxysm of rage. "My child, my child!" calls out the murderous woman to her daughter. "Amen!" remarks the pastor, as the curtain falls.

Literature and Art

NEW APPRAISALS OF ROBERT BROWNING



EXTRAVAGANT eulogy and at least one somewhat depreciatory criticism have marked the celebrations of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Browning.

In the mind of Lilian Whiting, the author of a new biographical appreciation,* Browning as a spiritual influence is surpassed in modern world-poetry only by Shakespeare. Hamilton Wright Mabie, of *The Outlook*, declares: "In his conception of life and in his diction Browning was at the farthest possible remove from Dante; but in his power of focusing his whole nature at a single point, and keeping that point steadily in view, Browning was the peer of the author of 'The Divine Comedy.'" The Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus writes in the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

"Since Milton's day no man has laid hold of the religious thinking of his time and the immediate future with such radiant insistence as has Robert Browning. But at the end of his first century we have the conviction that we are only beginning to receive his richer and fuller message. It is as much more profound and comprehensive than that of Milton to his age as our age is deeper and larger in human interest and outlook toward the divine."

As if in protest against these glowing appraisals appears a sober and critical series of lectures† recently delivered at the University of Virginia by Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor Emeritus of English in Yale University. Dr. Lounsbury indorses Tennyson's characterization of Browning as "the greatest-brained poet in England." He disclaims any intention to underestimate the intellectual power of the author of "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes" and "The Ring and the Book." But he holds that as

a dramatist Browning failed lamentably, and that as a poet he appeals to the "intellectually acute" rather than to genuinely poetical natures.

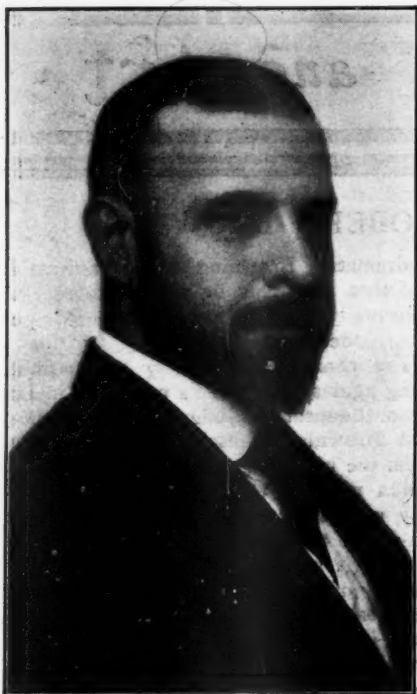
The charge of obscurity so constantly flung against Browning's poetry is, in Professor Lounsbury's judgment, well founded, and Browning himself, he tells us, was from the beginning well aware of his reputation for lack of clearness. Now obscurity may arise from two causes. It may be due to the novelty, depth or loftiness of a writer's speculations, which either range outside of the common track, or ascend to regions up to which the ordinary intellect finds it difficult to follow. Or it may arise from the inability or neglect of a writer to render himself intelligible. In Browning's case, Professor Lounsbury contends, the obscurity is due to the operation of both these agencies. "Both have acted and will continue to act as hindrances to familiarity with his writings and consequently to the extension of his popularity. There is no question as to his profound intellectual power. He demands special study. He demands it the more because it is not depth of thought which so peculiarly characterizes his utterance as its many-sidedness and unexpectedness."

Something else beside greatness of intellect and novelty of thought, Professor Lounsbury goes on to argue, is essential to the equipment of the poet. Poetry created to endure "must have felicity and charm of expression, independently of the ideas it seeks to convey." Otherwise it has no superiority to prose. To quote further:

"In some of these needed qualities Browning is often lacking to an extent rarely exhibited in the case of any other writer of the first rank. If his virtues are extraordinary, so are his limitations. There is comparatively little in him of that flawlessness of form, that propriety of diction, that use of words to clothe the idea not to disguise it,

* THE BROWNINGES: THEIR LIFE AND ART. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown and Company.

† THE EARLY LITERARY CAREER OF ROBERT BROWNING. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.



A MODERNIST IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

"Louis Sullivan," says *The Architectural Record*, "is really our only Modernist. There is not a vestige of the past in his work. It is as modern as the calendar itself."

that horizon clear from haze which a modern poet has designated as the distinctive qualities which have rendered the literature of Athens immortal. With Browning strength was but rarely accompanied with grace. To his failure in these respects was largely due the failure of his general acceptance. As if the variety and profundity of his ideas were not enough to prevent the ordinary reader from giving them the painful attention they need for their full comprehension, he frequently constructed his sentences so as to render difficult, if not to thwart wholly, the efforts of the reader to get any understanding of their purport. The involved constructions, the dislocated sentences, the abrupt transitions, all impose a burden upon him which makes it hard to follow easily the train of thought."

Professor Lounsbury concedes the power of Browning's youthful masterpiece, "Pacelsus," but he scores the poet's later achievements, "Strafford," "Sordello" and "The Blot i' the 'Scutcheon." He maintains that the recognition that came to Browning in his closing years, and that

expressed itself in the formation of "Browning Societies" in England and America, was not based primarily upon regard for his writings as literature.

"The rapid growth of the interest taken in them, after once being set in motion, owed its existence and extension to the men who looked upon them as furnishing materials for investigation and decipherment and not as a source of delight and inspiration.

"For Browning is supremely the poet of intellectually acute but unpoetical natures. Not but there are men possessed of exquisite literary taste with whom he is not merely a favorite author but the favorite author. What I am trying to bring out is that a very large proportion of the ablest of his thoroughgoing partisans are much more remarkable for general mental activity than for special literary sensitiveness. The things they admire in him are not those which appeal to the feelings, but those which deal with the reason. No one will deny the value of the poems in which this latter characteristic is predominant—sometimes so predominant in his case as practically to exclude the former. But there are many who will deny their supreme value. Striking thoughts are often in them which impress the mind; fine passages, sometimes, which linger in the memory. But too generally lacking in them is that intense fire, that passion which forces thought and feeling into felicity of expression which is the envy and despair of the imitator."

The New York *Evening Post* takes middle ground between the detractors and eulogists of Browning, but provides an argument which could be used to support Professor Lounsbury's conclusion when it says that "the form of Browning's poetry matters little compared with its substance. It is by the latter that he will be increasingly judged." *The Post* comments further:

"If Browning seems somewhat less in vogue to-day than he was in the early eighties, a natural explanation lies in the time which he reflected. It was, on the whole, a period of calm; of settled and hopeful Liberalism. Browning was no poet of revolt, like Shelley. He had no such surging political sentiments as Byron had to fling in the face of an astonished world. Browning did not enter into the spiritual unrest of his day even to the extent that Tennyson did. The contests which he chiefly interpreted are those which go on in the soul. Not upon political strivings or democratic aspirations did he wreak himself, but upon the analysis of human beings in stress of great emotions and inner crises. His poems

could thus not often be described—in the legal phrase used of corporations—as ‘affected with a public interest.’ That public interest in them tends to flag, is not, then, surprizing. He furnishes no battle-cries for the upheaving movements of the present. Browning was a stout optimist, and optimism has gone out of fashion. ‘All’s well with the world’ is resented to-day.

“That real appreciation of the real Browning is as great to-day as it ever was, there is no reason to doubt. At his best, he remains unsurpassed. His shorter dramatic poems, his ‘Men and Women,’ blend insight with emotion inimitably; while ‘The Ring and the Book’ must always remain a marvel and a masterpiece. Even without ‘the antiseptic of style’ it will keep its hold on all who have eyes for the finest moral and even metaphysical reading

of the soul of man, all done under the guise of a moving narrative of human wrong and suffering and nobility and love, with passages of the highest poetical achievement. It is for work such as this that Browning will long be prized. His personality, too, is of a sort to perpetuate admiringly; for he bore himself throughout his life as one who was a man before he was a poet. His gentle restraint, his genuine modesty, his persistent avoidance of anything that looked like literary advertizing or exploiting or clap-trap, will gratefully be remembered. And the one intense romance of his life—his willingness to heed Emerson’s injunction, ‘Give all for love, nothing withhold’—his exquisite devotion to his wife: this, too, showed that Robert Browning could live poetry as well as write it, and will help to keep his laurel green.”

LOUIS SULLIVAN, “THE FIRST AMERICAN ARCHITECT”

IN DYNAMIC power and sheer originality of design, Louis Sullivan, the creator of the Chicago Auditorium and of hundreds of other

buildings in various parts of the country, is to-day ranked by many at the head of his profession. He is a poet as well as an architect, and the structures in which he has been allowed to express his complete thought have all the vividness of personal gestures. He is a democrat, but he inculcates the realization of democracy through individuality. A bank building that he designed for Owatonna, Minnesota, has made that village famous. A second bank building in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is attracting a daily stream of architectural pilgrims. “There is no denying,” says Montgomery Schuyler in *The Architectural Record*, “that a new work by Louis Sullivan is the most interesting event which can happen in the American architectural world to-day.” H. W. Desmond, the editor of the same publication, adds:

“In the wilderness of our architectural practice Mr. Sullivan occupies to-day something of the usually isolated position of the prophet, the forerunner, the intensely personal force. It is strange that this should be so in a land



LOUIS SULLIVAN'S MOST SOLID ACHIEVEMENT
The famous Chicago Auditorium shows what Mr. Sullivan can accomplish despite the limitations imposed by a great city.



A VISION OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

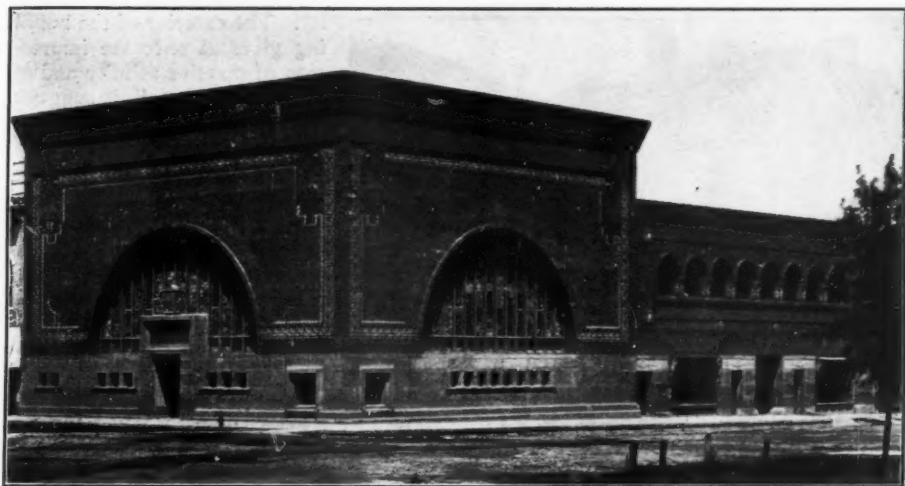
The design for Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is as yet only a product of Louis Sullivan's fecund brain. It will probably be translated into fact in the near future.

where strong individuality is rather prized and applauded than neglected and qualified; and in a profession, too, that is so frequently spurned by a general call for 'originality'—a profession, moreover, that is at the same time brought almost daily face to face with new problems in design that really demand, by the obvious logic of structure and function, the development of new architectural formulae. For, let it be well understood, Mr. Sullivan is really our only Modernist. He is, moreover, strictly of our soil. He has his precedents, no doubt, but his mature work, we might indeed say all but a small residuum of all his work, is not to be dated from elsewhere either as to time or place. Mr. Sullivan himself is the center of it. He is his own inspiration, and in this sense may be saluted as the first American architect. To say that he has invented a style would, of course, be to say too much; but he has certainly evolved and elaborated a highly artistic form of superficial decorative expression in logical connection with the American steel skeleton building. Richardson is our historical example of American originality in architecture; but Richardson's work, permeated as it is with the author's mighty personality, is not free, is indeed far from free from an archeological basis. In the presence of Richardson's buildings we never lose the sense that we are confronted by a colossal importation, buildings lifted, as it were, by giant hands out of some medieval locality of which we fancy we can find the historical reminiscence somewhere in

Romanesque France. On the other hand, there is not a vestige of the past in Sullivan's work. It is as modern as the calendar itself."

Mr. Sullivan first came into national prominence at the time of the Chicago Exposition. His Transportation Building, with its golden doorway, attracted attention even in France, and led to the establishment of a "Louis H. Sullivan Section" in the National Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris. This building was followed by a multitude of new creations—theaters, churches, office buildings, stores, private houses, even tombs. "His versatility," remarks a writer in the *New York Press*, "seems to have no limits."

In what is regarded by many artists as the most difficult problem in American architecture—the "sky-scraper"—Mr. Sullivan excels. His work in this domain illustrates his favorite dictum that "form follows function." He believes that a building, like any natural thing, should follow the human need and find its basis in social utility. He conceives of a "sky-scraper" as in the last analysis a honeycomb, a system of cells, in which hundreds of rooms are set side by side and superimposed, all, so far as possible, equally desirable, equally well-lighted. He goes on to say, in a memorable passage:



VISITED BY TWENTY-FIVE SIGHT-SEERS EVERY DAY

The Farmers' Bank designed by Louis Sullivan for Owatonna, Minnesota, is so original that it has become an architectural shrine. Since it was completed four years ago, an average of twenty-five strangers have visited Owatonna every day expressly to inspect it.

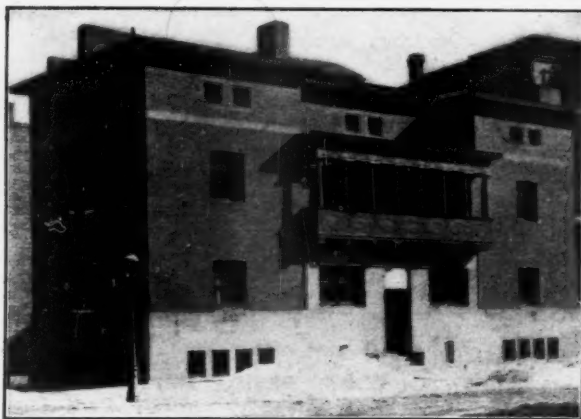
"The loftiness of a tall building is the very open organ tone of its appeal. It must be in turn the dominant chord in the architect's expression of it, the true excitant of his imagination. The force and power of altitude must be in it. It must be every inch a proud and soaring thing, rising in such sheer exultation that from bottom to top it is a unit without a single dissenting line—the new, the unexpected, the eloquent peroration of the most bold, the most sinister, the most forbidding conditions.

"The man who designs in this spirit and with this sense of responsibility to the generation he lives in must be no coward, no denier, no bookworm, no dilettante. He must realize at once and with the grasp of inspiration that the problem of the tall office building is one of the most stupendous, one of the most magnificent opportunities that God has offered to the proud spirit of man."

How true Mr. Sullivan has been to his own gospel, Claude Bragdon bears witness in an appreciation published in *House and Garden*. The Prudential Building in Buffalo, he tells us, is a masterpiece of its kind, "rich in those little felicities which reveal the artist." For example, the exterior of the building is all of terra-cotta of a salmon-red color, and every square foot—almost every square inch—of this vast surface is decorated with beautiful ornament, fine as lace and strong as steel, infinitely various and original. An exquisite foliation seems to cling to and lap

over the edge of the main cornice, mitigating its severity of line. Even the dirtiness of the atmosphere has been made to serve esthetic ends, for the terra-cotta ornament is of such a nature that particles of dust or soot, lodging in the interstices, bring the pattern into bolder relief. In the Prudential Building, and in the Wainwright Building in Saint Louis, built at about the same time and conceived in the same general spirit, Louis Sullivan, Mr. Bragdon tells us, may be said to have "found himself" most completely. Of a later building, the Schlesinger and Mayer store in Chicago, Mr. Bragdon writes: "It is a crystal palace of glass and masonry, and iron overwrought with ornament-like flowers and frost. Here indeed is a new architectural art, superior to *l'Art Nouveau* of Europe in that it is born of reason and not of whim." Mr. Desmond asks of the same building:

"Is there anything at once so original and so capable elsewhere to be found in American work? Where are we even to match its kind abroad? And if much of the decorative design is open to the charge of being vague and inorganic, no little of it possesses a really exquisite definiteness and suitability. The design, moreover, is all very true to its material. One is almost tempted to the exaggeration of saying it is too true, and in places rather metalesque than metallic. There is danger in it all, no doubt. The singer, we



HIS BUILDINGS HAVE ALL THE VIVIDNESS OF PERSONAL GESTURES

In the private residence above reproduced, made for James Charnley, of Chicago, Louis Sullivan shows how individuality can express itself in a house-front on a humdrum city street.

feel, is too much in the lyric strain. The sense of the thing tends to the incoherent. Nevertheless, there is an enthusiasm of inventiveness in the work, a personal reality, a sparkling exuberance, which confounds us when we compare it with the dull copy-book ornamentation, the repetitions a thousand times repeated, that pass in the ordinary category of architectural work for 'modern decoration.'"

Mr. Sullivan's two most original creations, the Farmers' Bank of Owatonna and the People's Bank of Cedar Rapids, are being talked and written about all over the world. They challenge equally the interest of architectural experts and of laymen, and are cited as evidence that the day has arrived when the public and the individual are demanding of the architect that he seek and find his inspiration near at home and close to our lives as we live them. These buildings, in spite of their daring individuality, are not "freakish." They have come into being to meet real social needs.

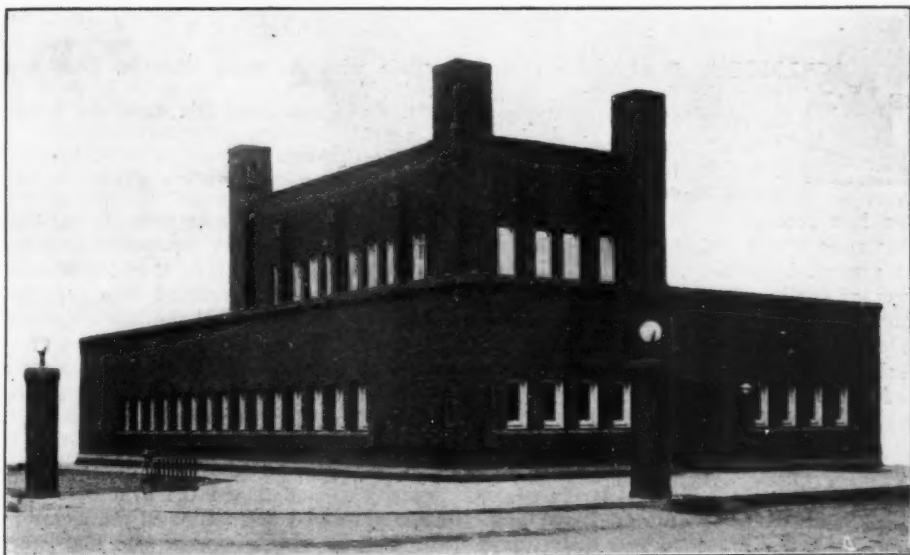
The Owatonna bank is a *tour de force* in color. Reddish brown sandstone forms its base. Oriental bricks in soft and variegated tints are used for the walls. Two immense arches enclose stained-glass windows of green. The total effect is said to resemble the color quality of an old Oriental rug,—that is, all the colors, when seen from a distance, blend into a general impression of soft red and green, while at close range they maintain their individual-

ity. The exterior of the building gives at once the impression of massive solidity and of beauty. Above all, it suggests "bank"—a safe place for keeping money and valuables.

The Cedar Rapids bank is like a castle, simple and austere. It has been designed from within outward, and always with its function in view. The protrusion of a square mass at the center of the building, with a chimney at each of the four corners, bears such strong resemblance to the "keep" of a medieval fortress that the temptation would to most designers have been irresistible of heightening this resemblance by some detail of military Gothic. But this is

not a feudal castle of the twelfth century; it is an American bank of the twentieth; and the architect has refused to juggle with his materials.

Mr. Sullivan, according to Claude Bragdon, works most unerringly when most restrained by practical limitations of all sorts. He furnishes a good illustration of the adage that a man's faults are his good qualities carried to excess. "His admirable fecundity of invention, the thing so lacking in most of our architects," Mr. Bragdon says, "sometimes betrays him. This fecundity expends itself legitimately in the devising of surface ornament so beautiful, so individual, so in the best sense original that the expression 'Sullivan-esque ornament,' having become current in artistic circles, has given rise to the popular misapprehension that Mr. Sullivan is primarily a decorator rather than an architect. His ornament has too exclusively engaged the attention of even his critics and commentators, who seem to regard it as his most important contribution to an American style of architecture." Mr. Sullivan himself is far from so regarding it: to him it is only a personal expression of a sense of beauty in pattern, and he is chagrined to find his ornament imitated and his architectural doctrine ignored. He says: "It would be greatly for our esthetic good if we should refrain entirely from the use of ornament for a period of years, in order that our thoughts might be con-



A TWENTIETH CENTURY BANK, NOT A MEDIEVAL CASTLE

The architecture of the People's Savings Bank, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has attracted nation-wide attention. At first sight it seems bizarre, but in it Louis Sullivan has striven to illustrate his favorite aphorism that "form follows function."

centrated acutely upon the production of buildings well formed and comely in the nude." He continues: "We feel, intuitively, that our strong, athletic and simple forms will carry with natural ease the raiment of which we dream, and that our buildings thus clad in garments of poetic imagery, half hid as it were in choice products of the loom and mine, will appeal with redoubled power." He maintains that a building, like a person, has an individuality which characteristic ornament, like a characteristic dress, assists in making plain.

The philosophy of Louis Sullivan, in so far as he has worked it out, is contained in a series of fifty-two co-related essays called "Kindergarten Chats," and in speeches and articles he has published. He defines architecture as "the need and power to build." He holds that great art is as possible to-day as ever, but that great art demands great men. He thinks of the architect as "a poet who uses not words but building materials as a medium of expression." Tho himself a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts in Paris, he has nothing but contempt for architectural schools as at present conducted, arguing that they separate young men from contact with the actual world at

the most receptive and impressionable period of their lives, alienating their sympathies from that true spirit of democracy in which alone our national salvation lies, and preoccupying their minds with bookish and archeological lore which is worse than useless in dealing with the problems which confront the modern architect. Nature, in his opinion, is the best teacher, the one infallible guide. "We in our art are to follow natural processes, natural rhythms, because these processes, these rhythms, are vital, organic, coherent, logical above all book logic, and flow uninterruptedly from cause to effect." Applying the touchstone of his philosophy to present-day architecture in America, he finds little that is good, yet the future looks not unhopeful. "We are in that dramatic moment in our national life wherein we tremble evenly between decay and evolution, and our architecture reflects the equipoise."

These essays, Mr. Bragdon points out, have the added interest of revealing the workings of an original mind as only the literary form can reveal it. "Here is a man who has alike conceived and dared, at once a logician and a mystic; practical, executive, yet tremulous with sensibility; —a poet with a turn for affairs: a man of genius, in point of fact."

THE SUPERMAN OF DOSTOIEVSKY



ALMOST simultaneously appear the first volume in an English edition of Dostoevsky's works and the first English biography of the great Russian novelist.* It is a late recognition in our literature of the writer whose genius, in the opinion of his present biographer, "will probably be accepted finally as the Russian voice of the nineteenth century." Dostoevsky's famous novel of criminal psychology, "Crime and Punishment," is already known to us in an inadequate translation; but his unfinished masterpiece, "The Brothers Karamazov," the first volume of the new edition (Heinemann), has hitherto been accessible only in French or Russian. Yet this is the culminating novel of his career, Mr. Lloyd maintains, the one work in which this strange and powerful artist, who had been for so long the literary confessor and vivisectionist of his people, became their "inquisitor." It is, moreover, Dostoevsky's profession of faith—faith in the coming of a Russian Superman, not the God-man of Nietzsche but the Man-god of a torn and stricken humanity.

Dostoevsky began life as a revolutionist, suffering imprisonment and Siberian exile for his eloquence; but thereafter, and ever since his death, he has been charged with apostasy to the revolutionary movement. It was not so much apostasy as his mystical Slavophilism and Christianity, Mr. Lloyd contends, which was the cause of Dostoevsky's alienation. He has also been derided, his biographer continues, "for slavishly following the 'slave morality' of the Christians; and yet Nietzsche, the propagandist of the very opposite theory of life, hailed him as a master, the one psychologist who could teach him anything." Dostoevsky's haunting and torturing ideal of the Man-god—this "Nietzscheism without Nietzsche," as Mr. Lloyd expresses it—was first formulated in the following dialog, taken from his controversial novel, "Demons," an answer to Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons":

"He who will teach men that they are good, he will finish the world."

* A GREAT RUSSIAN REALIST: DOSTOIEVSKY. By J. A. T. Lloyd. John Lane Company.

"He who did teach them it, Him they crucified."

"He will come, and His name will be the Man-god."

"The God-man?"

"The Man-god: there is a difference."

To Dostoevsky, the supreme fact in life was its duality. He comprehended the basest instincts as well as the noblest emotions. His genius enabled him, as Mr. Lloyd writes, "to reveal the sub-conscious, the hidden potentialities of human nature, which rise to the surface only under the most violent stimulus, the potentialities which, from birth to death, are, in most human lives, fortunately unrealized. He who had fathomed the heart of Francis of Assisi also understood the grin of Asmodeus. He who had fathomed the agony of Gethsemane also comprehended that other agony of Faust. He had become a confessor because of the sympathy of his heart; he had become an inquisitor by reason of the terrible curiosity of his brain."

Without this "comprehending complexity of divination," Dostoevsky could never have written "The Brothers Karamazov"—that terrific novel which reveals the Russian people in all their waywardness and restlessness, their sensuality, their aspiration; their "convulsive action" and "coma of listlessness," so puzzling to the western world; above all, their spiritual democracy, from which no one, no matter how criminal, is utterly an outcast. "The Brothers Karamazov" is the Russian people, Mr. Lloyd maintains, and its author is their "grand inquisitor." Moreover, in his prophetic vision of the Man-god; "in the revealing of the almost indefinable, in the sensing of what lies beyond the barriers of logic, in the divination of muttered and unutterable secrets," Dostoevsky, in this novel, "became the veritable seer of Russia."

The tragedy of this obscure Russian family of Karamazovs takes its place, in Mr. Lloyd's estimation, beside the world tragedies of Oedipus and Lear. He thus presents its motive:

"Father and sons alike, all monstrous, with the exception of the redeeming Alioscha, live with the intensity of tragic figures. Hate broods over them; their own hate of heredity hovers over them like the shadow of the ancient necessity. Their horrible desires al-

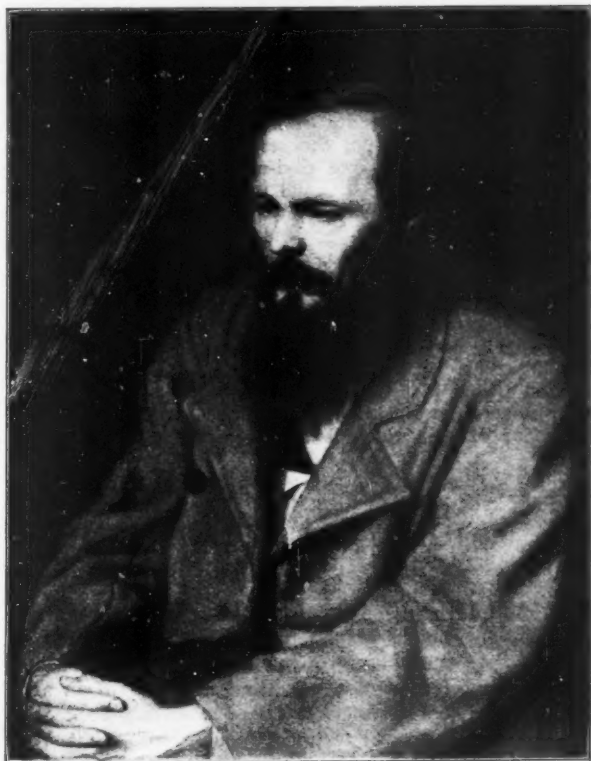
most convulse their souls, so that sometimes their speech escapes them in broken, strangled words, and they are unable to guess at what they will do next. . . . 'One is better in the mud,' he [Feodor, the father] exclaims in a moment of reflection. But with Dostoevsky the mud becomes menacing, terrible, already impregnated with the odor of approaching death."

At the opening of the story we see Feodor and his son Mitia in love with the same woman, upbraiding one another. A monk kneels beside them; in his heart is the consciousness of impending tragedy. Mitia himself is conscious of the crime within him; he is a Karamazov; and he feels himself to be the victim of heredity.

"The terrible passions have closed in upon him, but even through them he faintly detects the gleam of a withheld beauty. He is a Karamazov, but he cries out to Heaven: 'Yet, Lord, I am not less Thy son, and I love Thee'; and turning to his brother Alioscha, he exclaims: 'Let me weep. Can't you understand that we are all of us sensualists, we Karamazovs? The beast sleeps in you, brother, angel tho you are. It is a terrible mystery.' And the tortured one, who has already murder in his heart, goes on to speak of the duel between God and the Devil that takes place in the hearts of the brothers Karamazov."

Feodor knows that Mitia is his rival, but he does not fear him. He is apprehensive only of his son Ivan—Ivan who is called the Sphinx—the Karamazov who can think in spite of the sensuality which clogs his brain. He is the brain of this family, and, significantly, he is the most lost of all. Mr. Lloyd continues:

"In Ivan the crime of the soul, the crime of intention, is more developed than in his elder brother, and, after saving his father on one occasion from Mitia's violence, he exclaims, with concentrated hatred in his face: 'And why save him? It is best that reptiles should devour each other.' For Ivan 'everything is permitted,' and yet he, too, fears the shadowy



"AN ADORABLE, A MAGNIFICENT AND A PROFOUNDLY SAD FIGURE IN LETTERS"

So Arnold Bennett characterizes Dostoevsky, the author of "Crime and Punishment" and of "The Brothers Karamazov."

unknown, which warns him that everything is not permitted. Under the tension between this pride of the Man-god and the fear of his own thoughts, of himself, which clings to him from the old belief in the God-man, Ivan Karamazov goes mad. Alioscha, who divines always the unspoken thought, trembles for the soul of Ivan as the monk had trembled for the soul of Mitia. He, too, in his innocence is tortured sometimes by the apprehension of what he may become."

It is not, however, in the beast, Mitia, or in Ivan, the thinker, that this tragedy of parricide culminates, but in Smerdiakov, the illegitimate son. "Smerdiakov, condemned before birth," writes Mr. Lloyd, "is the failure of the flesh, its victim, its monster. And it is by the compelled irony of justice that it is this being, the most wronged of all . . . who gives death to the swinelike dreamer who has given them life." Mr. Lloyd concludes:

"Everywhere in this book, beneath the doomed sensuality of the Karamazovs, one finds the hint of aspiration and the suggestion of atonement. The sinless Alioscha will not be dragged into the old vortex, but will triumph over this calamity of heredity. He, in this world of duality, chooses always instinctively the side of the God-man and he detects instantly that the Grand Inquisitor of Ivan's dream loved the God-man, even while condemning Him to death. And in this atmosphere of double truths, double laws and double loves, the young monk, who has absorbed as it were the soul of St. Francis of Assisi, is scarcely momentarily perturbed, in spite of his heredity, by the temptations of St. Anthony.

"And always in this sin-steeped atmosphere there lingers the sensitive recognition of evil, the sense of sin, which is so conspicuously

absent from contented, comfortable minds. Even in spite of their proclivities, these brothers Karamazov are not lost in the search for little, concrete acquisitions. They respond to general ideas, and after their own fashion they search for the God whom they outrage. The ferocious sensualist in Mitia acknowledges God in his heart. The cold sensualist in Ivan searches for God in his brain. Even Smerdiakov, the actual parricide, trembles in the presence of the third something that hovers too close to him."

It is, finally, Mr. Lloyd's opinion that Dostoevsky will survive as the great psychologist in literature who realized to the fullest extent the two opposing truths—"that of the God-man, and that other of the Man-god."

JOHN MASEFIELD AND HIS WISTFUL "TRAGEDY OF NAN"



HE name of John Masefield begins to win the interest of a public growing constantly larger, not only in England but in America. There are two curious features connected with the Masefield cult. In the first place, it owes nothing to the personal influence of the author, whose vagabond life is to most of his readers a matter of rumor or mystery. In the second place, he may be said to have two widely differing publics,—one consisting of those who see in him the author of the most notable dramatic productions of many decades, and the other of those who know and love the sea and seaman's life, and find in him its sympathetic interpreter. Even sailormen read his "Saltwater Ballads" and "A Mainsail Haul," and little they care to read about the sea as a rule. But they do not know he wrote "The Tragedy of Nan,"* which the London *Observer* calls "the truest piece of dramatic workmanship presented on the public stage during the past two years, virile, essentially dramatic, real." Those who, in turn, know him as a dramatist have usually to be told of his other work. He has been in fact for the last twelve years an all-round writer for various English publishing houses; is the author of several novels; has compiled sea-

lore and historical matter; and has even written books for boys. He was born in Shropshire thirty-eight years ago, we learn in an article by André Tridon in the New York *Sun*, and spent a roving, lazy, somewhat Whitmanesque youth on water and on land. When he was twenty-eight years old, he came to America. He did not make his fortune here. Instead, he served drinks and scoured brass in a Sixth Avenue saloon. Now he has married and is living in England with his wife and two children. "He has probably recovered," says Mr. Tridon, "from his acute and seemingly chronic attacks of Wanderlust."

"The Tragedy of Nan," tho given a few performances by Granville Barker, reached its real audience through its publication in book-form in 1909. Next year came "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great." One a picture of a noble Roman, the other of a loving, anguished English peasant girl, they are alike, according to the New York *Bookman*, in that the methods of the author are those of the poet rather than of the worker in prose, and in that they embody the essence of modern tragedy—the failure to achieve one's mission, whether it be Pompey's magnificent work for the Roman State or Nan's destiny as happy wife and mother. It is as the author of "Nan," however, that Masefield finally emerges from obscurity.

* THE TRAGEDY OF NAN. By John Masefield. Mitchell Kennerley.

The scenes are laid on a small farm in Severn, and all the characters use the uncouth dialect of the district. The year is 1810, when men were still hung for sheep stealing and often upon flimsy evidence. One of these victims of the law's severity was the father of Nan Hardwick, whose story makes the play. She has been taken in by her uncle, a dull but kindly peasant, whose shrewish wife hates her not only on general principles but as a possible rival to her own daughter, in love with Dick Gurvil. For Dick, a village hedonist, a rustic voluptuary, loves Nan, and in the first act the aunt, rummaging the girl's coat-pocket, finds a verse of Dick's in her honor, quite bad enough poetry to indicate real devotion. After goading the girl, naturally gentle and loving, almost to the murder-point by skilful taunts and insults, "Russian in their savage realism, but without the Slavic element of pity," she sets her daughter Jenny, who is not especially ill-disposed to her cousin, to extract from her a confession of her feeling for Dick. Gradually the girl confides in the friend she needs so much for her anguish and her joy. When the cold-eyed Jenny asks, "Do you love him very much?" she breathes: "It feel like my 'eart was in flower." The story told, Jenny goes giggling to tell her mother: "Us'll have to watch it."

The second act shows the same kitchen ready for the party, for which Dick Gurvil comes earliest. Nan brings him cake and cider.

DICK. I'd ought to be a-waiting on you, not you a-waiting on me. Only I 'aven't any angel-cakes 'ere. None but angel-cakes 'd be fit eating for you, Miss Nan.

NAN. Oh, now, I wonder how many girls you've made that speech to.

DICK. None, I never.

NAN. Well, I hope you like your cake.

DICK. It be beautiful. A spice-cake, when it be split and buttered, and just set to the fire, so as the butter runs—I don't mean to toast it; but just set it to the fire, and then just a sprinkle of sugar to give it a taste. It go down like roses. Like kissing a zweet 'eart at 'arvest time. When the girt moon be zhining.

NAN. If they be all that to you, Mr. Dick, you must 'ave another. . . . 'Ave another drop of zider.

DICK. Your zider be too peert, Miss Nan. I like zider to be peert, like I likes my black puddens to be done, up to a point. But zider's



From a Portrait by William Strang

A NEW VAGABOND OF GENIUS

After spending a roving, lazy, Whitmanesque youth on water and on land, John Masefield is hailed as "the man of the hour and the man of to-morrow" in English letters.

peert 's this—I tell you what it want. It want to 'ave a apple roast therein, and a sod toast therein, and then it want to 'ave a nutmeg grated ever so light, not rough, yer know. And then it be made mellow, like—like tart of a Sunday.

NAN. Why, Mr. Dick, you'd ought to have been a cook, I think.

DICK. My father say to me—"Mind thy innards," he say. Very partikler about his innards dad were. I learned about innards from him.

NAN. It be wonderful to 'ave a father to do for. To think as he knowed 'ee when you were a little un. I think as perhaps he give up lots o' things, so's you might fare to be great in the world.

DICK. My dad never give up. 'E said 'e try it once, just to try like. It never'd 'ave suit my dad.

NAN. It be always 'ard for a man to give up, even for a child, they say. But a woman 'as to give up. You don't know. You never think per'aps what a woman gives up. She gives up 'er beauty and 'er peace. She gives up 'er share of joy in the world. All to bear a little one; as per'aps 'll not give 'er bread when 'er be wold.

DICK. I wonder women ever want to 'ave children. They be so beautiful avore they 'ave children. They 'ave their red cheeks so soft. And sweet lips so red's red. And their eyes bright, like stars a-zhining. And oh, such

white soft 'ands. Touch one of 'em and you 'ave like shoots all down. Beau-ti-vul. Love-lee.

NAN. It be a proud thing to 'ave beauty to raise love in a man.

DICK. And after. I seen the same girls, with their 'ands all rough of washing-day, and their fingers all scarred of stitching. And their cheeks all flagging and sunk. And lips all bit. And there they do go with the backache on 'em. Pitiful, I call it. Dragging their old raggy skirts. And the baby crying. And little Sairey fell in the yard, and 'ad 'er 'air mucked. Ah! Ugh! It go to my 'eart.

NAN. Ah, but that ben't the all of love, Mr. Dick. It be 'ard to see beauty gone, and joy gone, and a light 'eart broke. But it be wonderful for to 'ave little ones. To 'ave brought life into the world. To 'ave 'ad them little live things knocking on your 'eart, all them months. And then to feed them. 'Elpless like that.

DICK. They be pretty, little ones be, when they be kept clean and that.

Nan's beauty and her charm possess Dick. When he stammers, in an ecstasy of first love, "My beautiful. I'll make a song for you, my beautiful," she answers: "Your loving me, that's song enough."

But Jenny's mother tells him Nan's story, the story that he in the first flush of devotion refused to hear from Nan's lips, and shows him that his father, who will set him up with £20 if he marries Jenny, will turn him out if he chooses the child of a hanged man. She torments his ease-loving nature with pictures of homeless tramps under a hedge till he cries, "Don't!—I can't! Yes, it's Jenny, Jenny. Like 'avin' a cold poultice!" And when the guests come in the aunt, before the astonished Nan, announces the betrothal of Jenny and Dick.

The last act opens with a scene of poignant lyric beauty between Nan in her young despair and the aged fiddler Gaffer, long ago crazed by the death of his bride, the "white flower" he has ever since celebrated in mystic phrases. He tells of the harvest tide that comes up for someone every time—"It 'ad my flower one time,"—and alternately, in phrases of melting melody, they trace the passing of the swift tide up the Severn. Suddenly a group of London officials appear with news of the innocence of Nan's father now come to light. They offer her £50 compensation money, settle the business in the most perfunctory manner and are off to get the return coach.

They will not even stay to see the yearly marvel of the high tide sweeping up from the sea. Their brief visit has changed everything. Nan is not only rehabilitated, but a "fortune." To the desperate, greedy Dick she never seemed so lovable. He begs her forgiveness, begs to be taken back; she will take him if he will give the bag of money to the aunt and say she may have it. When Dick pauses at the door to say, "Wouldn't it be better if us—if us just told her, without—" she calls him to her, and says: "I see very plain to-night, Dick. I see right, right into you. Right down. You talk o' them as kills—them as leads women wrong. Sinners you calls 'em. But it be you is the sinner. You kill people's 'earts. You stamp them in the dust, like worms as you tramp on in the fields. And under it all will be the women, crying, the broken women, the women cast aside. Tramped on. Spat on. As you spat on me. No, no, oh no. Oh young man in your beauty—young man in your strong hunger—I will spare those women. . . . Spare them the hell. The hell of the broken-hearted. Die—you—die." As she utters the last words she stabs him with a pastry-knife. And as Gaffer calls to the rushing tide she goes to find death in its waters.

It is the uncompromising realism, the sullen brutality of certain types, and the final swift and curdling horror of the play that has made the deepest impression on American reviewers. *The Bellman* says it speaks the last word of that modern desire to tell the truth concerning the darker phases of humanity; *The Dial* considers it an example of the advanced realism that produced Wedekind in Germany; and only one reviewer, himself a poet, Edwin Markham, has been moved to call attention to the poetic beauty of the scenes between Nan and Gaffer, scenes that made the reputation of the play abroad and upon which Masfield's English laurels rest. With all its modernity the play adheres rigidly to the classic unities; hardly half a dozen hours are dropped between the acts, which are all on the same scene. And the strange figure of Gaffer, whose rhapsodic speeches have nothing to do with the rest of the dialog but always in their tone suggest the emotional undercurrent of the action, takes the place of the Greek chorus with a degree of success attained by no similar expedient in modern drama.

Recent Poetry



OETRY, says a writer in the *Poetry Review* of England, is "the orchestration of ideas." Since the Titanic went down, the orchestra has been tremendously augmented in size.

We do not remember any other event in our history that has called forth such a rush of song in the columns of the daily press. Some of it has been unutterably bad and none of it has been what we would call magically inspired; yet there has been a very creditable amount of very creditable verse written on the subject. We reprint two of the poems called forth by the occasion, one by a British poet, one by an American poet. The one by Stephen Phillips was cabled over (with some obvious errors, which we correct) for the Hearst newspapers. Miss Bates's was written for the *Congregationalist*.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Man said unto himself, Lo! I will build
A stately palace to defy the deep,
Vaster than any yet of man conceived;
And I will furnish it with pomp and gold,
Splendor of steel and armory of iron,
With gardens and with purple pleasure domes,
Arbors of bloom and terraces and streets,—
A city to outride the wildest storm,
To whisper without wire o'er all the waves,
And murmur messages from central seas,
Making the foam her tame interpreter.
Let nature strike her howsoe'er she will,
With lightning or with thunder or with ice,
I send her seaward unassailable.
O space unmeasured, where is now thy sting?
O silence, where is now thy victory?

So did he launch her in his pride of heart,
And nature heard his vaunt, but answered not
With thunder nor convulsion of the earth,
Waiting the Titan she awhile allowed,
Outward with dreadful calm inviting her.
Swiftly the Titan, swimming in full pride,
While men and women danced upon her deck,
Suddenly crashed into an isle of ice,
That silent, ghostly sentinel of the seas.

They split, they split in twain, those armored
ribs,
Arbors and terraces and pleasure domes
All to the deep. . . . None dance nor sing, but
see!
Darkness, and over them the glimmering berg!
Down went the pride of man and all his
boast.

Nature, so far thou hadst thy will, to bring
To naught the work of man; sternly remind
And reassert thy ancient majesty;
But this thou couldst not quell, that never
one,
Till child and woman were brought safe
away,
Sought boat; but sank in silence to his grave.
In silence husband saw his wife depart,
In silence kissed his child and let her go.
Tearless the bridegroom bade his bride fare-
well,
Turning his face unto the hopeless main.
No cry was heard. In serried order stood
Captain and crew. The young man and the
old,
The man of millions and the man of pence,
Went down un murmuring to an equal tomb.
The liners race to find a barren sea,
The sea that now hath treasure more than
pearl.
You then that wail by harbor or by hearth,
Widow or orphan, mother, bride or friend,
Envy the exaltation of that death,
Forgetting, in that grand bereavement, grief.

THE TITANIC.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

As she sped from dawn to gloaming, a palace
upon the sea,
Did the waves from her proud bows foaming
whisper what port should be?
That her maiden voyage was tending to a
haven hushed and deep,
Where after the shock and the rending she
should moor at the wharf of sleep?

Oh, her name shall be tale and token to all
the ships that sail,
How her mighty heart was broken by blow of
a crystal flail,
How in majesty still peerless her helpless
head she bowed

And in light and music, fearless, plunged to
her purple shroud.

Did gleams and dreams half-heeded, while
the days so lightly ran,
Awaken the glory seeded from God in the
soul of man?
For touched with a shining chrism, with love's
fine grace imbued,
Men turned them to heroism as it were but
habitude.

O midnight strange and solemn, when the
icebergs stood at gaze,
Death on one pallid column, to watch our
human ways
And saw throned Death defeated by a greater
lord than he,
Immortal Life who greeted home-comers
from the sea.

There is a whimsical note in much of
the poetry of James Stephens that is always
delightful; but at times he gives us some-
thing startling in its power and originality.
His new volume, "The Hill of Vision"
(Macmillan), contains an unforgettable pic-
ture of God wandering sad and lonely in
the Garden of Eden after the Fall. The
poem containing it is too long to repro-
duce. We give less than one-half of it
below:

THE LONELY GOD.

BY JAMES STEPHENS.

So Eden was deserted, and at Eve
Into the quiet place God came to grieve.
His face was sad, His hands hung slackly
down

Along his robe; too sorrowful to frown
He paced along the grassy paths and through
The silent trees, and where the flowers grew
Tended by Adam. All the birds had gone
Out to the world, and singing was not one
To cheer the lonely God out of His grief—
The silence broken only when a leaf
Tapped lightly on a leaf, or when the wind,
Slow-handed, swayed the bushes to its mind.

And so along the base of a round hill,
Rolling in fern, He bent His way until
He neared the little hut which Adam made,
And saw its dusky roof-tree overlaid
With greenest leaves. Here Adam and his
spouse

Were wont to nestle in their little house
Snug at the dew-time: here He, standing sad,
Sighed with the wind, nor any pleasure had
In heavenly knowledge, for His darlings
twain

Had gone from Him to learn the feel of pain
And what was meant by sorrow and despair,—
Drear knowledge for a Father to prepare.

There He looked sadly on the little place,
A beehive round it was, without a trace
Of occupant or owner: standing dim
Among the gloomy trees it seemed to Him
A final desolation, the last word
Wherewith the lips of silence had been
stirred.

Chaste and femote, so tiny and so shy,
So new withal, so lost to any eye,
So packed of memories all innocent
Of days and nights that in it had been spent
In blithe communion, Adam, Eve, and He,
Afair from Heaven and its gaudery.
And now no more! He still must be the God
But not the friend; a Father with a rod
Whose voice was fear, whose countenance a
threat,

Whose coming terror, and whose going wet
With penitential tears; not evermore
Would they run forth to meet Him as before
With careless laughter, striving each to be
First to His hand and dancing in their glee
To see Him coming—they would hide instead
At His approach, or stand and hang the head,
Speaking in whispers, and would learn to
pray
Instead of asking, "Father, if we may."

'Twas good to quit at evening His great
Throne,

To lay His crown aside, and all alone
Down through the quiet air to stoop and glide
Unkenned by angels: silently to hide
In the green fields, by dappled shades, where
brooks,

Through leafy solitudes and quiet nooks,
Flowed far from heavenly majesty and pride,
From light astounding and the wheeling tide
Of roaring stars. Thus does it ever seem
Good to the best to stay aside and dream
In narrow places, where the hand can feel
Something beside, and know that it is real.

His angels! silly creatures who could sing
And sing again, and delicately fling
The smoky censer, bow and stand aside
All mute in adoration: thronging wide,
Till nowhere could He look but soon He saw
An angel bending humbly to the law
Mechanic; knowing nothing more of pain
Than when they were forbid to sing again,
Or swing anew the censer, or bow down,
In humble adoration of His frown.
This was the thought in Eden as He trod
... It is a lonely thing to be a God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox never did better
work than she is doing now. If the current

of her creative imagination flows with less of the wild abandon of her early years, it flows with more depth and power, and the voice of it, while it has lost nothing in melody, has gained much in the way of harmony. This is from the New York *Evening Journal*:

THE TWO AGES.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

On a great cathedral window I have seen
A Summer sunset swoon and sink away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand
years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illumined page,
And the fair, lofty dreams of architects,
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts.
Yet in my mouth is left a bitter taste,
The taste of blood that stained that age of
art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
And hideous structure of the guillotine;
Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,
With blood-stained walls, where starving men
went mad,
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that You let
Colossal genius and colossal crime
Walk for an hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twins? How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain

Such hellish projects for their human kin?
How could the hand that, with consummate
skill
And loving patience, limned the luminous
page,
Drop pen and brush, and seize the branding-
rod,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age in beauty or in art;
Nothing is wrought to-day that shall endure.
For earth's adornment, through long cen-
turies;
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on glass,
Leaving but hate for hungry human hearts.
Yet great this age; its mighty work is man
Knowing himself the universal life.

And great our faith, which shows itself in
works
For human freedom and for racial good.
The true religion lies in being kind.
No age is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love men climb to God.

Mr. Markham still finds time from his
work as a reviewer for an occasional short
poem, which, however short, gives us
glimpses of a large and pleasant view.
This is from *The Nautilus*:

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching
hands—
Send out our love and faith to thread the
deep—
Thought after thought until the little cord
Has greated to a chain no chance can
break,
And—we are anchored to the infinite!

There is a big little poem in *Harper's
Weekly* by one of the surest of all our
younger poets. When read before the Po-
etry Society last month it received a real
ovation. That phrase, "Love's artillery of
tears" is almost enough of itself to make
the poem worth while.

MADNESS.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

The lonely farm, the crowded street,
The palace and the slum
Give welcome to my silent feet
As, bearing gifts, I come.

Last night a beggar crouched alone,
A ragged helpless thing.
I set him on a moonbeam throne;
To-day he is a king.

Last night a king with orb and crown
Held court in splendid cheer.
To-day he tears his purple gown
And moans and shrieks in fear.

Not iron bars nor flashing spears
Nor land nor sky nor sea,

Nor Love's artillery of tears
Can keep mine own from me.

The old gods fade, the young gods rise
And rule their little day,
And where the dead Apollo lies
Can Christ or Buddha say?

Serene, unchanging, ever fair,
I smile with secret mirth,
And in a net of mine own hair
I swing the captive earth.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* we find another little poem of large size—a sonnet, but not in the conventional form. It has all the qualities that make a poem a classic when Time has had a chance to place his mark upon it:

HISTORY.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

"Past is the past." But no, it is not past;
In us, in us, it quickens, wants, aspires;
And on our hearts the unknown Dead have
cast

The hungers and the thirst of their desires.

Unknown the pangs, the peace, we too prepare!

What shakes this bosom shall reverberate
Through ages unconceived; but in dark lair
The unguessed, un hoped, undreaded issues
wait.

Our pregnant acts are all unprophesied.

We dream sublime conclusions; destine,
plan,

Build and unbuild; yet turn no jot aside
The something infinite that moves in man.

We write The End where fate has scarce
begun;

And no man knows the thing that he has
done.

We find nothing in Elsa Barker's new volume—"The Book of Love," Duffield & Co.—that resounds with the splendid triumphant organ-tones of her "Frozen Grail." Instead, the new volume has for its dominant note a sort of wistful longing, with the note of mysticism intervening. Most of her poems are sonnets, and too many sonnets, however well done, result in a monotone that depresses a little; but nothing Mrs. Barker writes is trite or commonplace. We quote one of the short poems of longing that, if we are not mistaken, will find its way into many a scrap-book for permanent preservation.

SOMETIME.

BY ELSA BARKER.

Sometime the Spring will come with softer
green

Than ever dared to touch the world before;
Sometime the Guest my soul has never seen
Will pass the threshold of my waiting door.

Sometime the passion of my book of song
Will face me in the eyes of Destiny;
Sometime the Question I have asked so long
Of the slow stars, will turn and answer me.

A sail, now tossing on the sea of dreams,
Sometime will rest in the broad port of
waking;

Sometime the Weaver, that now idle seems,
Will show some splendid fabric of her
making.

There lies a light upon the peaks of faith
That makes my heart beat faster as I climb;
And wistfully before me floats a wraith—
The Presence that will walk with me some-
time.

The noble poem which gives title to Robert Haven Schauffler's volume of poems—"Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems," Houghton, Mifflin Company—was published by us last winter. Nothing else equal to it appears in this volume, but there is much else well worth reading. Here is one poem in which the "new theology" is effectively set forth:

NEW GODS FOR OLD.

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

Their God was a god of fire, aloof on a great
white throne,

Where a chosen angelical choir sang praises
in monotone.

His pity was tyrant's pity. Their tears were
bondmen's tears.

And bolts from his luminous city sowed earth
with griefs and fears.

Our God is large like the ocean, and we are
the waters that run

With a sure, eternal motion to be with a
greater at one.

We may scavenge the dross of the nation, we
may shudder past bloody sod,—

But we thrill to the new revelation that we
are parts of God.

John Galsworthy has also been putting his theology into metric form. We find it in his new volume, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels," published by Scribner's. The following is part of a long poem entitled "A

Dream." As that title does not fit this extract, we rechristen it:

A CREED.

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

This then, O God! is all my creed:
In the beginning there was still
What there is now, no less, no more;
And at the end of all there will
Be just as much. There is no score
Of final judgment. Wonder's tale
Will never, never all be told.
There will be none without the pale,
No saint elect within the fold.

If then this mighty magic world
Has always been, will ever be,
There must be laws within it curled
That spin it thro' eternity.
I see two equal laws obey
One sovran, never-captured Law—
For all this world would melt away
If Heart of Mystery we saw.

And first of these twin equal laws
Is that dynamic force which flows
In life—of every birth the cause—
Replumes the tree, and swells the rose;
Inflames and clouds the violet Spring,
Inhabits all the mighty flood,
The breezes' lightest whispering,
The every impulse of our blood.

That spirit force which cannot tire
Of franchisement, and keeps no troth;
Nor ever rests from building spire
And painting colors on the moth.
A quenchless flame that licks all air,
And lights and drives the wandering star,
That dyes with gold the maiden's hair,
And rives with frost the granite spar.

The second equal law is this:
Implicit deep in all increase
And stir of living things, there is
A nothingness, a fate of peace,
A night, a death, an ebbing down,
A fading out of life. The bush
That burgeons, dons a funeral gown;
And every tune contains its hush.

All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own silly death draws near.

And there's between these laws the leap,
And drive, and stir of endless war;

The sway from rage of lust to sleep,
And all the cosmic whims that mar
Perfection. From this Strife is born
All variance of shape and flight—
As clouds of mountain sunset torn
From slumber-grey by flare of light.

Yet these two laws, so fixed apart
As day and night, are brought to fold
Within that one and Sovran Heart
Whose secret never shall be told,
Yet shall thro' time, and thro' all space
With mystery pervade the world,
And make it holier than face
Of dawn that sun and mist have pearled.

That Sovran Heart is Harmony!
Its eyes unseen, its ways unknown.
'Tis utter Justice; boundless Sea
Of Unity; and Secret Throne
Of Love; a spirit Meeting Place
Of vital dust and mortal breath,
That needs no point of time or space
To bind together Life and Death.

'Tis thus, O God! I see the Vast—
Self-fashioned, and Self-wonderful—
A jewel infinite, so fast
With secret light, can never dull;
It is all Space, so cannot fall,
It is all Motion, may not move,
It is of Time the very all,
And has within itself all Love.

And that brief gathering of dust
And breath—myself—doth bear this All
Resemblance, both of outer crust
And inner fire, perpetual.
I, too, a battlefield of laws,
Am rhymed with Harmony Divine—
That knows, alone, the utter cause
Of me; and can the end define.

Of the making of many books there is
still no end. But cheer up! Most of them
are never read. Reviewers at least can re-
spond heartily to the sentiment of the fol-
lowing from *Lippincott's*:

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

BY ALOYSIUS COLL.

Think you the sovereign message of the skies
May not be written on the melting snow?
The law that Moses carried from the Mount
Was broken into fragments long ago!

Not on a page of gold or shaft of stone
The greatest poet laid His gentle hand—
The only words the Savior ever wrote
He scribbled on a little drift of sand!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



R. HOUGH'S new novel,* which has stirred up a conflict of critical opinion, is significantly dedicated to Woodrow Wilson—"one of the leaders of the third war of American independence." By many it is considered not a novel at all, but a work of political propaganda, a protest, an arraignment, dreary or stimulating according to one's point of view. But novels, says the *New York Times*, "in this day of economic ponderings, fall into two classes—novels that are stories, and novels that are propaganda. The novelist may be . . . a psychologist, a student of human life; or he may be—and still write novels—a man who sees something wrong with the world and uses the novel merely as a weapon of attack." Emerson Hough belongs distinctly to the latter class. His novel is third in a series dealing with epochal periods in American history; its predecessors, "54-40 or Fight" and "The Purchase Price," being vigorous presentations of early expansion and slavery.

John Rawn, the hero, was born in a little Texas village, one of seven now contending for the honor of his birth. His parents were a Methodist minister and—incidentally—his wife. John was a serious child. "He grew to be a grave boy, a solemn youth," writes Mr. Hough. "There was a corrugation between his brows before he was twenty." We see him in daguerreotype. It is the picture of a congenital egotist, who very early began to develop an unshakable belief in "the divine right of a very few," and an equally unshakable determination to become one of those few.

We find Rawn, however, at the age of

forty-five still an inconspicuous clerk in a St. Louis railway office, with a wife, incidental as his mother, and one daughter, Grace, who is obliged to work in the office beside her father. Grace Rawn has a lover in the same office, a young engineering draughtsman, Charles Halsey, a student and dreamer—a man with ideas. John Rawn steals one of them,—the invention of a transmitter and receiver for a second (or lost) current of electricity. He describes it to the inventor as a discovery of his own. "Why," stammers the young man, "that's precisely what I've been thinking of for so long." "I don't doubt many have been thinking of it," rejoins Rawn. "It had to come. These things seem to happen in cycles."

Rawn projects the International Power Company, and Halsey is aghast at this sudden commercialization of his dream. "I didn't want to sell it," he tries to explain, "I wanted to *give* it. I wanted to do something for the people, for humanity—for the country." "Humanity be damned!" says Rawn. "I want *earned power*—definite, marketable, something you can wrap up in a package and *sell*. . . . Work for *yourself*, my son; never mind about humanity. And I'll give you a chance, Charley—in my company."

Halsey accepts the position of manager, successfully works out a model of his invention, and marries Grace Rawn; and as president of the great International Power Company, John Rawn begins his sinister career. He divorces his old-fashioned wife, with the provision of a million dollars, finding her a social stumbling-block, and marries his handsome ambitious stenographer. For a while Rawn manages everything with a high hand,—Wall Street, labor unions, all but the indispensable Halsey, who alone knows how to get the current of power. Halsey holds back, hesitating to put into

* JOHN RAWN: PROMINENT CITIZEN. By Emerson Hough. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

the hands of a few that God-given power which, he believes, belongs to everybody. The men in Wall Street resolve to destroy John Rawn. Labor troubles develop in his factories. There is also trouble at home; for Halsey has fallen in love with Rawn's young wife. The harassed financier here sees a chance, and bids his wife use Halsey's passion to extort from him the perfected machinery. But the wife refuses. Grace Halsey kills herself and her crippled child. Halsey is shot down in a labor riot. And John Rawn, at last, facing bank-

ruptcy, is saved only by the million dollars which his first wife places at his disposal.

According to some of the critics, Hough's novel is everything that it ought not to be,—crude, exaggerated, distorted and romantic. Yet *The Outlook* (New York) concludes: "What John Rawn tried to do without limit other capitalists are doing in a restricted field. The oppression of greed and egotism is a real danger, and Mr. Hough's imaginative picture of the evil in a supreme form offers its own application to modern conditions."



ARNOLD BENNETT, with H.

G. Wells, argues for inclusiveness and discursiveness in the art of fiction. Both writers practice the accumulation and piling up of detail

in novel after novel. They shower continuations and trilogies on our devoted

THE MATADOR
OF THE
FIVE TOWNS

heads. We read them, or we do not read them; but, whether we do or not, their omniscience in the matter is taken for

granted. Yet here is a heretic in the *New York Times* declaring, with no uncertain voice, that "Bennett's short stories (when they are good) are very much more admirable than the best of his novels." Concerning "The Matador of the Five Towns,"* a volume of his stories lately published, this writer continues: "It would be quite possible to argue that the best of them prove that the author, in becoming a mere novelist, had mistaken his vocation." It is urged finally that we suspend judgment on the works of a remarkable man until we have read this collection; for very possibly we shall like the author of Mr. Bennett's short stories better than the author of his novels.

The London *Athenaeum* says of the title story: "We question whether Mr. Arnold Bennett has ever written forty pages more compact of life and imagination." It is novelistic in method. There are fifteen pages of almost unrelated description before we reach the football game with which the story really begins. "Rarely have we

seen the mental status of the crowd at a football match so mercilessly analyzed," in the opinion of the London *Academy*. Then, the matador appears,—Jos Myatt, the "finest full-back" in the Five Towns League. He has just broken the leg of a rival, and is "the darling of fifteen thousand frenzied people." "His mouth and his left knee were red with blood, and he was piebald with thick patches of mud from his tousled crown to his enormous boot. His blue eyes had a heavy, stupid, honest glance; and of the three qualities stupidity predominated. He seemed to be all feet, knees, hands, and elbows. His head was very small. . . ." A little man approaches the hero. "How's missis, like?" he asks.

"'Her's altogether yet,' said Myatt. 'Or I'd none ha' played!'"

"'I've bet Watty half-a-dollar as it inna' a lad!' said the little man. . . ."

"'Wilt bet me half a *quid* as it inna' a lad?' Myatt demanded, bending down and scowling and sticking out his muddy chin.

"'Ay!' said the little man, not blenching.

"'Evens?'"

"'Evens.'"

"'I'll take thee, Charlie,' said Myatt, resuming his calm."

But there is nothing heroic about Myatt as he sits alone late that night in the back parlor of his public house, "The Foaming Quart," after a hasty bicycle ride to the doctor's, and listens ingloriously to the real business of life that is going on above. Early in the morning comes Charlie to the bar. "Well, what luck?" he asks. "There's two on 'em, Charlie. . . . I mean as it's twins. . . . One o' both sorts." Then a dispute occurs which threatens to end in

* THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS AND OTHER STORIES. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

meanness and violence, when Myatt's sister appears. "What's up?" Jos demands, loosening Charlie's arm.

"Her's gone!" the woman feebly whimpered. "Like that!" with a vague movement of the hand indicating suddenness. Then she burst into wild sobs. . . .

"Charlie restored the crown-pieces to the counter, and pushed them towards Jos. 'Here!' he murmured faintly. Jos flung them sav-

agely to the ground. . . . 'As God is my witness,' he exclaimed solemnly, his voice saturated with feeling. 'As God is my witness,' he repeated, 'I'll ne'er touch a footba' again!'"

"It is a wonderful gift this of Mr. Bennett's," says the *London Outlook*, "of being able to record neither as seer nor poet nor artist, but as a man moving among other men. For just such gifts as his was the Recording Angel probably chosen."



MICHAEL MONAHAN has said in one of his essays that until Balzac arrived there was little, if any, adequate treatment of women in fiction. Women had not yet come largely into artistic existence, only Ladies and Courtesans. In "Love In a Mask"

(*"L'Amour Masqué"*),* the recently discovered

Balzac story, now translated into English, we find the author of the *Comédie Humaine* antedating by at least a generation woman's revolt against the intolerable conditions of tyranny in marriage. The story was presented by Balzac in manuscript to the Duchesse de Dino; and for more than half a century it reposed, luxuriously bound, in her library. Then her son, the present Duc de Dino, gave the treasure to Lucien Aubanel, a man of letters, who, in turn, brought it to the attention of the publisher, M. Guillequin. The story appeared in print for the first time in March, 1911. "Love In a Mask," says Mary Adams Stearns, in the *Chicago Evening Post*, "stands in relation to Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* as a sixteenth-century lyric would to a great epic."

Elinor de Roselis, the heroine of Balzac's story, is a beautiful and passionate woman, born in Martinique and married by her parents at the age of sixteen to the richest settler on the island. M. de Roselis possesses all those vices which, according to Balzac, "invariably spring from isolation and unlimited power"; and when he dies suddenly in the midst of a debauch, leaving Elinor independent and rich at the age of twenty-five, she has conceived an over-

whelming repugnance for that bond which, she has found, "weighs heavily on the weak, upholds the strong and sanctions injustice." But the maternal instinct is strong within her. All through her wretched married life she has longed in vain for children; and she now determines to become a mother, but never again a wife.

In Paris, at the Opera Ball, on the eve of Mardi Gras, Elinor meets Léon de Préval, a gallant young cavalry officer, who, despite her mask, falls madly in love with her charming personality, and proves ready to commit any folly for her sake, no matter how incomprehensible it appears. Elinor succeeds, then, in accomplishing her heart's desire. She becomes a mother; but the father of her child has never even seen her face. He is simply and mysteriously informed of the birth of a daughter. He feels himself indissolubly a husband and father, yet he knows nothing of wife and child, but the mere fact of their existence.

Then Léon begins to experience some invisible shaping influence at work in his life. He is promoted unaccountably to the position of aide-de-camp, and ordered into Spain for active service. There he distinguishes himself, but he is found missing after a terrific battle. Elinor, meanwhile, has been living quietly and happily with her child. The shock of Léon's disappearance, however, forces her to realize that a man, in spite of all her precautions, has yet the power to disturb her tranquility. Léon returns, seriously wounded; and after further mystifications and misunderstandings, Elinor reveals her identity and they are married.

"The idea that Balzac, half a century ago, wrought out in all its startling audacity," says the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "has evidently been fermenting

* LOVE IN A MASK, OR IMPRUDENCE AND HAPPINESS. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Alice M. Ivimy. Rand, McNally & Company.

in the brains of the modern novelist." The climax of Robert Hichens's "The Fruitful Vine" is here cited, and Elinor Glyn's vulgar novel, "Three Weeks." But, as the *Springfield Republican* points out, altho the theme of "Three Weeks" may bear some resemblance to Balzac's story, such a comparison only enforces the contrast between Mrs. Glyn's "evil suggestion" and the ab-

solute purity in thought and treatment of "Love In a Mask." Balzac, the master of passion painters, the depicor of chaotic emotions to whom all arts, crafts, philosophies and natures are but tools, here, as one reviewer sums up the case, unbends his black intensity as if on a calm summer day and gives us something which, compared to his other works, is almost idyllic.



HE stories* of Edna Ferber are the most notable success in our magazine short fiction since O. Henry. Their "pick out your subject and write all around it" method, the arresting start, the "kick in every sentence," make the complete journalization of the short story. They are distinguished, moreover, by a "graphic splendor of slang" which, in the opinion of the *New York Sun*, "will call for a glossary in a year or two." Miss Ferber's work has also its unique and permanent value. William Marion Reedy writes in the *St. Louis Mirror*:

"Here is the romance of commonplace people—there are no really commonplace people—waiters, commercial travelers, shoe and lace salesladies, drug clerks, lady stenographers, and such. Here is a fine philosophy that helps bear up against life's ironies and it is expressed in the language that is slangy with curious literary traces and echoes. The stories are bright but not hard; they suggest tenderness truly womanly. They are all brave. They are true, not photographically, nor phonographically, but artistically. In short, I would say—and I mean it as the sincerest tribute to her something more than cleverness—that Edna Ferber is a feminine O. Henry."

"The Man Who Came Back" is the least journalistic of all the stories in this little volume. It has a slight plot, some real movement, and a good idea. We are told about a young man, Ted Terrill, who tried to live down a theft and the penitentiary as hotel clerk in his home town. He received little encouragement from his fellow townsmen, but particularly the scorn of Miss Minnie Wenzel, a young lady clerk,

who was indignant at being obliged to work by the side of a "miserable ex-con." Only the proprietor, Jo Haley, and one of the waitresses stood by Ted Terrill; and, with the help of these friends, the boy worked on pluckily until one day he was called into Jo Haley's office to answer the question: "Ted, old kid, what'n'ell made you do it again?" The funds were three hundred dollars short. Then Ted broke down.

"Short?" he repeated. Then, "My God!" in a strange colorless voice—"My God!" He looked down at his fingers impersonally, as tho they belonged to someone else. Then his hand clutched Jo Haley's arm with the grip of fear. "Jo! Jo! That's the thing that has haunted me day and night, till my nerves are raw. The fear of doing it again. Don't laugh at me, will you? I used to lie awake nights going over that cursed business of the bank—over and over—till the cold sweat would break out all over me. I used to figure it all out again, step by step, until—Jo, could a man steal and not know it? Could thinking of a thing like that drive a man crazy? Because if it could—if it could—then—'I don't know,' said Jo Haley, 'but it sounds darned fishy.'"

The real thief, as it turned out, was no other than Miss Minnie Wenzel, who abstracted the money for precisely the same reason that had sent young Ted Terrill to the penitentiary,—because she wanted nice things which she could not afford.

The *Baltimore Sun* classes Edna Ferber's stories as "polite vaudeville." She is also accused of sentimentalism and cynicism, "snap judgments," "unjustified comments," and of imitating O. Henry. But all these faults may easily be set down on the score of youth; for Miss Ferber is only twenty-seven years old. That she should have achieved already such a remarkable success is, after all, the important thing to record.

* BUTTERED SIDE DOWN. By Edna Ferber. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE MUSICAL BIRD OF PREY—A STORY

This is the tale of a Siberian convict told to George Kennan by a well-known collector of Russian folk-songs—V. N. Hartveld, of St. Petersburg. Mr. Kennan repeats the story in the columns of *The Outlook*. Prior to Mr. Hartveld's visit to Siberia, in 1908, nobody had ever made any attempt to collect the songs of penal servitude in that country. With great difficulty he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the convicts and inducing them to sing. They suspected some sort of trap to get them into further trouble. When he overcame their suspicions, he succeeded in getting some wonderful songs and melodies, of great novelty and originality. One of them—the "Leg-Fetter March"—which he introduced into his concerts later, had such a poignant effect upon the Russian audiences that a law was passed by the government forbidding any one to play or sing it in public. Even to hum it is now a penal offense. It was on Mr. Hartveld's tour collecting these songs that the following events occurred, during a visit to the East Siberian mine of Gorni Zerentin.

THE warden and I had been through nearly all the rooms in the large building, and had not been able to find a single prisoner who would sing, or who was willing to admit that he ever had sung. Finally we went to the *kamera* of the *bez-srochni* [the life-term convicts], where we found eighteen men, all murderers, and most of them men who had made homicide a profession or who at least had killed more than once. At the stern command of the guard, "*Smeerno! Po mestám!*" [Silence! Take your places!] they all sprang to their feet with a great clashing of chains, formed a semicircular line in front of the sleeping-platforms, and, with hands and arms held rigidly at their sides, stood at "attention."

"How do you do, boys?" said the warden, affably.

"We wish you health, your High Nobility!" shouted the prisoners, hoarsely, in unison, using the prescribed form of response to an official greeting.

"What do you say, boys, to singing a few songs for this gentleman? He has come from St. Petersburg, with the permission of the higher authorities, to study your music; and he will be very much obliged if you'll sing for him. How about it?"

Dead silence.

"Don't be suspicious, boys, just because we ask you to do something that is usually forbidden. It's all right, nothing will happen to you. This gentleman is not a *chinovnik*, or a *revisor* [investigating officer], he's a musician; and he wants to hear your songs, and write the tunes down on paper, so that he can compare them with the songs and tunes of the *prostoi narod* [common people] in Russia. He has already collected hundreds of songs, and he knows that you have some good ones. Don't be obstinate—sing for him."

Dead silence. The prisoners eyed us suddenly and suspiciously from under their brows, but did not open their lips.

"Semyonof," said the warden, addressing one of them directly, "you must know who the singers are in this *kamera*—tell us. We are not trying to trap anybody, or get anybody into trouble."

"We are birds of prey, your High Nobility," replied Semyonof. "Even when we are out of the cage we do not sing—we tear meat."

"It's of no use," said the warden, turning to me; "they won't sing—at least until they have talked it over among themselves. We'll try again later."

We were about to leave the *kamera* when an old convict with snow-white hair and beard and the face of a patriarch halted us by saying, "There's Klochkof, your High Nobility. He was bragging only a little while ago that he could sing, and he even used to fool with a balalaika."

As we afterward learned, the convict thus pointed out was not a favorite among his comrades, and they were quite ready to get him into trouble by betraying him.

"Good for Klochkof!" cried the warden. "He's a better man than any of you. Step out, Klochkof!"

The convict thus summoned came forward slowly, rolling a little from side to side as he lifted the heavy chain of his leg-fetters. At a distance of six or eight feet he stopped, raised his eyes from the floor, and looked steadily at the warden without the least sign of fear or embarrassment. He was still a young man—thirty-five years of age, perhaps—with a compact athletic figure, a strong but expressionless face, dark opaque eyes, and chestnut-brown hair, long on one side and cut short on the other from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

"The boys say you can sing, Klochkof," said the warden. "Is that so?"

"They're only making game of me, your High Nobility," replied the convict. "Long ago, when I worked in a factory, I used to pay some attention to such things, but now—"

"Well, don't you do it now?"

A sudden flash of animation gave unwonted fire to the convict's dull eyes.

"What's the use of denying it?" he replied. "I know a few songs."

His companions exchanged glances significantly, as if to say, "Now he's in for it."

"When will you sing for me, Klochkof?" I asked.

"I can't sing without an accompaniment, your Honor. If I had a balalaika now—perhaps—"

"All right! I'll get a balalaika for you. When will you sing?"

"Whenever your Honor pleases."

"He can come to the office when we're ready," said the warden. "Let me know when you've looked up a balalaika, and I'll send for him again."

"Who is this Klochkof?" I asked, after we had left the *kamera*. "What's his history?"

"The devil only knows!" said the warden. "I can tell you more or less about the character of every other man in the prison; but I've never been able to make this one out. He is a quiet, orderly convict; obeys the rules, and gives us no trouble; but he seldom speaks, even to his fellow-prisoners."

"How did he become a convict?" I inquired.

"That involves another mystery," replied the warden. "We know what his crime was, but that's all we do know. In a peasant village of the province of Yaroslav he rushed into a church where a wedding was taking place, killed the bridegroom and the bride with two blows of a short-handled ax, and then quietly gave himself up. He refused to explain his act; attempted no justification of himself when he was tried; and made no plea for mercy when he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He was silent then, and he has been silent ever since. Take him all in all, he's a problematic character. I never before heard him say as much as he has said to-day."

On the following afternoon I succeeded in finding an old, much-used balalaika in the house of a ticket-of-leave convict of the Free Command, and the warden sent an armed guard to bring Klochkof to the office. In five minutes he appeared, walking clumsily and

awkwardly in heavy fetters, whose looped-up chain clashed between his legs at every step. At sight of the balalaika in my hands he straightened himself a little, and a faint flush of color came into his face.

"Here's your balalaika, Klochkof," I said. "We succeeded in finding one."

"Will your Honor please let me take it?" he asked.

"Certainly! Here," and stepping forward I put it into his hands. He took it carefully, pressed it against his body, and stroked it gently, as if he were caressing a pet animal.

"Well," I said expectantly, "are you going to sing for us now?"

"Why shouldn't I sing," he replied, "when I have a balalaika? But it's years since I held one in my hands. Give me a little time for practice—three days your Honor—in three days I'll learn to play it again, and then I'll sing for you."

I consulted the warden in a whisper and he agreed to let Klochkof have the instrument for three days in his *kamera*. Then, turning to the prisoner, he said: "All right, Klochkof. We'll give you time for practice. Limber up your fingers and show us what you can do. In three days we'll send for you again."

"Grant me one more favor, your High Nobility!" said the prisoner imploringly. "I'm afraid that, if I play in the *kamera*, the boys will laugh at me and make fun of me. They may even do something to hurt the balalaika—break the strings perhaps or smash it altogether. Please put me into solitary confinement, your High Nobility. Then I can practice in peace."

"I can't do that," said the warden, frowning. "The solitary confinement cells are all occupied."

"Perhaps there's an empty *kartsier* [dungeon] where you could put me," suggested Klochkof, diffidently.

"Well, you *are* a crank!" replied the warden, with a contemptuous laugh. "You're the first prisoner that has ever asked me, as a favor, to shut him up in a *kartsier*. Why, you lunatic, you don't seem to realize what a *kartsier* is. There's nothing there to sit on, and not a glimmer of light. You won't find it much fun to stand up or sit on a stone floor for three days in pitch darkness, and all alone."

"It's easier to play standing up," replied Klochkof, "and as for loneliness there'll be two of us—the balalaika and I."

"Have it your own way," said the warden.

After dinner on Sunday, I went to the prison with my note-book and pencils, and the warden sent for the entombed balalaika-player. He was brought to a large empty room adjoining the office, where there was ample air space, and where a writing-table had been placed for me. The prisoner came in looking pale and worn, but not at all disheartened or depressed. His hair was in disorder; his long gray coat was soiled and rumpled; his eyes were half closed to exclude the unfamiliar light; and his person seemed to exhale a faint peculiar odor like that of a damp cellar; but, with these exceptions, he was unchanged. I thought I could see the afterglow of recent excitement or exaltation in his tired face, but his demeanor was quiet and self-possessed. The audience that awaited him consisted of two soldiers armed with rifles, two turnkeys with revolvers in their belts, the warden of the prison and myself. Holding the balalaika to his breast the prisoner bowed to us respectfully and said, "Shall I begin?"

"Whenever you are ready," I replied.

It happened to be a bright clear August day, and going to one of the windows where the sunlight fell upon him, Klochko picked out a plaintive melody on the strings of the balalaika and began to sing. His voice was a mellow tenor not extraordinary in volume or compass, but sweet and sympathetic. At first he did not greatly impress me—he seemed to lack confidence and spirit—but when with a wonderfully brilliant balalaika accompaniment, he began the popular Siberian exile song, "My Fate," he seemed suddenly to become inspired.

"The man is a born musician!" I said to myself. "He could teach phrasing to many of our best operatic tenors."

But the singing—wonderful as it seemed to me in that place—was surpassed by the extraordinary brilliancy of the accompaniment. The balalaika is a wretched musical instrument at best, but in Klochko's hands it became a mandolin played by an Italian master. His technique was something marvelous.

When the gifted convict finished his last song, I grasped his hand, and, in my enthusiasm, thanked him almost effusively.

"Please get the warden to let me keep the balalaika a little longer," he whispered to me, while I was still holding his hand. "Persuade him to leave it with me a day or two more."

I made the desired request, but the warden declared it absolutely inadmissible. "It is against all rules," he assured me, "and I might have to answer for it to an inspector."

"Bring me the balalaika," he said to Klochko.

Then there happened something that I still

remember as astounding, tragic, and almost terrible. The quiet, submissive, undemonstrative convict suddenly became as fierce and menacing as a tigress about to be deprived of her young. His face lost every trace of color, his eyes seemed to fill with blood and fire, and, holding the balalaika to his breast with one hand, he threw himself into a fighting attitude, and cried, hoarsely and fiercely: "I'll never give it up. You can't have it. I'll kill the first man that tries to get it!"

I was absolutely paralyzed with amazement. "Take the balalaika away from the prisoner," said the warden in a cold, stern voice.

The soldiers and turnkeys, with their hands on their weapons, sprang toward the defiant convict, who stood motionless, with murder in his eyes, breathing heavily and claspings the balalaika to his breast. Before they reached him he realized, even in his paroxysm of furious passion, that he could not successfully resist four armed men. Dropping the balalaika, he stood for an instant looking at it with an expression of wild grief and misery in his face, and then, throwing himself on the floor, burst into a storm of convulsive sobs.

The sobs and articulate cries of the prisoner finally became so wild and hysterical that the warden sent for the prison surgeon, but it was ten minutes before we could get the weeping and distraught man quiet. When at last he had recovered self-command, I thanked him again for singing, and told him that I should leave five rubles for him at the prison office.

"Oh, your Honor," he said through his tears, "I don't want money for that. Just let me take the balalaika once more—for a minute!"

I gave it to him. He stroked it caressingly, pressed his lips to it twice, and then surrendered it. As the guard were about to take him away, he turned again and said: "Please, your Honor, grant me one favor more. When you get back to Russia, you may find yourself some time in the province of Yaroslav. If you ever do, please go to the village church of Romanof-Borisoglebsk, light a candle before the portrait of the Holy Mother of God that hangs on the left side of the chancel, and have a mass said for the repose of the soul of—of—Marya Ivanovna!"

He spoke the name with a half-strangled sob, and seemed to be on the point of breaking down again; but in a moment he recovered self-control, and, bowing low to me, said: "Good-by, your Honor. God grant you a safe return to your home!"

The guard threw open the door, the prisoner went out, and the clashing of his leg-fetter chain grew fainter and fainter as he marched down the corridor to the *kamera* of the *bez-srochni*. I never saw him again.

The Humor of Life

When everybody has had a college education and knows just how to express himself or herself properly, life will be much drearier than it is now and the source of a great many laughs will be dried up forever. Even the children will talk correctly then, hearing no other kind of conversation. If conservation is to be the order of the day, what about conserving the humor of American life by checking this mad rush for universal education? Fortunately it is not too late. Our stock of ignorance is not yet exhausted. We still get this sort of thing (from *Lippincott's*) in real life:

A NEAR NEIGHBOR.

She was a rather plump old lady, and had always tried to be accommodating to her neighbors; but even her obliging spirit had to refuse a request from a neighbor who sent by her little boy the following message:

"Please, ma'am, mother sent me over to see if I couldn't get a couple of pounds of lard off of you."

Fortunately even the best of our colleges can not give people brains. Even when we are all "educated" there will be people like the fat lady told about in *Lippincott's* who nearly stumped Dr. Woods Hutchinson:

SHE FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson was once called upon by a young matron who had read his article on "Fat and Its Follies" in a popular magazine, and wanted him to help her get rid of some of her fat. After a few questions he handed the lady a diet list, telling her to come back in two weeks. The good doctor's consternation can scarcely be imagined when he saw his patient again. She weighed twenty pounds more. He was puzzled. His list contained no sweets of any kind, nor

any fat producers; yet it was putting flesh on at an enormous rate.

"You are sure that you ate the things on the list?" the doctor questioned severely.

"Yes, Doctor," was the firm answer.

"What else did you eat?"—as a sudden inspiration seized him.

"Why, nothing but my regular meals," was the indignant answer.

The raw recruit in the army is not always as raw as he looks. The *Ladies' Home Journal* tells us of one of that kind:

PEREMPTORY ORDERS.

Murphy was a new cavalry recruit and was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than the horse kicked and Murphy went over his head.

"Murphy!" yelled the sergeant when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters?"

"No, sor; from hind-quarters."

Trying in moments of desperation to make conversation is always perilous, but trying to do so with deaf people is doubly so. This from the *Ladies' Home Journal* will help to show why:

WHAT THE PROFESSOR PREFERRED.

One hostess who lacked tact at dinner placed a learned and somewhat deaf college professor beside a debutante. The girl found the professor very unresponsive, but finally she noticed a dish of fruit, and in desperation asked if he liked bananas.

After being asked several times to repeat the question her voice being raised each time, attracting the attention of the whole table, she was horrified when the learned



THE ETERNAL WONDER OF THE TELEPHONE

VOICE AT THE OTHER END: "Hello! Is that Madison 1364?"

BRIDGET: "Glory be, ut is! How the dickens did ye guess?"

—*Woman's Home Companion*.



THE SCHOLAR OF THE FAMILY

Harper's Magazine

man riveted her with a disapproving look, and remarked very distinctly: "My dear young woman, I had hoped that I had misunderstood your question; but, since you persist, I must say that I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."

The following anecdote shows us, dear children, that we should always be so eager to improve our methods that even when we are suffering from keen physical pain we shall seek for information:

IN SEARCH OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

Donald and Jeanie were putting down a carpet. Donald slammed the end of his thumb with the hammer and began to pour forth his soul in language befitting the occasion.

"Donald, Donald!" shrieked Jeanie, horrified. "Dinna swear that way!"

"Wummun!" vociferated Donald; "gin ye know ony better way, now is the time to let me know it!"

The mystery of the leaning tower (if there is any mystery about it) has been cleared up. A writer in one of the magazines has accomplished the feat:

THOUGHT THEY DID IT.

Two young Americans touring Italy for the first time stopped off one night at Pisa, where they fell in with a convivial party at a café. Going hilariously home one pushed the other against a building and held him there.

"Great heavens!" cried the man next the wall, suddenly glancing up at the structure above him. "See what we're doing!" Both roisterers fled.

They left town on an early morning train, not thinking it safe to stay over and see the famous leaning tower.

London *Tit-Bits* filches this story from some source, we know not what. But our suspicions light on the *Detroit Free Press*:

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

"Well," said the editor, "the freedom of the press is a great privilege for the people; but it has some rather startling aspects sometimes. Only this morning a tramp came in with a gleam of impudent fun in his eye.

"'Halloa, guv'ner!' he said. 'Is this the *Free Press* office?'

"'It is, my man,' said I. 'What can we do for you?'

"'Well, I want you to press creases into my trousers. They're gone out of shape. Got a room where I can wait?'

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